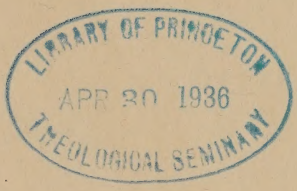
BEYOND DAMASCUS

F. A. SPENCER



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BEYOND DAMASCUS

"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong."

II CORINTHIANS XII. 10, King James Version

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A BIOGRAPHY OF

PAUL THE TARSIAN

BY

F. A. Spencer

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BEYOND DAMASCUS

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FIRST EDITION

C-I

DEDICATION

Παύλῃ,
λύπης παύλῃ, γνησίᾳ συζύγῳ

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APPROXIMATE CHRONOLOGY OF PAUL'S LIFE

A.D.

1 Saul born at Tarsus in the reign of Augustus.

14 Death of Augustus.

14–37 Reign of Tiberius. Saul in Jerusalem, 15–19??

19 Death of Germanicus in Syria. Saul in Tarsus?

26 Tiberius retires to Capri. Government of Rome left in the hands of Sejanus.

29 Death of Jesus under the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate (26–36 A.D.) Saul in Tarsus?

31 Death of Sejanus. Maladministration of Pilate. Period of confusion in Palestine, making possible

33 the persecution of the Christians and the death of Stephen, followed shortly by the conversion of Saul.

33–36 Saul in Arabia, Damascus, and Jerusalem. By reason of a Jewish plot against him Saul retires to

36–45 Syria-Cilicia, possibly making his headquarters at Tarsus.

37–41 Reign of Caligula. Caligula orders Petronius to set up his statue in the Holy of Holies.

44 Spring and summer. Herod Agrippa I persecutes the church and dies (Acts XII). Reign of Claudius 41–54.

44–48 Famine under the procurators Cuspius Fadus and Tiberius Alexander (Josephus, Antiquities XX. 5. 2). Saul and Barnabas go with alms to Jerusalem about 46 A.D.

47–49 First missionary tour (Paul, Barnabas, and partly Mark): Cyprus, Pamphylia—Mark deserts; Pisidian Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, and back over the same route to Attaleia and thence Syrian Antioch.

50–53 Second missionary tour: Conference on circumcision at Jerusalem. Quarrel of Paul and Barnabas. The latter goes with Mark to Cyprus. Paul and Silas visit Derbe, Pisidian Antioch (where they pick up Luke and Timothy?), Troas, Philippi, Thessalonica, Beroea, Athens, Corinth (year and six months' stay, Acts xviii. 11). Composition of I and II Thessalonians in Corinth? Accession of Gallio, July 1, 52 A.D. From Corinth to Jerusalem *via* Ephesus. Syrian Antioch—composition of Galatians? Reign of Nero, 54–68.

53–57 Third missionary tour: Galatia. Ephesus (two years, Acts xix. 10)—I Corinthians. The riot of the silversmiths. Macedonia—II Corinthians. Corinth (three months, Acts xx. 3)—Romans. Philippi—Passover, April 6–14; Troas—April 19–25; Assos, Mitylene, Chios, Trogyllium, Miletus, Cos, Rhodes, and Jerusalem by Pentecost (Acts xx. 16), May 28.

57–59 Arrest in Jerusalem. Trials before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa II during two years' imprisonment in Cæsarea (Acts xxiv. 27).

59–67 Voyage to Rome. Winter in Malta. Two years in Rome—Philippians, Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon. Acquittal? and later ministry? I Timothy and Titus. Second imprisonment in Rome. II Timothy. Death in winter of 67 A.D.?

FOREWORD

IT MAY AS WELL BE STATED BLUNTLY AT THE OUTSET THAT THE BOOK of Acts and Paul's own letters are our only direct sources of information regarding the apostle's life and thought. But neither Paul nor his converts existed in a Judæo-Christian vacuum. They lived and moved and had their being in the lewd, religious, hopeful, despairing atmosphere of the pagan world. Paul was not only a Jew, but also a Roman citizen. I have, therefore, painted my picture of the man and his work against a full background, using to this end every ancient author examined in the original and every relic seen so far as possible on the spot which enable us to recapture some forgotten aspiration, the fold of a garment, the fall of a hand, or the upward lifting of an eye long since closed.

Inasmuch as this composite of Pauline biography and background is not directed primarily to specialists, I have been rather stingy with references to secondary sources. My obligations which I here freely acknowledge to the greater Pauline scholars—Schweitzer, Deissmann, Ramsay, Smith, Prat, and the rest—will be apparent to the initiate. And I salute, too, with relief that Dead Sea of supposedly edifying tomes on Paul through which I have waded in the hope of finding a single pearl.

While I have a definite basis for every statement which I make concerning the private and public life of Paul's period, yet I am not among those who believe we need a specific reference from Homer to prove that babies bawled in the Homeric age. Between the two extremes of pedantic caution, which at the end proves inaccurate because it presents too limited a canvas, and the flatulent carelessness of one-a-week novelized biography I think there is a safe middle ground. Here, not without many a slip, I have tried to walk.

Our ancient sources are meager in the extreme compared with the wealth of evidence available for modern biography. It is not, therefore, possible, as amateurs sometimes assert, to use con-

temporary documents alone. Our textbooks would show astonishing gaps if such procedure were uniformly adopted. For instance, many of the most commonly accepted statements about the production of plays in fifth-century Athens are based on a single sentence from a not very critical author, writing hundreds of years after the period under discussion. I have felt justified, then, in using with reservations material as early as the *Iliad* or as late as the *Apocryphal Acts* to illustrate Paul's life and times.

No man can say without the possibility of error what source is good and what bad. Nor can even scholars forego imagination entirely. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the first need in every field is a compendium which simply quotes and translates the sources. To some degree learned men are just as gullible as the general public. They are prone to treat the guesses of a novelist with lofty disdain and then go like sheep over a fence after the latest *soi-disant* authority who makes a conjecture which fits or seems to fit the evidence together. Reconstruction as a principle I abhor. Now and then, because of Paul's reticence or Luke's telegraphic style, I have indulged in it, but on the whole I have religiously abstained from coloring up my sources, whether Christian or pagan.

In the matter of citing primary documents I have been obliged to pick and choose. Considerations of space as well as convenience of reference have impelled me to omit a multiplicity of quotations from Mishna and Talmud contained in my first draft and substitute a treatment of Paul's Jewish background based on G. F. Moore's definitive work which appeared long after I had begun to collect material for this biography. Most of the pagan authors cited the general reader may consult in *The Loeb Classical Library*, W. Heinemann, London, and G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, edited by T. Page, W. H. D. Rouse, and E. Capps, or in the older and less reliable *Bohn Library*, of which some volumes have been reprinted by G. Bell, London. Much of the material quoted from the church fathers may be found in *The Ante-Nicene Fathers*, edited by A. Roberts and J. Donaldson, ten volumes, New York, 1890; and *A Select Library of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church*, first series edited

by P. Schaff in fourteen volumes, New York, 1890-1908, second series, edited by P. Schaff and A. Wace in fourteen volumes, New York, 1890-1903.

Unless otherwise specified all translations in this book are by the author. I was not here concerned to make a detailed commentary on Paul's letters, nor to present a completely new rendering of them. My first interest was to illustrate Paul's life and reproduce the rhythm of his thought. After a final revision my rendering was compared with those of J. Moffatt and D. Smith, from whom I have borrowed much. The King James translation I use mainly in semi-poetical or highly emotional contexts.

A few minor cautions are in place. The terms "orthodox" and "orthodoxy" I use advisedly of Judaism in the first century, meaning close adherence to the letter of the Mosaic Law and to the teaching of those rabbis who interpreted it most strictly. Of course "heresy" and "orthodoxy" have not in this period the significance which they took on after the fall of Jerusalem and the codification of the unwritten law. The names Matthew, Mark, Luke and John as denoting the gospels I use merely in conformity with tradition. In speaking of the Old Testament I have not followed modern chronology, but have mentioned its books in the order which Paul himself would naturally employ. My treatment of Roman history is at points enough to bring howls of anguish from those who take the political and economic slant alone. I can only say that this is conscious and deliberate. My aim was to present just those features which might strike a Christian rebel, convinced that salvation could never come from an earthly ruler. If, finally, in presenting a somewhat heightened picture of the mystery cults, I have seemed a bit uncritical or more dogmatic than the present state of our information should allow, a brief reference to the notes will show that I am not unaware of this. A work involving so broad a range cannot possibly be free from major and minor errors of judgment and fact. I shall be happy to have all such slips corrected.

My heartiest thanks are due, in conclusion, to my wife not only for the index to this volume, but also for constant criticism, suggestion, and encouragement while the work was in progress.

Part I

THE STAGE

CHAPTER I

NO MEAN CITY

A CHILD WAILS IN THE HOUSE AND HIS CRY IS THAT OF A STRANGER in a far land, one destined to see and suffer many things. The time has not yet come when he will be circumcised with a sharp knife, and given the name Saul, when he who is now too helpless to save even himself will strive to save the whole world. The father, summoned perhaps from his loom where with Oriental stoicism he has continued to work while his wife was in labor, comes to rejoice that the long travail is over and that the son of his desire is born alive.[1] He is careful not to touch his wife, lest he become unclean through contact with a woman not yet purified of childbirth,[2] but he rejoices with her over the son for whom it may be the name Saul had long been chosen. It is a gentle name and means "asked for," though it recalls at the same time the son of Kish, that most spectacular and bloody of kings, given to Israel by the tribe of Benjamin, the tribe to which the parents of this second Saul belonged.[3] Hovering in the background of the birth-scene is an only sister, a modest girl fully conscious of her unimportance now that a male has arrived in the family. Yet the son of this little maiden, whose name is not even recorded, will later in Jerusalem preserve Saul's life.[4]

Now the child lies on his back, waving his tiny red fists, crying out against the unaccustomed air and the strange light of an

uncomfortable world into which he has been so recently projected until the walled court and single room of the house resound and his parents are happy to hear that small, peevish voice which will one day cause kings to tremble.

But he is not allowed to lie there kicking and screaming indefinitely. His parents regard the limbs of a new-born child as a fluid substance which has not sufficiently jelled to remain long in the open air unharmed. The attending midwife grasps him in capable hands, washes him thoroughly, and rubs him with salt.[5] Then she wraps him so tightly with swaddling-bands that he resembles nothing so much as a tiny mummy. Thus unhygienically protected from the jars of the outside world, the child Saul spends the first seven days of his life during the first year of our era in a Jewish home of Tarsus, capital of the province of Cilicia and free city of the Roman Empire.[6]

From the Acts of the Apostles and from Paul's own letters we gather the little that we really know about his parentage and early life. He was a Jew of the tribe of Benjamin, circumcised the eighth day, a Pharisee according to the Law, and born a Roman citizen in Tarsus of Cilicia.[7] This information, though scanty, is supremely important. For, throughout his life, Paul's allegiance was strongly divided between the pagans whom he had learned to know and understand in Tarsus and the Jewish nation to which he belonged by birth.

Against Paul's own statement must be set the confused account of St. Jerome, who records a tradition to the effect that Paul was born in Gischala, a city of Judæa, and brought to Tarsus by his parents when the legions of Varus devastated that province.[8] The probability is that Paul's sister, not Paul, was the one referred to in the correct form of this tradition, and that father, mother, and daughter escaped from Judæa in 4 B.C., after the birth of Jesus and the death of Herod.

On the other hand, the family may have been old settlers in Cilicia, and may have owed their citizenship to some service rendered the Roman Republic by the father or the grandfather of Saul, a service repaid in kind by Mark Antony, who visited Tarsus and threw such gifts about him with a reckless hand.[9]

It would be interesting indeed to believe that the apostle to the Gentiles owed, ultimately, his citizen's card to the paramour of Cleopatra.

If Paul was a Benjamite, he sprang from a lusty and lustful tribe of mountaineers and came naturally by his endowment of fiery spirit and unruly flesh. Jacob on his deathbed had prophesied that his son Benjamin would raven like a wolf.[10] The exploits of certain Belial sons of Benjamin with a Levite's concubine and the tale of what ensued bear out this prophecy with a melancholy exactness.[11] But these Benjamites were great fighters as well as violent lovers. Among them were left-handed slingers who could throw stones at a hair's-breath and not miss.[12] The whole tribe stood foremost in battle and headed all processions because at the exodus from Egypt they were first to cross the Red Sea.

When Saul's parents named him on the eighth day, when the offering of a yearling lamb and a pigeon gave formal sign that the mother's period of purification was at last ended,[13] doubtless both father and mother were proud that through their son they could claim direct connection with a Benjamite ruler. But could they have looked ahead and seen him turn from killing Christians to serving in Christ's army, could they have heard him abuse his own countrymen as curs,[14] or known that he would revile the high priest at Jerusalem and finally die under the sword of Nero's executioner, they would have cursed the day that ever they named their son for a great king of Israel.

Whether Saul's financial background matched his illustrious name has been a matter of dispute. In his letter to the Galatians Paul says that God set him apart from his mother's womb.[15] This statement has been regarded as a hint that Saul's parents decided from the first that he should enter college at Jerusalem and study for the Law. On the same basis it has further been maintained that Saul's father must have been a rich man. The verse in question affords very slender evidence for either conclusion. The sons of poor men often entered on a religious career. In later life Paul apparently had sums of ready cash which, it

is argued, could have come only from his father. This is to beg the whole question. The money was more probably supplied by his disciples and admirers among the various churches which he founded.[16] I doubt if Saul's father was very happy to have a traitor in the family.

Because Saul was born a Roman citizen, others contend, his father must have been at least in comfortable circumstances. Another theory has it that Saul's father was a rich tentmaker and conducted, by means of his connections as a Roman citizen, a flourishing business in Tarsus and elsewhere. This, of course, is pure romancing unsupported by a single shred of evidence. When we know Paul during his apostleship, he is a poor tentmaker.[17] Possibly he inherited this trade from his father (that was customary in antiquity), but certainly it was no sinecure. In order to make a bare living Paul had to work long, tiresome hours.[18]

Saul's father, then, may have been poor or he may have been rich. There is no solid evidence one way or the other. But we do know that he was a Pharisee. And Paul's own advice to fathers,[19] not to nag and be irritable with their sons, may just possibly have been called forth by memories of a home where his Benjamite follies were checked by too frequent applications of both voice and rod.

Saul was the son of a Pharisee. But he was to grow up in a thoroughly *pagan* town.[20] While he is recovering from the ordeal of circumcision and getting old enough to attend the elementary Jewish school, it will be convenient to glance briefly at his early surroundings. The Book of Acts and Paul's own letters are completely silent on the period between his birth and circumcision and the day when he appears as a persecutor of Stephen, except for the statement that he continued to be a devout Pharisee and sat at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem.[21] My attempt in the following pages to bring Paul into relation with his pagan and his Jewish environment must be taken for what it is—reconstruction pure and simple. Such an attempt, however, can be amply justified by the fact that the apostle's later career

and whole theory of life show definitely the influence of his early *milieu.*

Tarsus was situated on the great caravan route between the west and the east and its life represented a curious blend of Oriental and Hellenic, of Jewish and pagan, elements. Legend asserts that the city's name is derived from the Greek word *tarsos,* a pinion from the winged horse Pegasus which fell to earth in Cilicia.[22] The city itself is said to have been founded by Dorian Greeks from Argos in search of the heifer-maiden Io (one of those unfortunate mortals chosen by Zeus, king of the gods, to assist in the consummation of a virgin birth).[23] Yet when Tarsus first emerges from the prehistoric fog we find it thoroughly Oriental and in the power of the warlike Assyrians. The probability is that Greeks very early mingled in the city with the aboriginal Phrygian stock and their Assyrian conquerors.

Sardanapalus, last king of the Assyrian empire at Nineveh, boasted that he founded Tarsus and the neighboring town of Anchiale on the same day. The sardonic inscription on his statue at Anchiale which records this boast continued: "But do you, stranger, eat, drink, and play! Everything else is not worth *that*—" the statue snapped its fingers.[24] Fit motto and a fit pose truly for a citizen of Oriental Tarsus. Tossed in its time from Assyrian to Persian, from Persian to Alexander the Great and his successors, the city was at length made free and outwardly Roman by Mark Antony. But always in spirit it remained a part of the epicurean Orient.

Above the noise of traffic outside the house in which Saul first saw the light, above the swearing of cattle-drivers, the bawling of schoolmasters, the clashing cymbals and droning flutes of mendicant priests, there sounded a recurrent melody which set the note of Oriental Tarsus. From early dawn this strange song was heard in houses and streets, in secluded taverns and public markets, in theaters and gymnasia. The musicians could be seen everywhere, mincing along like nervous cows, crossing one leg before the other. Their bodies smelled to high heaven of precious ointments. Down the streets they came, these pitiful mannikins,

alternately caressing the curls of their carefully laundered hair and making a peculiar gesture of invitation with the middle finger of the right hand. And while they walked daintily along, they saluted their own kind in high, trembling voices, or called to them with hideous snores.[25]

Moralists agreed that such characters ought not to be permitted a day, even an hour of life. But the influence of the Orient was stronger than philosophy in Paul's native city. Her women in true Oriental style went about the streets so heavily veiled that they could neither see nor be seen.[26] Her men copied the lax manners of an intermediate sex. According to the not-too-puritanical Apollonius of Tyana, who came to school in Tarsus at the age of fourteen, the atmosphere of the town was perverted and out of tune with the philosophic life. The citizens, said Apollonius, were insolent buffoons who paid more attention to their fine linen than the Athenians did to wisdom. He speedily withdrew from the banks of the Cydnus, where men sat like so many water-fowl (croaking out bawdy songs, one may suppose), and betook himself to the sterner city of Ægae nearby.[27]

Yet the decadent spirit of the Orient could never really invade the university so long as Athenodorus was its president. This remarkable man was not only serving successfully as mayor at the time when Saul was born, but he had also built up the University of Tarsus to the point where it was one of the three chief centers of learning in that day. True, his students did not come from all over the world, as was the case at Athens and Alexandria. They were mostly natives, but they surpassed all others in their zeal for learning. And many of them went after graduation to teach in the schools at Rome and Athens. Thus the reputation of Tarsus as mother to missionaries and peripatetic philosophers was well established even before Saul's birth and may have had its bearing on his later choice of a career.

Athenodorus, himself native of a village near Tarsus, was born about 74 B.C. In early life he became a teacher. As tourist and lecturer he visited the eastern desert, Petra in Arabia, Egypt, and the greater part of the Mediterranean. At Apollonia in Epirus he tutored Octavian and later came from Greece to Rome

as the emperor Augustus' intimate councilor or private chaplain. There he was taken up by the most famous literary men of the day. To select but a single instance, he prepared notes for one of Cicero's best-known philosophical works.[28]

In his capacity as moral censor he kept a bold and vigilant watch over Augustus' private life. The emperor was known from youth for violent outbursts of temper. Athenodorus advised him to recite the Greek alphabet before giving way to these attacks.[29] Augustus had the habit of commanding various women to visit his palace in closed litters for personal inspection. Athenodorus dropped into the house of a friend and found him grief-stricken because his wife had just then received an imperial summons. "Don't worry," said Athenodorus. The litter came, departed, and was set down by slaves at the palace door, where Augustus waited, open-mouthed, only to see Athenodorus leap out, sword in hand, shouting "Aren't you afraid that somebody will thus assassinate you one of these days?"[30]

Such impersonations must have been a trifle annoying to an artist in adultery, but Augustus thanked his chaplain at the time, and later, when Athenodorus grew weary of Rome and wished to retire to Tarsus, the emperor objected violently. The philosopher got his way, as indeed he was accustomed to doing, and eventually withdrew from Rome in 15 B.C., leaving Augustus, if he so desired, to saunter unmolested down the primrose path. His retirement, then, occurred just fifteen years before the birth of Saul.

Athenodorus had doubtless looked forward to spending a quiet old age in his native country. But this he was not allowed to do. At some time during the brief zenith of Mark Antony's power an unscrupulous ring of politicians had got control of Tarsus. Led by one Boethus, a bad citizen and a bad poet (who had endeared himself to Antony by an effusion on the victory at Philippi over Cassius and Brutus), they bullied and plundered everyone who got within striking distance. Officially Boethus was in charge of the local gymnasium and the least of the racketeers' offenses was to pilfer oil from the government stores. Athenodorus put up with them for five years. Then he threw off

his philosopher's cloak, girt his maxims about him, routed the enemy, poetry and pull, and in the end exiled them through the power of Augustus.

The campaign was hot and furious. Much bad and abusive poetry was exchanged. In the last round of the battle one racketeer of facile viscera came by night and befouled the don's door. Athenodorus countered with the comment that such actions showed the real character of his opponents.[31]

Augustus had already in 31 B.C. confirmed the right of Tarsus to be called a free city. It is said that out of friendship for his former teacher (and perhaps, too, out of admiration for his strenuous political campaign) Augustus remitted all of the city's taxes. The emperor's opinion of the old philosopher was shared by the Tarsians. During his lifetime Athenodorus' fellow citizens loaded him with increasing honors and, following his death, just seven years after the birth of Saul, they gave him reverence as a veritable saint and hero. This was a fitting compliment to a man whose public and private life was governed always by the ideal which he himself thus expressed: "Know that you are free from passion when you ask God for nothing which you cannot ask openly."[32]

Here was a courageous, frank-spoken spirit which even a Pharisee could admire. It is tempting to think that, if Saul's father really was an important business man, the head perhaps of the tentmakers' guild in Tarsus, he may have had personal dealings with Mayor Athenodorus. Undoubtedly the Pharisee must have encountered the Stoic in those boisterous meetings of the Tarsian popular assembly over which the latter presided.[33] Certainly Saul's father must have regaled his family with vivid accounts of the political war which Athenodorus waged on the racketeers of his day. And what is more important for our purpose, it is possible that the influence of Athenodorus may be detected not only in the teachings of the Roman philosopher, Seneca, but also in the career and teachings of Paul himself.

Before the death of Athenodorus, then, while Saul was still too young to enter the elementary Jewish school, the University of Tarsus carried on the traditions of Greek culture in a hotbed

of Oriental effeminacy. With the spring, the river Cydnus came down in flood. Storks fared high overhead, bound from Africa for the farthest reaches of the north. Black ships hoisted anchor and set sail for the deep ocean, visible just a little below Tarsus at the Cydnus' mouth. On the 17th of March boys exchanged the purple-striped toga of childhood for the pure white toga of manhood. One week later school began.[34] From the homes of Saul's neighbors outside the Jewish district came freshmen for their first enrollment in the university of which Athenodorus was president. Upperclassmen lined the streets. They greeted newcomers with cheerful insults and sometimes with mud and stones; they rounded up likely candidates for the classes of their favorite professors.[35]

Freshmen and unpopular teachers alike often received a good-natured hazing. Perhaps young Saul, if ever he strayed far enough from home, saw students plastering the faces of crabbed instructors with mud or tossing them in blankets. And if Saul's house was at all near the university, he could hardly help hearing the noisy welcome which freshmen regularly received. One group of upperclassmen grabbed the new student and tried to shove him into a bathhouse. Another guarded the door and bawled, "No bathing here!"

Once a freshmen had been given his bath and recovered his breath, he was awarded an academic robe, if not a term in bed. He was then eligible to join the great minority in their extra-curricular activities: dodging library fines, cutting classes, playing the races, courting wine-bottles and dancing-girls, and (supreme sport) engaging townsmen in pitched battles with mud, stones, clubs, or swords. Eventually he might join that superior group who dared to keep an aged pedagogue fretting while they loitered at the door of the lecture-room, exchanging theatrical gossip and tips on the races, humming the latest popular tune, or prolonging a dice game to the very last minute.

Religious festivals or state holidays took about one hundred days out of the civil year and were strictly, if not religiously, observed by all representative students. *They* probably saw to it then that greasy grinds did not overexert themselves—at least

in the class-room. The story runs that one time plaster fell on the head of an impious professor who dared keep his classes going on a holy day.

Thus Saul's neighbors got their respectable smattering of mathematics, science, philosophy, literature, and the all-important art of rhetoric, or public speaking. In that day, probably in about the same proportion as now, students worshiped, according to their several lights, a fair lad of their own age, a supple-limbed dancing-girl, the latest victor in the horse-races, a battle-scarred gladiator, or some venerable and virtuous philosopher. Poor but ambitious scholars remained in bed to study while their room-mates attended lectures in the one garment which they shared between them. Students of this type worked their way through school by carrying water for gardens, grinding at hand-mills, or even by engaging in professional athletics. They were likely, after graduation, to teach in some university, to take up the life of a traveling lecturer, or, if they were lucky, to attach themselves in the capacity of teacher and confidant to some rich household. The greater part of the student body at Tarsus in Saul's day came from the immediate neighborhood and probably returned, upon graduation, to enter business careers in their native cities.

For a good Pharisee, pagan schools were beyond the pale. But, after all, it is no sin to talk about one's neighbors and it is impossible to say how much fascinating and semi-forbidden information the child Saul, listening with all his ears, picked up from the gossip of his family and their friends. Saul's father not impossibly had business rivals whose sons, graduates of the University of Tarsus, were distinguishing themselves as literary men or itinerant philosophers. The Jews were then, as now, inveterate talkers. Certainly Saul could not fail to learn at an early age that there was such a thing as a university in Tarsus, if only because he was cautioned against it and all its works.

Whether the boy ever attended the University of Tarsus at any period of his life, whether he was conscious of having learned anything, even at second-hand, from the teachings of its Stoic president, Athenodorus, are questions which have furrowed the

foreheads of many scholars. It must be said offhand that such Stoic terminology as Paul possessed, like his knowledge of the mystery religions, was in the air of the period and could have come to the little Jew by the simple process of osmosis. Besides, Saul's whole temperament from the first was not that of a scholar, rabbinical or otherwise, but that of an itinerant philosopher and reformer. Whatever learning he owned was taken, so to speak, out of the back door. The Athenians when he lectured before them called him a seed-picker,[36] a dilettante, that is to say, and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. His ability to quote very common tags from Greek poetry[37] proves nothing. Any man who listened as Saul must have to endless talk in the market-place, any man who heard the harangues of wandering Cynic preachers or thumbed books on an open stall could do as much. Nor is anything proved by his ability to use without effort the figures of rhetoric taught in schools such as that of Tarsus. For that matter, to judge from his letters, Saul was not even a good rabbinical scholar. His quotations from the Old Testament reveal no knowledge of the Hebrew text; they are based always on the Greek of the Septuagint. We have no evidence that he was ever graduated, if one may rightly use that term, from the rabbinical college at Jerusalem. We have only his statement that he sat at the feet of Gamaliel. At any rate, Paul never reveals intimate acquaintance with the oral traditions which every competent student of the Law had to master. His references to rabbinical teaching are of the simplest and most elementary character.

But all of this is taking us far ahead of our subject. However much extraneous knowledge Saul picked up, in the avid fashion of intelligent children before they enter school, he must at this time have been absorbed mainly in the ordinary interests of youngsters. He was learning to walk and climb, to throw a ball, to call things by their names in Aramaic, the language of his home, and Greek, the common tongue of Tarsus. If he had any Greek-speaking playmates they probably called him Paulos, for Paulus was his Latin name, which perhaps came to him because of his father's Roman citizenship.[38] Then, too, Saul, or Paul,

was learning to obey his parents in all things, as Hebrew custom dictated. Probably his parents gave him no command more frequently than that he should avoid the ruck of pagan crowds and indeed everything pagan.

But in spite of parental injunctions, I fancy Paul saw a good deal of the Gentiles even in boyhood. His later wandering career may have been the natural reaction from a rather inhibited childhood. And then again he may have been from the first an incorrigible runaway. In any case, I picture him as a child much more interested in the book of the streets than in the book of learning. He was to be found, I think, often wandering about the markets where men gathered, resting, when weary, by a gnarled tree and well with worn curb like the one which guides still point out as Paul's in modern Tarsus. He was fascinated by the storks flying to unknown lands and marking the path of travel he was later to take. He was drawn irresistibly by the black ships which strained at leash in the harbor below the town, by the missionaries who paused for a time in Tarsus and then sailed forth, carrying the Oriental gospels of salvation to the Western World.

In later life at least he was at once fascinated and repelled by the sinful madness, as he termed it, of the Gentiles. The debauchery of Tarsus probably made an early and unforgettable impression on his mind. Writing to the Church at Rome, when his youth was long since gone, looking out, as he wrote, to the blue waters of the Gulf of Corinth and the towering Acro-Corinth hill crowned with a temple of Aphrodite, where a thousand prostitutes were on call, he thought with horror of the sights he saw first in Tarsus and had since seen so many times, thought of the shrill voices of the pæderasts, of their unearthly snoring, and exclaimed: "Likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust toward one another; men with men working that which is unseemly and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet."[39]

Perhaps Paul even learned his first Greek letters from the foreheads or collars of branded slaves with chalked feet, who

were rounded up by agents in the interior and sent for sale from Tarsus to the famous market at Delos island, not far away to the west. Perhaps in Tarsus he watched the naked athletes straining for the goal in the Gymnasium of the Boys,[40] athletes forgetting that which lay behind and never looking back.[41] Perchance he learned there to fight, not like a man shadow-boxing, but like one who lands his punches straight and hard.[42] He may have liked then as much as he apparently did in later life to loiter where buildings were under construction, noting the firm corner-stones, observing what work the master-builder rejected and what commended.[43]

The citizens over whom Athenodorus ruled during Paul's childhood were a rather immoral and turbulent lot, prone to those quarrels over dancers, horse-races, politics, religion, which Paul was afterward to condemn under the general head of *strife* and which Apollonius of Tyana, his contemporary, so often had to settle while preaching in Asia Minor.[44] The linen-workers, a group perhaps descended from slaves and without civic rights, were always making trouble for those in authority. If the tent-makers, with whose guild Paul was later associated, and other workers of Tarsus were equally bumptious, Athenodorus' life must have been a nightmare. It was ironically said that a citizen of Tarsus who laid a complaint against two officials at the same time stood out as a very paragon of patriotism.[45]

One thing, however, united both Jewish and Gentile citizens of Tarsus, their pride in the river Cydnus and the city through which it ran. True, Paul usually seems deaf to the history of Tarsus and blind to its native beauties. He never praises the plain of Tarsus, green and luxuriant then as now, running from the coast fifteen miles away to the sharp peaks and pirate-haunted canyons of the Taurus range in the north, where glaciers took the sun in the spring light. He never once mentions the Cydnus, nurse of native pride and mother of many memories, which shot foaming over the rocks above the city and rushed cold and clear through the heart of the town by the Boys' Gymnasium. So far as Paul is concerned, Alexander the Great never plunged recklessly into the Cydnus for the cold bath which hastened his

death.[46] For Paul, Cleopatra, whose ardor not many waters could quench, never ascended the Cydnus in a barge of gold and purple to meet Antony.[47] The strange, invisible perfume of her entourage never outraged *his* immaculate Jewish nostrils.

The rabbinical commentators seem almost equally indifferent to contemporary pagan history, but unlike Paul they do declare that man ought always to be ready to sing the praises of God as the one who made the lovely things of nature. Paul was much more likely to reflect, if he gave the matter thought at all, that before the mountains or the earth or the world came forth, God, who created them, had existed from everlasting. His two paramount interests were God and humanity. And yet—the first words that came to Paul's lips when, wounded and bleeding after his encounter with the mob in Jerusalem, he addressed Captain Lysias, were these: "I am a Jew—a Tarsian from Cilicia—a citizen of no mean city."[48]

In this sentiment, which Paul could not help but drink up with the very water of the Cydnus, the pagans of Tarsus would have concurred heartily. They were proud of their city, represented on the coins as seated among bales of goods, proud of her wealth, proud perhaps in a grudging fashion even of their university, but certainly proud beyond all measure of their river. They were never weary of making eulogies both private and public on the clear, cold water of the Cydnus, so great a blessing in the parched Orient. If a sudden fall of rain made the river run muddy and strangers were in town to observe it, the Tarsians hastened breathlessly to explain why this misfortune had befallen them. But muddy or clear, the waters of Cydnus and the neighboring springs always healed gout and swelling of the joints in both men and animals.[49]

Best of all, the river carried down from the high mountains great rafts manned by singing lumberjacks, who poled along logs of pine and cedar, oak and walnut, to the infinite delight of Paul and the ubiquitous small fry growing up with him. Near the banks of the Cydnus vegetable-wagons came bumping into town in the early morning from the canal-checkered plain. They came hauling the produce of the white farms studded

with dark mud huts, bringing grapes from the vineyards and apples from orchards fortified by prickly hedges or walls of mud and stone, conveying timber and food from the outlying groves of cypress, poplar, and olive.

The men of Tarsus were seldom separated from the Cydnus except in summer. Then the river dwindled. Malaria raged on the low, hot plain. The university held vacation. The glittering white Gymnasium of the Boys was almost deserted and the red and white temples of Tarsus strangely quiet. Even the market was less alive with groaning camels, tied head to tail and urged by a little donkey with a tinkling bell along the caravan route to the Euphrates. All citizens of Tarsus who could afford it, perhaps Saul's family among them, left the scorching plain and went to the highlands of Cilicia.

With the cooler season the manifold business of the city was resumed as usual. In addition to sodomy, saffron (used in Rome, Corinth, and other cities for perfuming theaters), besides Greek culture, lead and copper mines, timber, vegetables, and her river, Tarsus could well boast of her trade in cilicium. This was a black cloth fashioned by spinners and weavers from the hair of goats bred especially for the purpose. From cilicium came the rough shirts which scratched virtue into the hides of anchorites. Out of cilicium were made horsecloths, tents, and sacks for holding tools, coarse garments for sailors and fishermen, screens which protected the woodwork of besieged cities against fire, and coverings which safeguarded their battlements against the shock of the battering-ram. The rank, ammoniac smell of the goat drifted heavy on the air of Tarsus. A visitor could probably scent the city long before he sighted it. And in this atmosphere as a maker of cilicium tents worked the father of Saul,—who was now approaching six years of age and ready to begin his course in the elementary Jewish school.

CHAPTER II

I LIVED A PHARISEE

THE JEWS OF TARSUS WERE NOT ONLY LOYAL CITIZENS IN A PAGAN community, but also faithful keepers of their ancestral Law. Most of them belonged, during the first century of our era, to the Roman tribe. This was a mere legal fiction, requiring no stated meetings and no unholy participation in tribal ceremonies with their attendant sacrifices to pagan gods. If we may judge from the case of Saul's father, many of them belonged to the strict order of the Pharisees. These constituted a small fraternity, numbering at its largest perhaps six thousand persons.[1] During the third century before Christ the Pharisees first appeared as *Chasidim,* or Separatists, who withdrew from other Jews in protest against the prevailing paganism of the time, which not only sanctioned association and marriage between Jew and Gentile, but actually tended to obliterate completely the Jewish national character. A little later on, in the second century B.C. the Pharisees had full reason to protest once more when Antiochus Epiphanes, the Mad, laid plans to slay all Jews who refused to speak Greek, wear the Greek sombrero, enter the wrestling-places naked, attend the theaters which he had built, and renounce the Law and the traditions handed down by Moses.[2]

As a protesting Pharisee, then, Saul's father, when possible, shunned Gentiles like a plague. He might take their money, but he would not eat with them. It might be, as more generous members of the caste held, that God in His own good time would gather all nations into one fold. But meanwhile it behooved the religious man to withdraw himself from every contamination. Saul's father consequently had almost as little use for the cynical Sadducee high priests and the complacent Herodians as he had for Gentiles.[3] He scorned those boot-licking Jews who flattered

the Romans for the sake of obtaining political power, who laughed at the Pharisaic dogmas regarding immortality and the approaching Messianic Kingdom. Unlike the bolshevik Zealots, Saul's father kept no sword ready sharpened to thrust through the bowels of the Romans when the day of the Messiah dawned. He sincerely believed that the Kingdom of God lay within and that Israel's triumph over her foes, while partly material, would be chiefly spiritual.

Israel's supreme spiritual advantage lay in the possession of the Torah, the Law. This was the only complete revelation of God's will, the only factor which could bring salvation to His people, chosen before the world began. The whole of the Law was the revealed will of God; it was almost as bad to violate a precept regarding minor religious ritual as to commit a major sin. One must, therefore, have a complete and meticulous explanation of every statute and prescription to prevent sins of ignorance. This explanation rabbinical commentators supplied. As a Pharisee, therefore, Saul's father bound himself to observe not only the 613 prohibitions and injunctions of the written Mosaic code, but also the cummin-splitting oral prescriptions which the ingenuity of industrious rabbis had accumulated.

To this code Saul's father subscribed, and in it he brought up his son. He abstained strictly from the 1,521 things which a Pharisee was forbidden to do on the Sabbath. He would not eat an egg which had been conceived, much less laid on the Holy Day. Young Saul had known his father to feel a suspected hen in order to see how matters stood with her. The boy noticed that his father pared his nails at such time that they would not begin visibly to grow on the day of rest. He had heard his father and devout neighbors argue interminably as to whether the parti-colored topknot was an indispensable feature of night attire. For, it was gravely explained to Saul, the Law left something to individual judgment on that score.

The typical Pharisee as I have presented him makes a somewhat unlovely picture. It must be stated on the other side that he was probably more human than his Sadducee rivals. The Pharisee felt that it was impossible for a man to follow the strict

letter of the Mosaic Law without those loopholes for evasion, weakness, ignorance which the traditions of the rabbis had created. Certainly the Pharisee did not feel, as is so often said, that the Law was an Old Man of the Sea, crushing him unbearably at every turn. Assuredly he did not feel, as is so blatantly asserted by some Christian scholars, that the Law prevented him from free and unhampered communication with God. Undoubtedly some Pharisees erred on the side of formalism. Saul's father may have been one of this sort. If so, the fact would account in large measure for Saul's eventual rebellion against the Law.

The Saul who is now before us ready to enter the Jewish elementary school has been taught to be and considers himself already a strict Pharisee. He knows that a good Pharisee must not only obey the written Mosaic Code, but also the oral Law as codified and explained by rabbinical scholars. He is accustomed to hearing that pagan schools and pagan deities are things of the devil. Many times he has seen his father handle gingerly the city coins, on which appeared the image of Hermes, deity and patron saint of Tarsus, Bringer of Luck, God of thieves, liars, and business men.[4] He remains at home with his family on festival days when other Tarsians flock to the temple to see the immemorial tarnished sword of Apollo, when throngs escort the image of the god Sandon to his funeral pyre or collaborate riotously in Sandon's marriage to the Earth Mother.[5] He looks on with outward contempt when devout Roman citizens kiss their hands as they pass through the public place to the Majesty of Rome, incarnate in a statue of the ruling Augustus. He refuses to wear the feet, hands, and lips of any graven image smooth with his kisses. He burns no incense on the altar of any god as do his pagan neighbors from their earliest childhood. He is schooled to look with horror on weak Jews who possess works of art, sneak down dim alleys to eat pork in a pagan tavern, or sit in the Circus to watch races and gladiatorial combats.

These convictions Saul will never entirely outgrow. He will later declare to the Corinthians that pagan gods are demons.[6] To the end of his life, apparently, he will remain convinced that his

Messiah, who was both God and Slave, stems directly from the Law and the Prophets. And he will be utterly unable to understand why this sort of Saviour-God, stolen out of the back door (quite unconsciously) from Jewish popular literature and the mystery religions, should seem blasphemous to the orthodox Hebrew. He will all his life consider himself a good Jew and a good friend of the Jews. His leanings toward the Gentiles he will express only in an almost pathological desire to save them from their sins . . . .

The sun had not yet risen when Saul, now six years of age, set out for school with his smoking lantern. He was headed for the so-called House of the Book, or place of reading and writing maintained in the local synagogue and kept up by a tax levied on the whole community. If Saul's father or any other Jew failed to make his contribution promptly, the officials in charge were authorized to use summary and extremely embarrassing methods of collection. For all good Jews believed, in the words of the unwritten Law, that a town without a school ought to be destroyed.

The teacher whom Saul met at the school-room door was the synagogue sexton,[7] a married man of unblemished character and unhesitating speech. He was, Saul soon discovered, a grave person who would never jest, eat, or drink in his students' presence. He was the personification of patience, always ready to go over the lesson again and again with dull pupils. When all was in order, the sexton seated himself on a cushion. The class crouched before him "in the dust of the feet of the wise." The sexton, after some preliminary drill on the rudiments, lined out a sentence from the first chapter of Leviticus (with which book formal instruction always began): "And the Lord called unto Moses and spake unto him out of the tabernacle, saying——"

In relays of twenty-five, swaying from side to side as they did so, Saul and the rest chanted the words after their teacher. Again and again they recited the same lesson, patiently, oftentimes too noisily for the taste of persons who lived near the school. A sentence, once learned by heart, was copied, and so the process went on until the whole of the Law had been covered, from day to

day. Tablets on which letters were written for beginners might occasionally be resorted to, but the common method was the immemorial habit of the Orient, oral repetition.[8]

Such work was laborious in the extreme. Saul and his friends were kept hard at their chanting from sunrise until after sunset, with only a short recess allowed, even on the Sabbath, for the learning was of a sacred, not secular, character. Jewish boys were then, as they are today, eager students. The light strap kept for whipping was seldom used on Saul or any member of the class. One rabbi was said to have distributed sweetmeats as a spur to flagging students. But such conduct was normally regarded as a weak-minded concession to laziness. Expulsion was not commonly resorted to, but the example of tractable pupils and the general sentiment of the community were, instead, brought to bear on what a Greek writer called "the dog-faced one who would cut himself off from the fount of the Muses."

Saul heard comments and interpretations given by his teacher in Common Greek, or perhaps in Aramaic, the vulgar Hebrew of the day. The Scriptures he studied in the pure ancient Hebrew tongue. As Saul progressed he learned the stories of faithful Abraham, efficient chaste Joseph, and wasteful Onan. He heard of bricks without straw, of Moses who took a wife from among the very traders who sold Joseph into Egypt. He learned about the plagues of frogs and flies and lice and murrain and murder by which Yahweh, after His own peculiar fashion, led His own peculiar people out of Egypt into the promised land.

He became skilled, too, in the lore of the heave and the wave-offering as instruction carried him on. He learned to abominate and utterly loathe the flesh of ossifrage, cuckoo, gier-eagle, and bat. He was made privy to the process by which priests cleansed a leprous house with small birds and cedar wood, with scarlet and hyssop. He shuddered appropriately at the very thought of lying carnally with man or beast, at the very thought of uncovering the nakedness of sister, brother, son, daughter, father, mother—this infant who would never be very likely to do such things unless the Law planted the suggestion in his mind.

Doubtless it was by the minute observance of these and many

other commandments that five of the ancient Israelites were enabled to chase an hundred enemies, to go in and possess the fatness of Gentile land. Doubtless by these means, more perfect Sons of the Law attained to complete righteousness. But the Pentateuch did not make altogether satisfactory fare for a highly sensitive, strongly emotional Jewish boy living in a city of a thousand strumpets and sodomites. Speaking doubtless of this period of his life, Paul says, bitterly: "I lived without the Law once upon a time, myself. But when the commandment (Thou shalt not lust) came before me, sin sprang to life and I died."[9] He goes on to say that all manner of lusts were prompted in him by the simple fact that the Law said No.

What his sin was we can only wonder. Did he look too long on the Oriental fertility rites whose priests swarmed the streets? Did he succumb to one of the various forms of vice which flourished almost unchecked on the streets of Tarsus? Did he merely yield to mental temptation as he walked to and from school through the pagan city? Sufficient to say that some time after he began the study of the Law at the age of six he felt that he had committed a mortal sin. That sin need not have been a very serious one to produce such pangs of conscience. *That* every lad knows who has been reared in a strictly orthodox Protestant sect. But the shame of it made Saul feel that he was actually dead. Yahweh, thundering at him from the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, from the colored rolls of Deuteronomy, had suggested the sin which was farthest from his mind, as would-be reformers talking sex hygiene cause schoolboys to investigate things about which before they had no curiosity.

Of course this was not the conclusion which Saul drew. May such a thing never happen! Perish the thought!—to use his own favorite phrase. He lived in an age when psychological analysis as we understand it was unknown. As a professed Israelite and Pharisee he felt bound to declare that the Law was holy, just, and good. Without it, praise the Lord, we should never have known sin.[10] And yet even in mature manhood Paul felt, and felt without really understanding, those desires warring in his members, those yearnings which made him do the things he de-

tested and caused him to "beat his body black and blue" lest he, a preacher of God, might himself become disqualified for his profession.[11]

So, tortured between the pulling of a strong, emotional nature and the leadings of an inborn Jewish conscience, Saul came safely through the Pentateuch, ran lovingly through the Song of Solomon (doubtless in secret, for most Jewish rabbis would not allow schoolboys to touch this inflammatory piece of erotic poetry, or if they did interpreted it as a moral allegory referring to Yahweh and the Jewish people), and came to rest with keen delight in the Psalms and the Prophets.

Almost half of more than two hundred quotations or allusions which the mature man Paul makes to the Old Testament come from the Psalms and Isaiah. There was better food for a born hero worshiper than in the somewhat dry fodder of the Pentateuch. There those who kept the Law and meditated on it day and night were led in green pastures by the still waters, with the Lord as their shepherd and guide. For them every valley would in due course be exalted, every hill and mountain made low, and the rough places plain. In that road a man, though a fool, could not err. Over this new road, by Jehovah's will, the people of Israel would pass into a heavenly Jerusalem. "Awake," came the summons, "put on thy strength, O Zion. Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

But how few would come to the free waters or take the wine and milk offered without price! The prophet who announced this gracious treasure, the Messiah who came to liberate Israel, would be despised and rejected of men. Yes, wounded for their transgressions, bruised for their iniquities, he would be cut off untimely, helpless as a sheep before her shearers. But after two days he would revive his people; in the third day he would raise them up and they would live in his sight.——[12]

Thus in rapid panorama there passed before the eyes of young Saul an inspiring yet dispiriting history, a history made vivid by the deeds of faithful Abraham, muse-smitten David, uxurious and lust-exhausted Solomon, fiery Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel,

Habbakuk, Hosea, Malachi—prophets all who had failed alike to liberate Israel and win the enduring confidence of their people. Truly the Jews needed a Messiah, but, as Saul was to discover to his bitterness, they never honored their own prophets.

Six springs and as many long summer vacations, stretching from June to October, pass by. Saul goes rapidly through the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa, and perhaps even before his twelfth year is allowed to act as reader in the synagogue. On Friday, a short time before sunset, the sexton mounted to the roof of the synagogue and sounded three long, shrill blasts on the trumpet as a signal for work to cease and the Sabbath candles to be lighted in every home. Saul's father now sat down with his family to a supper of "sanctification." First of all he raised a cup of wine before his family and guests, while the Sabbath candle flickered on the faces of the company, and pronounced solemnly the blessing: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the World, who createst the fruit of the vine." Then the cup was passed round the table like a wassail bowl and all drank of it. Two loaves, signifying the manna which was gathered in double quantity before the Sabbath during Moses' days,[13] were placed before the father, who blessed them and commanded the meal to proceed.

Early on Sabbath morning, men, women, and children came flocking through a simple doorway, over which was a pattern of a vine or an olive, and found themselves in a rectangular building, divided into three or five aisles by rows of pillars. From three galleries (in the rear and on two sides) women looked down on the service. Such was in general structure the local synagogue where Saul received his daily lessons and where now he came for formal worship.

Facing southward toward Jerusalem, the whole congregation rise to utter the *shema*: "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when

thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates . . . ."

Over the doorposts of every Jewish house which has sent worshipers here this morning are little metal cylinders, containing parchments inscribed with substantially the same verses from Deuteronomy.[14] Wound about the left arm and forehead of Saul, indeed of all *men* in the congregation, are leather straps, supporting black leather cases or phylacteries which hold parchments inscribed with certain consecrated verses and designed to ward off evil influences. On the shoulders of Saul and the rest of the men who worship here are praying-shawls, to which are fastened at the corners four tassels, pendent on cords of blue and purple. This also Yahweh had commanded.[15]

Just in front of the reader's desk and platform, facing the congregation rather than the south, are a few choice seats occupied by the chief men of the assembly, including the Ruler of the Synagogue. These worthies, Pharisees for the most part, wear a wider phylactery and shawl-border than the rest, as well as an expression of grimmer piety.

Before and after the *shema* come brief benedictions, such as: "Blessed be Thou, Adonai, our God, King of the Universe, who didst create light and form darkness."

Silence now for long, impressive moments. Then a deputy chosen by the assembly, perhaps the ubiquitous sexton, rises and utters a series of prayers blessing the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, thanking him for his goodness and asking him to insure the peace and welfare of all his people. At the conclusion of each collect the people, with hands uplifted, say Amen.[16]

The sexton goes next to an alcove near the platform, screened off by a gay curtain, where stands a chest containing the rolls of the Law and the Prophets. Before it burns a lamp continually, day and night. First he himself or a reader designated by him takes the roll of the Law and reads one verse. An interpreter stands beside him and renders the verse into colloquial Greek

or Aramaic, with running comments. The audience are quick to shout their disapproval of heretical or loosely-reasoned remarks. The interpreter must always be on the alert.

Having finished a section from the Pentateuch, the sexton rolls the parchment up and thrusts it back into the chest. He now takes out the book of the Prophets and summons a member of the congregation, not impossibly Saul himself, to the reader's desk. The boy has no presence and is somewhat timid. He selects, as was allowed,[17] a portion at random, doubtless from his favorite, Isaiah. The worshipers look at him curiously. His figure is not at all handsome. The legs are finely shaped, but the thighs are crooked. Yet something in the fire of his eyes under heavy brows that meet above a beaked nose, some deep-lying, almost fanatic, zeal for an ideal as yet dimly defined, holds them while he reads the three prescribed verses and the translator proceeds with comment.[18]

At the close of the reading the bustling sexton importantly takes the roll and places it once more in the chest behind the curtain. Now a native Tarsian, or upon occasion a visiting stranger, is invited to give the exhortation.[19] Next follows a collection for the poor, supplementing the regular Friday gathering.[20] All this done, the sexton turns to the priest, if there be one present, and asks him to repeat the benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."[21]

The righteous have scarcely more rest than the wicked, indeed a cynic might say they had none at all. After a frugal meal, prepared before the coming of the Sabbath, and a short siesta in the heat of the day, many devout Jews and proselytes[22] hasten back to the synagogue for a kind of advanced Sunday school, corresponding roughly to the sessions of the college at Jerusalem and conducted by the sexton or the regular teacher of the college in town. Saul was perhaps considered too young for this work, though I doubt that, for he would appear to have been very precocious in religious matters. If he did attend these sessions he received coaching supplementary to that which he had under-

gone during the week and designed to prepare him and other young men for full entrance into the duties of the synagogue, as well as give older folk a taste of regular collegiate instruction. Certain catechisms were here employed in order to impress on young and old the chief elements of the Jewish code of conduct, the heart of the written and unwritten Law. These catechisms were later borrowed cheerfully and without acknowledgment by the early Christian churches.

On the road home Saul was accompanied, as he and all pious Jews believed, by a good and a bad angel. It was fortunate that the good canceled the bad angel, for at such times evil spirits were thought to be abroad, and woe betide the son of Israel who drank an even rather than an odd number of cups on the Sabbath day! Malicious demons were almost certain to have their way with him.

These evil creatures, Saul certainly believed, if he shared the superstition of his time, invest humanity on every side. On them we wear out our clothes and bruise our feet. Demons dwelling in caper bushes are blind and have been known to fall over a root and kill themselves while chasing pious Hebrews—a possible comfort for grown-ups, but small consolation to a lad hurrying home in the twilight from synagogue. Dangerous, too, are the spirits that dwell in rows of palm trees wider than four cubits, in borrowed drinking-water, in water spilled upon the ground or even drawn in the bathtub. Wherever Saul went, abroad or about his own home, he walked in danger of demonic presences.

A curious person, and one can imagine a boy trying such experiments, may obtain demon tracks by sprinkling ashes round his bed at night. Prints as of a cock's foot will be found. If one wants to see these bugaboos, one must take the afterbirth of a black she-cat, first-born of a first-born, roast it in the fire, and sprinkle it in one's eyes. But commerce with demons was a perilous business. And perhaps in Tarsus their elders told to Saul and other wide-eyed lads the merry story of a renegade rabbi who lay on a grave trying to call up the spirits of the dead. Everything was going smoothly until a malicious ghost caught him by the beard. His friends eventually had to come to the

rescue with a stout pair of shears. These and similar thoughts perhaps were running through Saul's mind as he came quickly home with his father.[23]

Saul and his family now sit down to a "separation supper," which marks off the Sabbath from the following week, just as the meal of "sanctification" had denoted the beginning of Sabbath. In earlier times the Sabbath and Sabbath meals were observed with great gayety and liberal drinking. This was less true in the first century, when regular synagogue worship and study had done much to make the day replete with edification and sanctified boredom. For Jews outside Jerusalem, at any rate, the Sabbath was the most important festival in the calendar. Discussion of the Passover and other holy days will accordingly be reserved for a later chapter. At Alexandria and other cities of the Empire, doubtless also at Tarsus, the regular Sabbath program was supplemented by daily services in the synagogue. Theoretically such meetings were held wherever ten men of leisure could be found. They were attended mostly, then as now, by aged folk, mere dreams walking abroad by day, devout men and women who lived only in Israel's past and spent their whole time in meditation on the Law . . .

When Saul emerged at the age of twelve from the House of the Book,[24] he was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the Law and with sincere respect for the Sabbath as well as other festivals. But in the larger sense he was scarcely educated at all, and certainly he was ill equipped to earn a living. In rich Jewish families a private tutor was sometimes employed to give children the elements of Greek, geography, history, mathematics, astronomy, and gymnastics. I think it extremely improbable that Saul ever enjoyed such opportunities. If he did, he gives little enough sign of it in his writings, which are obviously the product of a man whose education has been entirely religious. But while orthodox Jews frowned on pagan learning, they did believe that every boy should, as soon as possible, learn to make his own living. A man, they said, who does not teach his son a trade makes him a robber. The most famous rabbis expected no tuition fees

from students. They worked for a living at such varied trades as those of miller, carpenter, perfumer, shoemaker, blacksmith, potter, and tailor.

Saul, or perhaps his father before him, chose to be a tentmaker. This trade involved more than the mere name suggests. It is probable that various members of the tentmakers' guild not only performed the final labor of stitching cilicium into tents, but also spun and wove black goat-hair into the cloth which they used. One can easily reconstruct a scene in the shop where Saul learned his trade . . .[25]

Saul's first task is merely to look on. Then at length he is allowed to pass from watching or clipping fleece and tend the spinning-wheel. He takes the place of the regular craftsman who pays out a long cord for the weaver, twisting it and feeding into it hairs from a bag that hangs over a stout apron from his shoulder. Next the boy is permitted to seat himself cross-legged on a soft skin for his first turn at the loom. Clumsily at first, then skillfully, he learns to seize the feeder's cord, separate the warp-threads with a wooden knife, string them up and down on the loom with weights attached at the bottom, and, passing his shuttle along, set the tightened warp in order. Now with a stroke of his wooden comb he pulls out warp and woof. His shuttle flashes back and forth, faster and faster, over and through the threads. . . . For weary hours on end the clacking of the loom never ceases. The men hardly vary their positions. They move like figures in a trance. . . .

Thus, learning his trade step by step, working constantly among the piled-up skins, Saul soon took on the acrid perfume of the goat, an aroma which doubtless clung to him all his working life, and which would certainly have repelled most of his stanchest modern friends. His hands every day grew numb with constant use of shears and wheel, of carding-tool, needle, and thread. In later life, when he wrote his signature at the end of a letter dictated to an amanuensis, he did so in the sprawling style of a day laborer.[26]

The trade of tentmaker was, and still is, a profitable one by Mediterranean standards. It could be practiced not alone in

cities, but in solitary wastes inhabited only by nomads. A traveling tentmaker could easily work his way, as Paul did, from Tarsus to Jerusalem, from Jerusalem to Antioch, Troas, Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, and Rome. Doubtless there were many men of this trade in Jerusalem, to which Saul eventually turned for his higher education and where at length he found the road to a Savior of the world.

But Saul had yet some two years of apprenticeship to serve before he reached the age of fifteen, when Jewish boys normally entered the higher rabbinical schools.[27] It will be convenient just here to survey the political and religious relations of Tarsus with the larger Roman world of which even this free city was an integral part. For contemporary conditions not only influenced the early life of Saul, but also had, as we shall see, a profound bearing on his later activity as wandering tentmaker and apostle.

CHAPTER III

THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD

AT ROME, CENTER OF THE WORLD, AUGUSTUS STILL RULED WISELY and well, diverting himself now and then, if we may believe a later gossip, by deflowering choice virgins selected with the aid of his dour wife, Livia.[1] The emperor might reasonably feel himself entitled to a little diversion; he might justly congratulate himself on his tremendous achievement.

Within the memory of Saul's father and grandfather the Roman Republic had been drained of blood and money by a series of bitter wars. Augustus had inaugurated the Pax Romana, a peace which would endure with scant interruption for nearly a hundred years after Paul's death and under the protection of which he preached the cult of Christ.

Even Saul's father could remember when Tarsus, the Taurus mountains, and indeed the whole of the ancient world, had swarmed with cutthroats of various kinds. Some of these were members of spurious guilds who masqueraded as laborers and, like our own gangsters, carried weapons ostensibly for self-defense. Upon his accession to power Augustus speedily dissolved all such bogus trade unions. His soldiers scoured the mountains for robbers who came forth from every wooded canyon to plunder and kill rich travelers. One by one their caves were smoked out or sealed up by Roman troops. Bayous off the sea were fired, and from the blazing reeds fled brigands who up to this time had lived securely there on houseboats with their entire families. The ocean itself was cleared of swarthy pirates who waited round dangerous promontories, ready in swift clippers to capture slower craft and hold their wealthy passengers for ransom.

Over nearly three thousand miles of good roads, radiating from the eight-faced Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome, the

soldiers of Augustus marched, his couriers galloped in relays or rode swiftly in carriages, changing horses at regular post-stations maintained by the government. Thus Rome was in constant communication with the provinces and her long arm could reach out quickly to suppress rebellion—or seize a robber who attacked a missionary traveling, as Paul was destined to do, on the lonely plains of Asia Minor.

When Saul's father was a lad, Cilicia and the whole of Asia Minor had been the booty of the publicans, tax-collectors organized into a stock company which bid with similar companies for the privilege of wringing out of unlucky provincials the last cent that Rome could unreasonably expect. This the publicans did with the connivance of the provincial governor and the aid of the nearest Roman army. Cicero, who governed Cilicia fifty years before Saul's birth, was one of the few officials to protest against this system.

Now, thanks to Augustus, all this was changed. No longer could a citizen of Cilicia be thrown off his farm by a predatory governor or a band of looting soldiers. Laws concerning debt were made more equitable. Taxes were definitely fixed. All provinces were under the supervision of Augustus' representatives, who acted as a check on the governor. Native tax-gatherers, publicans such as Matthew, the disciple of Jesus, merely aided the emperor's men in the performance of their duties. Here was, in short, a system of provincial government which made it easy later on for Paul to earn a living and travel safely about, preaching the gospel of Christ.

During Saul's era the Roman world had grown definitely more cosmopolitan and tolerant. The Romans seldom interfered with native customs or religion. Within the limits of good government a tolerant attitude was preserved toward all nations. It was, of course, the business of the conquering Romans to Romanize the world. But Roman soldiers intermarried freely with native women. More than one poor Roman farmer evidently shared the same hut with a splay-footed, broad-bosomed, negro wench. And ladies who slept in gilded beds sometimes presented their cynical husbands with blubber-lipped, curly-

pated spawn begotten by a handsome negro cook or a popular athlete.[2]

Community of language during Paul's era also helped bind the world together in an atmosphere of cosmopolitan tolerance. The universal tongue at this time was Common Greek, a less complicated medium by far than classical Attic and better adapted to the limited intelligence of an itinerant propagandist. Paul found the Roman citizens of Macedonia and the barbarians of Lystra speaking this tongue. The proceedings of Roman law-courts in Cilicia might be conducted in Latin, but the language of business and culture and religion everywhere was Greek, the Common Greek of the Bible.

About two hundred years before Saul's birth the Old Testament had been translated from Hebrew into Common Greek at Alexandria by a committee of *seventy* rabbis (so tradition said). Hence its name, the Septuagint. The Old Testament Scriptures were widely used in their Greek translation. Paul, as I have already said, quotes them exclusively in this form. Synagogue services outside Palestine (and sometimes even there) were regularly conducted with the aid of Greek interpreters. Thus any Greek-speaking Gentile could easily become acquainted with Yahweh. And Saul's people, nominally a subject race, found converts and sympathizers among their conquerors, not only of the lower class, but also of the Roman aristocracy. This fact, coupled with the circumstance that Jews and Jewish synagogues were scattered everywhere over the Roman world, gave Paul a decided advantage when he came later on to preach an Oriental gospel on foreign soil.

In view of Augustus' mild and efficient administration it was natural that the men of Tarsus and other enthusiastic eastern people should salute him as "savior of the whole human race" and Romans as "god visible."[3] For him and other emperors were reserved almost every name commonly applied by Christians, and indeed by Paul, to Jesus of Nazareth—Lord, God of God, Son of God. Augustus had his "reverend" day as Jesus had his "Lord's Day." The birth or accession of an emperor was "good news" just as much as the birth and resurrection of Christ were

happy tidings (gospel) for Paul. When he became a Christian Paul constantly looked forward to the *parousia,* the "appearance" of Christ. Upon the "appearance" of an emperor in Tarsus or any city of the empire taxes were temporarily remitted, debts were canceled, prisoners freed, and coins struck to denote the beginning of a new era; as if the emperor had been another Jehovah or a Christ bringing freedom to all men by his gospel and final coming.[4]

All this feeling and terminology were crystallized in the imperial cult, of which Tarsus was center for the province of Cilicia. As he went to and from school or work Saul could hardly fail to notice the priests and priestesses of this cult. Their office was clearly marked by miniatures of the emperor which projected from the crowns they wore. To the emperor as to any deity they offered up constant sacrifice and celebrated continually sacred cult banquets. Such rites were of course a deep offense to any really orthodox Jew who believed that there could be but one Lord and God. Yet when he became a Christian Saul blithely transferred every name and office which characterized Jehovah or the emperor god to a Jewish prophet of Nazareth.

The natural human longing for a visible savior which thus expressed itself during Paul's lifetime was no new thing. The first Messianic document belongs to the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, some two thousand years before the birth of Saul.[5] There a grim prophet Ipuwer, after predicting a complete social and political upheaval, declares that eventually a savior will visit Egypt, a blameless man who will lay all evil low, a shepherd of the people who will search all day long for his scattered flock. The very ancient myth of Prometheus, nailed to a cliff in Caucasus because, as the creator of men, he did his creatures kindness, embodied the popular notion of a just hero willing to suffer for the sake of humanity. Alexander the Great was deified during his lifetime as a benefactor of the human race. And *his* apotheosis, a natural enough thing for Egyptians but rather uncongenial to western people, did much to popularize the man-god conception in the ancient world. Jewish Messianic literature is so rich that it will be given a separate chapter.

Before the time of Alexander the Great, men had been closely bound together in community life by the ties of local religion and a narrow patriotism. Now, cut adrift from the old anchors, somewhat bewildered members of a society that had become increasingly cosmopolitan and international, they cast about for new devotions to take the place of the old, new saviors who would make them at home in the universe, alleviate the misery of their lives, and lead them at length into everlasting salvation.

Saul belonged to the tentmakers' guild, and the guild was one of the earliest expressions of this desire for orientation.[6] It was a singular combination of trade union, chamber of commerce, and free church. Bakers, dry cleaners, cobblers, barbers, tentmakers, fruit-sellers, tailors, pack-carriers, mule-drivers, flute-players, pandars, undertakers, and doctors associated themselves in separate organizations under the protection of various patron deities. These guilds adjusted prices and secured numerous advantages for themselves by arbitration or by occasional strikes. They played a vigorous part in political campaigns, backed their own candidates, and scribbled campaign indorsements on every wall. No doubt Athenodorus' struggle against the racketeers aroused the sympathy of all right-minded guild members. Like modern Kiwanians and Rotarians these ancient workers tried to advertise their own town as the best in the Roman Empire. When Paul terms his native Tarsus no mean city he speaks in the best tradition of the guilds. On the holidays of their patron saints guildsmen paraded the streets in full regalia. With flags waving, cymbals clashing, horns and flutes creating a terrific din, the procession moved along, led by union officers, who were garbed for the nonce as prominent local magistrates. Fully half a dozen times each year these societies held picnics in the best Tammany manner, at which everyone got piously and gloriously drunk.

Finally the guilds of Tarsus and of every other city assured support for poorer members, as well as decent burial for all in a club cemetery maintained by joint subscription. These benefits were shared without regard to barriers of sex, race, or social condition. In this respect the guilds bore a startling resemblance

to Paul's ideal Christian society.[7] The rich patrons who provided guild-halls and the poorest slaves, men and women, foreigners and natives—all were "best beloved brothers and sisters, colleagues and partakers in holy things." Saul and other Jewish workingmen could give no allegiance to the pagan traditions and deities of the guilds, but in general they must have been in sympathy with the legitimate aims of these societies.

The doctrine of the brotherhood of mankind, realized in practice by the guilds, was best reinforced by the teachings of Stoicism, to which sect, as we have already seen, Athenodorus belonged. According to Stoic teaching, men everywhere, being children of one father, should recognize their kinship with one another by mutual tolerance and forbearance. In this regard Athenodorus, teaching at Tarsus, and Paul, preaching at Athens, were one.[8] The Stoics held, as did also Paul, that man has but one supreme duty in this life—devotion to virtue, the willing fulfillment of the purpose of God made clearly manifest in the world. Outside, joys and sorrows matter nothing; the sage, serenely following the guidance of his own virtuous *conscience*, proves *sufficient unto himself*. These were ideas congenial to a man of Paul's temperament and he later used them for his own purposes.[9] The Stoic sage, like the Christian apostle, was a gladiator in the cause of virtue. He fought on through sickness and pain, confident that the purpose of God would ultimately triumph, was indeed being fulfilled gradually at the present moment.[10]

According to Stoic teaching each person is assigned a rôle in the world drama. It is the business of the artist to produce beauty, of the governor to govern well. The ruling Romans had no difficulty in identifying the purpose of God in the world with the furtherance of the Roman Empire and its interest, as embodied in Augustus, the savior of the human race. The old Roman as well as the characteristically Stoic virtues were here brought into play: thrift, prudence, common decency, wisdom in the pursuit and perception of truth, justice in rendering to each man his due and faithfully observing the terms of all contracts, moderation and temperance in every word and action, bravery and loyalty in the quest of virtue, willingness to die for the

sake of a private or public ideal. Though Paul envisioned a savior very different from Augustus, he was, as his exhortations to lazy converts and the whole tenor of his doctrine show, in full accord with many of the fundamental Stoic tenets.

Even if he had no intimate contact with respectable Stoics, Saul could hardly miss the dirty Cynics, exponents of a popular brand of Stoicism. Dio of Prusa, who visited Tarsus and lampooned its vices not many years after Paul's death, was a member of this curious fraternity. The Cynics delighted in exposing the shams of counterfeit society and in using abusive language to men of importance. They let their hair and nails grow to incredible lengths and boasted profusely about the population of their beards. Leaning on long philosopher's staves, with begging-wallets slung around their shoulders, they stood in the market-place and shouted in a high, shrill bark:

"O foolish men, whither are you drifting? Repent! Be as we are and live in poverty according to nature's law, with the earth for your bed and the sky for your roof." Such harangues Saul doubtless heard again and again in the course of his daily labors about the market-place.

There were false Cynics abroad who carried loaded dice, mirrors, and gifts coaxed from gullible widows and orphans instead of the scraps of bread which filled a genuine philosopher's wallet. There passed through Tarsus effeminate Cynics who displayed soft, white hands instead of the gnarled paws that customarily clutched the walking-staff of the sage. But for the most part these men and women, the Billy Sundays and Aimee Semple McPhersons of their day, were quite sincere in their professions. Their roving life, if not their tenets, would appeal, I think, to a Jewish lad of Saul's temperament. In any case, like Paul the apostle, they rebelled against contemporary conditions and refused to see in Augustus or the Roman government the final salvation of the human race.

CHAPTER IV

THEY SACRIFICE TO DEMONS

EVERYTHING THAT WE KNOW ABOUT PAUL THE APOSTLE INDICATES that he was a born hero-worshiper. As yet he had no satisfactory hero. A lad of his emotional temperament, who found something lacking in the Law, could hardly, even if his religion allowed him, hail Augustus as the perfect hero and savior. For a boy of his bent, Stoicism, while offering certain lofty ideals, must have seemed a trifle bloodless. The Cynics protested against the abuses of contemporary society; but they did not protest in the name of any savior. And *that* Paul held to be an absolute essential. He was now in that susceptible period which lies between the age of twelve and fifteen. Perhaps in weak moments he cast a doubtful eye at the pomp and fervor of pagan religion, at those mystery cults which, for all they were dedicated to "demons,"[1] for all they were attended by the grossest superstition and accompanied by the lowest forms of magic, seemed to give their devotees so deep a consolation and draw them so near the divine. Perhaps this was his sin against the Law. We cannot know.

But if he did yield in this early period to superstition, if he did have leanings toward the cults, he was there at one with his epoch. The first century was a period of shaken nerves. Men could not quite believe that Augustus would permanently prevent the recurrence of the old, unhappy days. In spite of the greater peace and order, the freedom from senatorial plundering and the raids of pirates and robbers in the provinces, despite the freedom of thought which characterized a world become thoroughly cosmopolitan in Augustus' time, the average citizen looked elsewhere for a savior. Roads were better and taxes lighter, but life was still hard for a peasant with a large family, a peasant

who knew nothing of birth control, worked eighteen hours a day for a wage of a few cents, and slept in a hut not much better than a dog-kennel. Persons of this type—porters, flea-bitten dwellers in the tenements of Antioch and Tarsus, fishermen, farmers who shared none of the responsibilities of government but regarded tax-gatherers merely as villains, could scarcely find in any administration a perfect escape from their difficulties. They wanted a god who would permanently forgive their sins—and their debts as well. Here was ripe soil indeed for the Christ cult which Paul was later to preach.

The nervous diseases and disorders portrayed in the New Testament are indisputable evidence of a state of mind on which superstition battens. The superstitious man in the first century was the prey of soothsayers, fortune-tellers, dream-seers, exorcists, and magicians of all kinds. He was haunted day and night by visions of the yawning gates of hell, the flaming rivers and ghostly inhabitants of the underworld. Any roving quack could rob him of his earnings. He bathed, pared his nails, took a wife and retired to bed, sent cargoes of merchandise to sea, recovered lost slaves and transacted the whole business of life only after seeking the advice of his favorite medicine-man. For his sins he did penance by bathing in the sea or going on long and painful pilgrimages. One might behold him sitting mud-besmeared before his hut all day long, rolling on dunghills in a fit of religious contrition, wasting his time in the synagogues or in mute contemplation before the images of barbaric gods.[2] Even the learned, like our own more or less enlightened business men, considered astrology a species of science, and unscrupulous priests imported all the hocus-pocus of star magic into the rites of their cults, as a potent medicine against the spirits of earth and air that were forever threatening man's happiness.

Never was there an age which longed more fervently for salvation. People came in droves to listen to locust-eating hermits in the caves of Palestine. Withered Jewish fortune-tellers crept into the boudoirs of Roman ladies to interpret their dreams and incidentally throw in a good word for Jehovah.[3] Syrian merchants peddled the doctrines of their Oriental cults along

with cakes, garlic, and cloth of gold. The roads, the temple steps, the harbors and markets, were thronged with preachers who harangued gaping mobs of sailors, tradesmen, and loafers, urging them to substitute for the vain repetition of meaningless prayers the religion of a sincere and contrite heart, exhorting citizens constantly embroiled in civic strife to please God by concord rather than by costly blood-offerings. Such, for one, was Apollonius of Tyana, Paul's contemporary. Practically every Oriental religion of importance had a propaganda fund which served to defray the expenses of traveling missionaries and to which even the poorest converts contributed.[4] The Pharisees, as Jesus observed, would compass land and sea to make one proselyte.[5]

The religions to which the superstitious, the poor and oppressed, the noble, the rich, and all who sought emotional stimulus and release were turning, are known in general as mystery cults. Essentially they were modified forms of well-known national religions adapted for popular consumption. As to origin, they varied greatly. The most important ones were the Egyptian cult of Isis; the northern Greek cult of Dionysus-Zagreus the wine-god; the Eleusinian mysteries celebrated near Athens; the Phrygian cult of the eunuch Attis; and the semi-Persian cult of Mithra. This last was especially popular in the neighborhood of Tarsus and is the cult with which Saul had the earliest chance to become familiar. It will be later discussed in full detail. For the present let us consider the cults as a composite picture with colors drawn from all of them.

The gods of the cults were for the most part deities conceived by men in an attempt to explain the war in this world between the forces of light and darkness, the death of vegetation in winter and its triumphant return to life in the spring. The early basis of these cults seems to have been agricultural. Since one of the chief necessities in agricultural communities was to secure a fertile soil and a bountiful crop by intercession with the gods of earth and sky, one frequently finds in the cults the corollary notion that God is pleased with fertility in human beings. Hence it is not surprising to find along with the refined and ascetic

religion of the Orphic worshipers of Dionysus the most enthusiastic sexual orgies in cults concerned with earth worship and fertility.

But the prime object of the cults, after they developed out of the purely agricultural stage, was to insure happiness and security for the devotee on earth and everlasting salvation in heaven. This object, it was frequently believed, can be attained only through the grace of a *supreme deity* ruling over the world. This superior deity has a representative, a son, his mediator on earth, a *god-man or savior*, often enough the product of a "virgin birth." The god-man, after overcoming various difficulties and dying a cruel death, ascends to heaven, where he waits his worshipers. It is easy to see how such cults came rapidly to displace the formal civic religions of Greece and Rome with their vicious deities, so indifferent to the welfare of humanity as a whole.

The first preliminary to initiation was instruction in the tenets of the cult, or, to use a modern phrase, drill in the catechism. This was followed by sacrifices and public or private confessions. The candidate, kept hungry and thirsty, was now led about in a cave haunted by snakes or other ghostly horrors. After he had finished his circumnavigation of the mystery cave or a room specially fitted for the purpose, he was suddenly led into the light. And in this exalted state, often with his senses quickened by drugs, to the accompaniment of music and dancing, he witnessed a secret drama of the Passion, portraying in vivid scenes the sufferings which the God had endured for humanity and challenging the worshiper to imitation. As a sign that he had been or was being born anew the candidate was often baptized by water or fire, by blood of animals or the blood of his own mutilated body. Sometimes he was buried to the neck in the earth, or dragged through a channel resembling a large yoni. Occasionally union with god or goddess was achieved by a "divine marriage." Or the worshipers partook of a last supper; they ate of bread, which was the body, and drank wine, which was the blood of the god, commemorating thus the meal which the god had eaten with his friends before ascending to heaven.

The man who met these tests, who in the mimic play approached the confines of death and trod the threshold of the underworld, who was buried with his god in symbolic death, regenerated, and married to deity, this man received a new name (as he had been baptized into the name of the deity) ; he donned a new robe and a crown. He had passed from death to life. He had become one with God; and if he imitated the deity's sufferings and faithfully observed his rites, he would at length achieve lasting immortality.

Owing to the fasts and physical rigors which preceded initiation and the drugs, music, and dancing which accompanied the stirring ritual, the concluding hours of a cult ceremony were occasionally given over to orgies of drunkenness and sexual promiscuity. The supposedly spiritual marriage between the savior-god, or the worshiper representing him, and his mother, Earth, sometimes became a prolonged debauch.

This was especially true in Tarsus. The priests of Cilicia were inclined to side against the traditions of Greek culture represented by Athenodorus' university. They opposed legal marriage, formal education, and the centralized Roman government which they felt weakened their hold on the people. The ideal life, according to them, was that of the beasts. The one local rite of Tarsus with which we are acquainted, that of Sandon, gave plenty of excuse for animal enjoyment.

Sandon himself was the son, or at least the mediating representative, of the Lord of Tarsus, a supreme deity who had little to do but sit forever on his chair of state with a scepter in his left hand and corn or grapes in his right. Sandon's image was that of a young god standing on a lion. A battle-ax filled the god's left hand, a branch or a flower his right. The lion in turn was mounted on a pedestal inside a pyramidal cover. On top of the pyramid was an eagle.

Each spring Sandon's image was drawn through the streets on a large wheeled platform by animals or by devout worshipers, to be given in marriage to the god's mother, Earth. Over the Sandon pyramid two young, beardless men in tunics held a great flapping canopy. The festival to which Sandon's image

was taken naturally invited people to be fertile and to imitate the gods by increasing the population, while they had leisure and opportunity. Less joyful was the other great ceremony, celebrated, perhaps, at the approach of winter, when vegetation had begun to die out. Then amid the lamentations of his worshipers Sandon was placed on a funeral pyre and burned in effigy.[6]

We can easily clarify the relations between Sandon, his father, the Lord of Tarsus, and his mother, the Earth, if we remind ourselves of the parts played by God the Father, God the Son, and the Virgin Mary in the mediæval hierarchy. Paul never makes any use of the mother-mediation idea, though he does represent Jesus as born of a woman.[7] But the notion that the Supreme Father (God) gives power to the working Son (Christ) played a highly important rôle in the theology which Paul was later to frame.

The belief that a human worshiper might be wedded to a god was congenial to the imagination of antiquity. The Hebrew prophets often speak of the relation between God and his chosen people in the most intimately physical terms. Israel is espoused to God as a bride. When she becomes unfaithful to the true religion, to her marriage vow, she is said to play the whore.[8] At Athens, annually, the wife of the chief magistrate was, in behalf of the entire community, married to Dionysus the wine-god, or to his priest. Afterwards she and fourteen other women performed certain phallic ceremonies, perhaps carrying out the actual fact of marriage in dumb, baubonic show.[9] Wedding-chambers were regularly maintained for such occasions as the marriage of the Earth Mother at Tarsus, when men and women came into union with the god or his priest. In various cults the deity was addressed as bridegroom, the god in the bosom (literally represented sometimes by a snake drawn under the clothes of the worshiper).[10] From another standpoint the god was depicted, perhaps figuratively, as entering the wombs of his believers and impregnating them with divinity. "Come to me," prayed the worshiper of Hermes, "come to me, Lord, as babes to women's wombs."[11]

The figures of marriage and birth as applied to religion made a

strong appeal to Paul, though he had no sympathy with the bawdy ceremonies which accompanied divine wedlock. During the maturity of his apostleship he represents himself as espousing to Christ the church in the guise of a chaste virgin, who must never prove unfaithful to her marriage vows.[12] Here, of course, Paul is simply adapting the Hebrew conception. But that is hardly true of another passage. Speaking to the Galatians, he says that he undergoes labor pains once more until Christ be *formed* (like an embryo) in them.[13] Here the style has a more pagan than Jewish coloring.

But as Paul, with every devout Jew and respectable pagan realized, such beliefs were accompanied by grave social dangers. Josephus relates the scandalous story of the aristocratic Paulina who was duped into entering a shrine of Isis that she might have intercourse with the god Anubis—and in the darkness met his priest instead.[14] Then, too, there is a Rabelaisian yarn hailing from a quarter of Asia Minor not too far from Saul's native city which well illustrates the effect such customs might have on a susceptible young man. Each year it was the habit of young virgins near the ancient city of Troy to go down into the stream Scamander before their marriage and achieve union with the river god. A young foreigner, visiting town for the first time, and knowing in advance of this fact, strayed out to the river. From his covert in the bushes he saw a comely young wench whose name was Callirhoe disrobe and go down into the river, crying, "Scamander, take my maidenhood." At this the young wretch dashed out of the bushes, shouting as he ran: "Gladly I accept and take it. I am Scamander and I will do you much good." Four days later, at a procession in honor of Aphrodite, Callirhoe spied the young man and called out: "Look, nurse. There is Scamander, to whom I gave my maidenhood." The nurse screamed and the whole matter became known. Singularly enough, when he was taken to task by a friend for his outrageous conduct, he justified himself by the statement that such occurrences were common enough in other communities and that young men frequently took advantage of similar situations.[15]

If Saul saw and knew none of these things, then he must

have been blind and deaf or his father must have been a highly successful chaperon. The knowledge, which I assume he did possess, probably had no effect on his outward virtue. But it did, I think, help to set up in him the beginnings of that psychopathic split in personality, that fascinated horror at ever-present vice which Paul describes as a war in his flesh, and which seems to be standard equipment for every militant reformer.

The religion of Sandon was purely local, though it included divine marriage among its rites and exhibited many other traits common to the mystery cults which I have been describing. The great cult of Tarsus was the religion of Mithra, the ancient Iranian light god, who many years later was to give Christ a hard battle for mastery of the Roman Empire.[16] We definitely know that Mithraism existed in these regions at least fifty years before Paul's birth, for Plutarch says that it was carried to Rome about that time by captive pirates from Cilicia.[17] Mithraic remains have been found in Tarsus, and there is evidence that Mithraism was still firmly rooted there toward the very end of the Roman Empire.[18] It was a good faith for soldiers and for those robbers and pirates who lived in the caves of the Taurus mountains or in houseboats on the reedy marshes near Tarsus.[19]

In its higher aspects Mithraism represents a blending of Babylonian star-worship with the Zoroastrian principle of two warring influences in the universe: Light or Good (personified by Mithra) and Darkness or Evil (embodied by the various enemies of Mithra and his divine father, the Supreme God, who sent Mithra as a mediator[20] and servant to watch over mankind).

Though Mithra was the son of the Supreme God, he was born on earth in human guise. Wearing already his characteristic Phrygian cap, and armed with a dagger and a torch (sign of his function as a light-god), Mithra emerged from the rocks on the banks of a river under the shade of a sacred tree. December the 25th was always regarded as the day on which Mithra the Unconquered Sun came to life, and in the fourth century was adopted by the Christian Church as the birthday of Christ. In view of the circumstances of his birth, Mithra, like Christ, was for his disciples the "rock" from which flowed salvation.[21] He

was first seen, like Jesus of Nazareth, by shepherds, who hastened to offer him the best of their flocks and harvests. Being naked, Mithra hid himself in a fig tree, ate of its fruit, and eventually clothed his body with its leaves.

His first great feat was to conquer the Sun (with whom he himself was half identified). To the Sun he gave a radiant crown and with this deity pledged eternal friendship. As the Jews and early Christians prayed thrice a day to God, so three times daily Mithraists offered up prayers to the Sun. The 16th of each month was the special property of Mithra, but Sunday was also sacred to him and was probably the "Lord's Day" (since Mithra was called Lord) long before the birth of Paul. Apollo, the Greek sun-god and patron of the rocks, was sometimes identified with Mithra. In early art Mithra was represented as carrying a bull over his shoulder and Apollo-Mithra, like Christ, was called the Good Shepherd. Christ was saluted by his followers as the Day-spring from on High, the Light, the Sun of Righteousness.[22] Mithraists naturally used similar names for their own deity, who was in his own right a sun-god.

But the slaying of a bull, the first living thing created by the Supreme God, and not his conquest of the Sun, is the feat with which Mithra was most commonly identified by his disciples. In his first encounter with this animal Mithra carried it, after a hard struggle, into the cave where he lived. Mithra's transporting of the bull to his cave over a difficult road was used by his worshipers as an allegory of man's hard struggles in this world. Later the bull escaped. The Sun sent his messenger, the raven, with orders that Mithra kill the beast. Aided by a faithful dog, Mithra finally came upon the bull in the cave, where it had again taken refuge. With one hand he seized its nostrils; with the other he thrust a hunting-knife into its side.[23] From the spinal cord of the bull sprang wheat (the immemorial symbol of immortality), and from its blood came wine. In vain animals sent by the Evil Spirit of the World, who fought always against Mithra as Minister of the High God, tried to capture the genitals of the bull. Mithra drove them off and remained unconquered. Meantime the semen of the bull, purified by the moon's rays, produced all manner of animals

useful to mankind; while its soul (strangely identified also as Mithra's own self, self-slain for the sake of men) ascended through the seven spheres to the upper world. And with it as an escort went Mithra's loyal dog.

Mithra not only stood forth now indirectly as a creator and directly as author of death in the world. He was given charge also over the first human pair, which had recently been brought to light. The Evil Spirit constantly endeavored by means of flood and drought and fire to destroy the human race. But Mithra, aided by the High God his father, constantly thwarted these efforts. Especially famous is the miracle which he performed when men were about to die of thirst. He shot arrows against a rock, and from it gushed waters at which men drank freely.[24] After completing his beneficent labors and, like Christ, overcoming by the sacrifice of his own body the evil world, Mithra ate a last supper with the Sun and other friends and triumphantly ascended to Paradise.[25]

Mithra himself lived in a cave, and dark caves were the first places in which his votaries worshiped, clad in the skins of wild beasts.[26] Animal, sometimes human, blood, sprinkled the altars of the god. As time went on and the loftier aspects of Babylonian star worship imparted a patina of learning to the crude myths, while subtler theology glossed over the primitive earth and element worship which characterized the earlier cult, the meeting-places of the Mithraists changed as well.[27]

Perhaps during Saul's boyhood there already existed in Tarsus the stereotyped Mithraic chapel, of which modern archæologists have discovered numerous specimens belonging to the second, third, and fourth centuries.[28] All of these followed approximately the same plan. A colonnaded waiting-room on the upper level gave access to a stairway leading to an underground chamber. In this room below ground there were stone benches along two sides. Here the worshipers reclined. Down the center ran a wide aisle, yielding easy access to the benches and giving the priests sufficient space in which to perform their duties. The ceiling of the crypt represented the heavens. The walls were decorated with various mystic astronomical symbols. The whole

was a blaze of colors—blue, black, yellow, and all shades of red. At the left of the chamber entrance was a font for holy water; at the right the sacred lion of Mithra carved in stone. Before the pillars marking the entrance were placed images of Mithra's sacred "Torchbearers." Further back in the aisle was the statue of infinite Time, worshiped by the Mithraists as the father of all things, in the form of a human monster with a lions' head. Near by was an image of Mithra being born from the rock. Directly opposite the entrance, at the rear of the grotto, were altars containing sacred fire, and behind them in a sort of apse a plaque depicting on one side the bull-slaying Mithra surrounded by the signs of the zodiac and on the other the Last Supper.

Here were surroundings mysterious enough to whet the curiosity of any small-boy gang, Jew or Gentile, roving the streets in search of new excitement. When Mithra's holy day came round on the 16th of the month and disciples collected outside his sacred grove, or when, on Sunday and the other days of the week, his priests descended into the crypt to burn appropriate sacrifices to the planet guarding that day, I fancy curious spectators of all ages were not lacking.

Slowly the crowd gathers before a dense grove of trees concealing the entrance to the shrine. One by one the more important members arrive—the attorney, the board of finance, the trustees, the officers of the chief council and senate, cult-masters, married priests, and celibate anchorites who seldom leave their retreats to attend service. Along with them come the lesser folk, the real backbone of the order—petty tradesmen, slaves, and soldiers serving for a miserable wage but still willing, for the consolation they receive, to bear the heavy expense involved in keeping up the ornate chapel and elaborate ritual of Mithra. In many ways the crowd strongly resembles an early Christian congregation, except that there are no women. This is a fact which will strongly militate against Mithraism later on when it comes to death grip with Christianity, and Mithraists will strive to remedy their lack by allying themselves with the cult of Cybele, the Great Mother, which made a strong appeal to women. One ornament definitely sets these people off from members of all

other sects. Around their necks they wear amulets with an image of Mithra slaying the bull. These trinkets, they believe, will afford them divine protection and help to carry them safely through all dangers.

Now the worshipers pass through the grove, enter the waiting-room, and descend by the stairway to the underground chapel. At the font they sprinkle themselves with holy water. Briefly, they adore the sacred images. And as they face toward the apse they behold the plaque which reveals Mithra slaying the bull.

A bell rings. Slowly the plaque revolves, revealing on its other side a miniature of the Last Supper. Strange lights in the half-darkness play on rich Oriental costumes and bring out their flashing colors. Tripods, each arrayed with loaves marked by a cross, are now placed within reach. Drugged water and wine is passed around in drinking-horns by ministers to the communicants reclining on benches at the sides. The faithful partake of the bread and wine and meditate as they do so on the sufferings of Mithra.

A candidate ready for initiation is now brought in. The room is darkened. In the dim and solemn silence he is warned that, although he has already attained the degrees of Raven and Occult, he must further prove himself brave, passionless, and pure in order to attain the coveted degrees of Soldier and Lion which will enable him to be called "participant" and enter fully into the sacraments of the god. He is warned that in all things he must imitate the sufferings of Mithra.[29]

Save for an occasional flash of lightning, darkness now shrouds the crypt as the candidate is hurried out by the taciturn guide to face the ordeals which await him. Suddenly he hears as from a distance prolonged, discordant howling. Almost before he has time to be afraid the candidate finds himself, as he thinks, in a den of wild beasts. Disguised by frightful masks, the worshipers attack him. Again darkness complete and Stygian. Silence broken only by solemn peals of rolling thunder.

The blindfolded candidate is now taken away to swim through raging torrents. He walks through flaming fire. He leaps from lofty precipices. He is beaten with rods; he stands in snow or

is buried in earth up to his neck. He becomes to all appearances a veritable corpse. At length comes the signal for release. The candidate is brought forth, a resurrected man. But still a further ceremony remains. The mystic's hands are entangled in the entrails of a bird. Thus bound, he leaps across a channel of water. On the other side he is freed by a minister who cuts the entrails with a knife as a sign that now the candidate has escaped the entanglements of sin.[30] The final seal is now placed on the candidate's purity. He is immersed in water or sprinkled with the blood of bulls and lambs to show that he has renounced the sinful world and is prepared to become a faithful Soldier of Mithra.[31] In token of his allegiance his forehead is branded with a hot iron. Presented with a crown on the point of a sword, he refuses it, saying; "Mithra alone is my crown." Thereafter he will refuse to accept a garland at banquets or a crown on the field of battle as a military decoration with the simple words, "It belongs to my god."

Further ordeals now follow. At last the candidate is ready to receive the degree of Lion. His hands and tongue are anointed with honey.[32] A newly-born son of Mithra, he comes from hunger and cold and solitude and darkness into the light of the chapel before the high priest and lesser dignitaries on thrones at either side. An attendant clothes him in the conical cap of Mithra and the loose tunic whose belt portrays the signs of the zodiac. A shepherd's staff (signifying the power of the sun in agriculture) is placed in his hand. A golden snake (symbolizing immortality, since the snake sloughs off its old skin each year) is thrust into his bosom.

The other members crowd exultantly around their fellow soldier and Lion brother. He has now joined them in the full hope of immortality. Mithra is now his champion, his haven, his cable and sure anchor of everlasting life.[33] At the end of the world, when Mithra wakens the dead and, by the authority of his father, separates the good from the bad in the last judgment, the new brother will, if he has proved faithful, live with the righteous forever in a rejuvenated universe free from evil to all eternity. There, they assure him, he will dwell as securely as a child who

has returned to his father's hearth from a long voyage. He will look serenely on while fire from heaven falls upon the wicked and destroys them.

Now the room is silent for a space. Darkness still crouches in the outer corners. Members of long standing and the newly initiated brother, fresh from his trials, recline together on the stone benches. Drinking-horns of water and wine go round again. The cross-marked loaves once more appear. A moving pageant of Mithra's sufferings prepares his disciples for the complete revelation which is to follow.[34]

The priest begins his incantation as the room is slowly darkened. He utters strange cries in an unknown tongue. He murmurs and shouts inarticulately. The followers of Mithra bellow like bulls, pressing their hands hard against their sides. They beat their bodies. Their heads are swimming with the violent emotions they have sustained and the drugged wine which they have consumed. Suddenly, as the trance deepens, their souls pass through the gates of their bodies, ascend through the seven spheres,[35] warding off the evil angel guardians of the spheres in transit by magic spells, and stand at length in the very presence of Light Divine. Clad in red and gold, wearing a crown from which rays brighter than the sun flash out, the god appears to their dreaming eyes: Mithra in person extends a welcoming hand to all his faithful followers. Immortality now is sure. Life is sweeter for all time. They have beheld God. Though mortal and of mortal seed, they have this day been begotten by God. Called from among so many thousands to immortality according to God's wonderful goodness, they long to adore Mithra according to their ability as men. . . .[36]

The trance passes. Still half in heaven, with the vision of the god still haunting them, the hundred[37] worshipers of Mithra come blinking out into the light and go to their homes. . . .

Tarsus was for Paul no mean city. He was proud to have been born in it. The voices of many religions from the Orient clashed in its public places with the snoring of pæderasts and the croaking songs of men who sat by the river Cydnus. Rivers of influence from a country devoted to the quest for an ultimate savior

streamed through the schools of Tarsus and flowed even as far as its Jewish synagogue. The prevailing tendency of the age was syncretism, a religious tolerance which encouraged one sect to borrow freely from another and permitted the priest of one cult to serve a dozen others as well. That this tendency affected Jews the evidence of the Talmud and inscriptions of the period do not permit us to doubt. Strict Palestinian rabbis felt that the orthodoxy of Jews in Asia Minor had been more than a little contaminated, though Jews like Paul would, I think, have been the first to deny their indebtedness to contemporary paganism.

Whether as a boy Saul peered fearfully with his playmates into the dark groves that surrounded Mithraic caves, whether he talked frankly with neighbors who had embraced that faith, whether he was carried along while on some errand for his family with the crowds that followed the sacred platform of Sandon to the funeral pyre, or witnessed against his will those orgies consequent upon Sandon's marriage to the Earth Mother—all this is a matter of speculation and signifies little. The important thing to remember is that Saul lived his most impressionable years in the very nursery, if not the cradle, of emotional Oriental religion. And these impressions lasted. The Christ whom Paul was to preach was tricked out as a Jewish Messiah, but such he was not. Paul's Christ was a god-man, a wiser and purer cult-hero than any ever seen in the streets of Tarsus, but a cult-hero nevertheless.

When Paul declares in his later preaching that we are saved by faith in the blood of Christ and its cleansing and redeeming power, when in describing the eucharist he refers to our communion with the blood and body of the Lord, when he stresses our need for sharing the agonies of the crucified Christ and gaining the glory of immortality by full knowledge of Christ's revealed mind, when he exhorts his disciples to shun this present evil world and wake from the drunkenness of sleep and sin, he is speaking in terms consecrated long before his time to pagan religion. He is using for his own purposes language that must have been familiar to him in Tarsus even from boyhood. His own life of constant privation, largely self-inflicted, and his whole

doctrine regarding Christ, who was God, but became a slave and stooped to death on the cross before He rose and ascended to Heaven to become God again—all this shows that Paul had learned well the Oriental philosophy of salvation by suffering, and had mastered the language of its school of religion, though he may never have entered the doors of the University of Tarsus.

Interchapter

THE HIGHER POWERS

About the middle of August, in 14 A.D., one year before Saul entered the rabbinical college at Jerusalem,[1] the emperor suddenly succumbed to an attack of indigestion, a malady which was chronic with him and now assumed dangerous proportions. He took to his bed at Nola near Naples. Forthwith he summoned his adopted son, Tiberius Claudius Nero, who was preparing to take charge of the Roman army in Illyricum.[2]

Tiberius arrived in his usual deliberate manner, a barrel-chested, broad-shouldered man of fifty-six. Morosely he returned the salute of the guards whom Augustus' wife had posted around the house, and, with neck stiffly bent forward, strode into the emperor's sick-room. Only the clenching of his powerful left fist, whose fingers could bore through an apple or break the head of a young man at one blow, betrayed his excitement. He was a strong contrast to the slight, drawn figure on the bed. Augustus' charming face, seen below a shock of curly hair, once the color of bronzed wheat but now growing gray, revealed a pair of eyes still bright, though pain bent the emperor's body double.

It was a momentous interview, for indirectly it made possible that persecution of the Christians which resulted in Paul's conversion. During one whole day Augustus and Tiberius talked, behind closed doors, of the empire and of Augustus' policies. The emperor, if he followed his usual custom, read a list of carefully-prepared remarks from a little notebook. Tiberius, a nat-

urally taciturn man, had almost nothing to say, but apparently he was willing to carry on the policies of his father by adoption.

Augustus had been a diplomat and a judge of men in a world where it was often a matter of life and death to know human nature. He realized as well as anyone that Tiberius was made of clay mixed with blood. But no better successor was in sight, and, after all, Tiberius was not only a highly cautious and successful general; he was apparently a stern Puritan. Whenever Tiberius entered the room we are told that Augustus immediately ceased the frivolous and bawdy conversation with which he liked occasionally to divert himself. Beyond question Tiberius would carry on the work of raising Roman temples that had fallen into neglect, stamping out foreign religions that threatened the safety and pristine morality of Rome, checking extravagance, punishing immorality in public life—the whole work which Augustus had so earnestly begun. . . .

The morning of the 19th of August arrived. The weighty conference had so exhausted the emperor that he took little interest in anything thereafter. Now, feeling that the end was near, he rallied all his reserves of pride and strength and called for a mirror. Servants combed his hair and closed his sagging jaws. To his friends he said, "I have played well my part in life's comedy. Send me from the stage with applause." And to his wife, with a kiss, "Livia, remember our marriage—and farewell." He rested calmly for a time and then, as the ultimate moment drew near, he cried out in terror, "Forty young men are carrying me away."

Forty soldiers from the Imperial Guard carried him out to lie in state. From Nola the body was solemnly transported to Rome by relays of knights and senators in the dishevelled garb and bare feet which marked ancient mourners. In each town on the way the remains were allowed to remain for a brief period on display in the chief public building or temple.

At Rome, that which had been an emperor was received with unprecedented honors by the people, carried on the shoulders of senators to the mausoleum by the Pincian Hill, and there reduced to ashes. A prominent Roman citizen swore that he had

seen the glorified Augustus winging his way from the funeral pyre to heaven. On earth, at any rate, Augustus did not lack honors. His funeral oration was twice pronounced, once by Tiberius, whose voice broke under the strain of emotion and rendered him incapable of proceeding with this delicate duty. "Oh, that not only my voice but my very life would leave me," he moaned. In Tarsus and throughout the empire artists were busy chiseling out the inscription *Augustus* on the trumpery imperial statues that crowded the public places, and carving in its stead *Tiberius*. Habitual hailers made ready for the usual journey to Rome, where on behalf of their cities they would with real or pretended enthusiasm salute the new emperor as the hope of the world. Bulls and goats as usual bit the dust in vast numbers to celebrate the "good news" of an emperor's accession to the throne.

In the first years of his reign Tiberius was all modesty and hesitation and reverence for the departed emperor. To beat a slave or change clothes before a statute of the deified Augustus in Rome was a capital offense. To carry one of his images into a privy or brothel was an insult which neither Cloaca, Venus, nor Tiberius would tolerate. The man who criticized any of the departed ruler's words or acts, or accepted honors on a day when honors had previously been voted to Augustus was adjudged a traitor.

Tiberius must certainly have gloated over a stipulation in Augustus' will that his daughter Julia on her death be denied a place in the royal mausoleum with its spacious walks and parks looking out on the Tiber from the northern reaches of the Campus Martius. In early life, like many who grow up under the shadow of a throne, Tiberius had experienced numerous misfortunes which made him taciturn and suspicious, but none more crushing than his marriage with Julia. He was already happily married when Augustus forced him to divorce his wife and take Julia, the brilliant and dissolute leader of a young group of courtiers who openly advocated abortion and free love in spite of Augustus' attempts to raise the tone of matrimony in the Roman Empire. This union proved a source of constant grief to Tiberius. In fact, just six years before Paul's birth, Tiberius went into vol-

untary exile at Rhodes rather than put up with an existence which public gossip made ridiculous. Before Tiberius returned, Julia herself was sent into exile for a particularly glaring piece of amorosity, an offense for which she could have been put to death under the terms of her father's own law.[3]

Hot on the steps of Julia came her own daughter, called by the same name. Though she was married to a great noble, she lived at her own pleasure. At length Augustus' patience was exhausted. The second Julia and her lover were ordered to leave Rome. With them went the poet Ovid. It has been conjectured that Ovid arranged a meeting between the two at a temple of Isis. In any event his poem, *The Art of Love*, counseling young men where and how to get free enjoyment, had long been a stench in the nostrils of the Puritan group at Rome. Ovid was banished for life to the barbarous town of Tomis, near the mouth of the Danube. There he died in 17 A.D., while Saul was presumably attending school at Jerusalem.

The insults offered Tiberius by his unfaithful wife and her impudent daughter still rankled in his mind when he became emperor. He allowed Ovid to remain in exile. Before he died Augustus somewhat relaxed his harsh treatment of his daughter Julia, though he never forgave her or received her openly. When Tiberius came to the throne she was again placed in strict confinement and died soon afterward of ill-treatment and starvation. Augustus' wife, Livia, who in the old days had remained at home weaving coarse woolen togas for her husband while Julia roamed the alleys in transparent silk, now had her full revenge. She completely dominated the mind of Tiberius, who stood out as a champion of severe Roman morality.

Under this new ruler the laws against adultery were strengthened and rigidly enforced, with the frequent infliction of the death penalty. Matrons were restrained as never before from taking up the lucrative trade of prostitution. Extravagance was sharply checked. Restrictions were placed on the amount that could be spent in taverns and eating-houses. The general custom of exchanging gifts on New Year's Day was prohibited, for Tiberius was notoriously stingy. Miscellaneous kissing in public also

fell under the ban, though a virulent skin disease which broke out about this time had more to do with the action than moral scruples. Thus were all the avenues to adultery blocked up.

Many temples had in the past been nothing but hiding-places for criminals and lovers who did not wish to be disturbed. Tiberius abolished the right of sanctuary in many notable shrines throughout the empire, defying in this matter delegations of indignant citizens who came to protest. Ovid had assured his readers that the temples of foreign deities, such as Isis (not to mention Jewish synagogues), were the best possible places for meeting susceptible young ladies and polishing off the business of love. Certain chapels were for this reason destroyed.

Further, all foreign cults in Rome, especially the Egyptian and Jewish, were mercilessly stamped out. Those who refused to burn their vestments and religious paraphernalia were exiled. Crowds of Jews were sent as soldiers to various unhealthy climates—a slight loss, says the historian Tacitus.[4] Astrologers and soothsayers of all sorts who did not recant were (in theory at least) driven out of Rome. No one (except the emperor of course) could consult an astrologer if witnesses were not present.[5]

Tiberius suffered the natural fate of a man who was reserved, moody, taciturn, and severe rather than a theatrical mob-pleaser. The basest motives were attributed to his least action. If he behaved modestly, consulted the Senate on every matter, and transferred the right to elect popular officials from the people to the Senate (undoubtedly as he thought in the interests of efficient government), that was because he was inordinately suspicious and wanted to throttle the people through the agency of the cringing senators. If he employed a few secret agents, popular imagination transformed these into a host of informers posted on every street and in every private home, spies whose least whisper could cut a throat or send an innocent citizen into a jacket of blazing pitch. When finally he retired to the island of Capri, leaving the empire in the hands of his brutal subordinate, Sejanus, and paving the way for the reign of confusion during which Saul persecuted Christians in Jerusalem, that was not because he really wished to escape public life, but because he wished to gratify in

solitude his lust for cruelty and perverted pleasures of every kind. The attitude of Tacitus and Suetonius toward Tiberius is very like that of a yokel who stands outside the walls of a suburban estate and wonders what orgies go on behind them. Tiberius was doubtless cruel, but he did not wholly fit the portrait of the conventional tyrant which later gossip painted to the delight of rebellious Jews, Christians, and a senatorial party always hostile to what they called the upstart imperial family.

In Tarsus matters still remained much as usual when Saul prepared to enter college at Jerusalem. Whatever cruelties the worst of Roman emperors inflicted on Rome and the surrounding territory, they usually treated provincials with the greatest consideration. Tiberius may have banished Jews from Rome and attempted to stamp out foreign cults in general, but he was too wise to interfere just then with the conduct of government at Jerusalem. The time, of course, was not ripe for the launching of a new Oriental religion. But the moment was propitious for the peaceful education of one who would eventually become the most famous preacher of the Christ cult.

CHAPTER V

JERUSALEM IN BONDAGE

CONSIDERING PAUL'S LATER CONCERN WITH THE SALVATION OF THE Gentiles, I think it possible that at this period he felt his home life becoming more and more intolerable. Even as a boy he must have been profoundly interested in the Gentiles. He must have wondered how the wicked among them could be saved and what would happen to wise and virtuous pagans, who did not embrace the Jewish religion. Certainly that overwhelming interest in the Gentiles which distinguishes Paul from every other preacher of the early Christian period could not have sprung full-fledged into life with his conversion. But in a strict Pharisee household his eager questions would be met with open rebuke or silent scorn. Saul's father could only tell him that if the pagans saw fit to become Jewish proselytes, properly baptized and circumcised, they might possibly be saved. If not, they must take their chances in the flames of hell along with other sinners. Again and again Saul had been forced to realize that a Pharisee could never rightly eat with an uncircumcised pagan, let alone admit him to intercourse as a social and religious equal.

A natural hero-worshiper such as this fire-eating young Benjamite of Tarsus could find no satisfactory hero, no blood-champion and savior-god in orthodox Judaism, set about on every side with the thorny hedge of the written and unwritten law. In despair, then, and perhaps, too, with the hope that in Jerusalem he could find men wise and tolerant enough to answer all his questions, if not the Messiah himself within her streets, Saul went up to the Holy City as a boy of about fifteen years. The longings and irritations which I have ascribed to him may never have risen farther than Saul's subconscious mind. Outwardly, at least,

he was simply fulfilling the destiny of a Jewish lad more intelligent than common.

It was probably some time during the month of August when Saul left Tarsus, for in October pagan schools opened once more after the fever heat of summer had subsided and doubtless rabbinical institutions followed the same calendar. At all events, climatic conditions in Jerusalem would favor this assumption. There the days from June to September are now, as they were in Saul's time, almost rainless. The temperature frequently mounts above a hundred degrees. A harsh, dry wind, often rising to a petty gale, blows from noon till after midnight. At times the sirocco rushes up from the Judæan desert in the southeast, filling the air with stinging sand. Malarial fever, eye diseases, and dysentery prevail. Few remain in the city who have money and leisure to go elsewhere. But in mid-September, when the Dog Star has withdrawn his blazing face, the autumnal showers begin and the parched hills breathe more freely.[1]

A mixed mob hustles Saul about as he bargains for a rowboat to carry him out to a little coastwise vessel bound for Cæsarea. Pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem for the Day of Atonement, students going to enter rabbinical college, a rabbi returning from his vacation in the highlands of Cilicia, Jewish merchants equipped to traffic with pilgrims and other visitors who will throng the Holy City, here and there a Roman official, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin, perhaps, with a welter of actors, athletes, pandars, prostitutes, philosophers, and missionaries—all of them shouting for a boat at the same time, protesting that the boatmen are robbers and enjoying the argument hugely.

All are safely on board the main vessel now. The little boats have returned to Tarsus. Down the river Cydnus, to the ocean scarcely a mile distant, goes the black ship. The night breeze freshens. The sails belly with the wind and the water hisses about the prow. The old moon has reached its full and throws a wake of light after the vessel. Saul watches curiously while pagan passengers at the rail adore the stars and pray to them for safe conduct.[2] In the quiet and coolness on deck, groups of Jewish pilgrims—peasants, students, teachers—huddle together,

grumbling a bit, drinking moderately of their wine, talking in low tones of the Romans and of Jerusalem, wrangling endlessly. They glance now and then at the officer and his soldiers who represent the power of Rome in person. Their glances are not friendly. I can imagine Saul edging his way into a group and asking questions about the Jerusalem which perhaps he has never seen before.

How, he wants to know, is Jerusalem governed? He is told that it is ruled nominally by a Roman caretaker, or procurator, subject to the governor-general of the province of Syria and his soldiers. The procurator while in the city has his residence (curse him!) on the West Hill in the Palace of Herod, far removed from the Temple on its Eastern Hill. Saul is curious about the procurator and the governor. Is it true that they control the religious life of Jerusalem? No (praised be the name of God), they do not. The real powers here are the high priests, the ruling one and ex-high-priests, together with the members of priestly families, the presidents of the Jewish nation, and beneath them the Sanhedrin, a council of seventy-one elders.

How long has this state of affairs existed? How long has Jerusalem been in bondage? Well, Judæa has been governed by such a religious group (under remote control of a procurator) since 6 A.D., just nine years ago, when Augustus wrested it from the grasp of Archelaus, the corrupt son of Herod the Great (may his name be blotted out of the Book of Life, for that he slew many of the Sanhedrin and forbade all assemblies of the people!).

Saul has, of course, heard of the Sanhedrin before, but now that he will soon be in Jerusalem he is eager to remember all that he has known and to learn more. Plenty of passengers are anxious to oblige him. The Sanhedrin, he is informed, is the highest court of the sons of Israel. Its seventy-one members are not allowed to play at dice, take usury, fly pigeons, or deal in the produce of the sabbatical year. They must be sound of body and mind, learned in sciences and in two tongues. They must be fathers of families, for a father will be more merciful than the man who has no child.

The marble-paved Hall of Hewn Stones in which the Council

meets lies to the south of the great altar of burnt offerings within the Temple Sanctuary, says one pilgrim. And another, interrupting him with characteristic Jewish *politesse*, adds that the Hall may be reached from without by a door leading south to the Court of the Gentiles as well as by an entrance for priests from the inner area of the Temple on the north. The windowless walls of the council-chamber are adorned with yellow panels. The U-shaped divan on which the councilors sit has yellow cushions and faces the main door. A bronze tripod, a marvelous sight, inlaid with gold and silver, and a chandelier with seven lamps, illumine the Hall.

Before all the councilors stand the clerks of the court, and behind them three rows of young men, studying for the profession of rabbi. Perhaps some of the scholars on this very boat are assigned to that duty. If so they will certainly pick up the narrative at this point and overwhelm Saul with a babble of information. Should you be so unlucky as to be haled before the Sanhedrin, you will face these clerks and students and behind them all in a semicircle the councilors of Israel. You will be dressed in the garb of mourning. A councilor who has once spoken in your favor cannot reverse his verdict. Sentence will usually be passed upon you the same day. Formal condemnation comes a day or two later, depending upon whether the verdict has been given by a slight or by a two-thirds majority.

This, Saul learns, is the body which rules Jerusalem in matters of religion and which exercises sway over lesser councils and synagogues throughout Jewry. In matters civil they have almost complete jurisdiction over Hebrews, except that they can put no one to death without consent of the procurator, as Paul later found out by bitter experience.

Sanhedrin spies are to be found everywhere in the empire. Their constables, deputed to make arrests, are recruited from the rudest and most unstable classes of citizens. Those accused by the Sanhedrin, on the evidence of spies or constables or the captain of the Temple police (also under control of the Chief Council), are kept in a special prison outside the Temple area and gently persuaded to confession by torturers in the pay of the

Council. Each town in the Empire, Tarsus and all the rest, if enough Jews live there, is equipped with minor councils, policemen, spies, and torturers, who look for their final authority to the Council of Seventy-one in Jerusalem. . . .

So much Saul could have learned had he questioned almost any member of his company. But he was destined to discover all this in the rough school of experience. He would be thrown much in the company of spies and constables during his persecution of the Christians. And after his conversion he would come to know all too well the power of the Sanhedrin when its "whispering campaigns" pursued him and its long hand threatened him with murder in every place that he worked from the wilds of Asia Minor to the crowded streets of great cities.

The Jews may gabble themselves hoarse about the Sanhedrin and the government at Jerusalem so far as the Romans on this boat are concerned. Keeping strictly to themselves, they maintain, as usual, an attitude of lofty indifference to affairs kosher. They are content to let the Hebrews settle their endless and insignificant squabbles over religion, even to preserve a kind of civil autonomy, so long as they pay their taxes and keep the peace. Roman legionaries in particular are directed to treat Jews with tolerance and respect their peculiar beliefs. On one occasion it is said that a common soldier at Jerusalem, bored and disgusted with the Jews, exposed his private and hinder parts to their astonished gaze in the streets. During the riot which followed this breach of etiquette, thousands of people lost their lives.[3]

Out of respect for Hebrew belief the emperor had every week, since the foundation of the empire more than forty years before, sent an offering to Jerusalem for Yahweh and the Temple. In deference to Jewish conviction Roman rulers used no personal images on their coins which circulated in Jerusalem, only palms, ears of corn, and laurel wreaths. Herod the Great had placed a golden eagle on the Temple as a token of his loyalty to Rome, but popular clamor forced him to tear it down. Images and pigs, as the Romans well know, are two abominations not tolerated in Jerusalem. Some scapegraces, flushed with wine and primed with

garlic, had once essayed to hoist a pig ("the other thing," so abhorred as not to be mentioned by name) in a basket over the walls of the Holy City. But by Jehovah's good providence an earthquake shook the land for sixteen miles round about and prevented the desecration. The Roman soldiers on Saul's boat who have seen service in Jerusalem know all this and make the best of it. The Jews are one of the curses which the gods have seen fit to inflict on decent Roman citizens.

The moon sinks lower. Between the various groups of Jews on board there springs up a violent argument, to which Saul listens with growing bewilderment. Present in the crowd are doubtless some who belong to the fanatical order known in Aramaic as Qanna'in ("The Zealous") or in Greek as Zelotai. The order of Zealots, as they are commonly called, had sprung into being nine years before. At that time the Galilean Judas and the Pharisee Sadduk had assembled a group composed mainly of peasants and workingmen to protest by force of arms against the census which Quirinius, legate of Syria, and Coponius, first procurator of Judæa, were taking throughout the province.[4]

Now the Zealots turn with sneering questions on the strict Constitutionalists, the Jewish aristocrats, wealthy men, and social climbers in the crowd: What can your high priests do? They are tied to the togas of the Romans. What can your Sanhedrin accomplish? It may be influential in religious affairs. In civic administration the Romans can at a moment's notice render it helpless. Are they not all like you, afraid to lose money and power by criticizing Rome which places and maintains them in office? A member of the aristocratic group interposes a quiet question: But was not Judas killed and were not his men scattered to the four winds? True, reply the Zealots, but we cannot, we must not fail again. Israel's only hope for salvation lies in a warrior-king who will unite the Jews and crush the Romans without delay.

With this the rabbis, students, and substantial middle-class merchants, with this Saul himself, if he shared now the views he held in later life, cannot agree. Every soul must be subject to the higher Roman powers as long as they do not lay violent hands on the Law and the customs handed down by Moses. In God's

own good time a prophet will usher in an era of spiritual domination and rule over his ransomed people in a heaven on earth.

Now the talk takes on a more definitely Messianic strain. The boy Saul becomes at once all attention. Here is something thoroughly congenial to his nature. The straiter-laced rabbis on board sniff audibly or curl up in their corners and go to sleep, if they do not object openly to such conversation. For in their opinion it is a mortal sin to tamper with Apocalyptic writings or indulge in the fanciful interpretation of the Law to which a discussion of such uncanonical tracts often leads.

The pilgrims shake their heads over the plight of Jerusalem in bondage. Even now the Messiah must be near, the Messiah and the end of all things. Times are growing worse and worse. The servant whose duty it is to keep the sacred candlestick lighted in the Temple is so lazy that he often allows the flame to die out before dawn. The red collar around the neck of the scapegoat no longer turns white on the Day of Atonement. The great brazen gate of the Temple, which normally requires many Levites to close it each evening, now moves of its own accord as a portent of the coming destruction of the Temple. The dainty priests wear gloves to keep from soiling their hands at the sacrifice. They hire club men to beat tithes out of the common people and dagger men to rid the world of their political and personal enemies.

But worse things are yet to come. Even now nature and man are groaning in ruin. Or, as Paul would later phrase it, the whole creation is in pains of labor, awaiting the revelation of the sons of God.[5] Death is in the air. Outside, the forces of good are fighting against the demons of sin; within man's own self the spirit wars against the flesh, which harbors nothing but evil.[6] As the end draws near prices will rise and heresy flourish. The synagogue will become a brothel. Children will insult their parents and elders. Scholars will be held in scant esteem. War and famine and pestilence will ride their ghostly steeds upon a lowering sky.[7] Then, after long delay, the Messiah will come.

Such forebodings Paul has often heard before. He will utter like prophecies himself when he preaches the cult of Christ, his Messiah who has appeared once and will appear again. For proof

that God has always planned to save the Jews by such a Messiah Paul will appeal to the Old Testament Scriptures. And this, in their own way, the gray-beards clustered around young Saul now proceed to do.

Two thousand years before heaven and earth were created, they say, the Law, written with black fire on white fire, lay in the lap of God. And in front of God was an altar, on which lay a jewel graven with the name of the Messiah, waiting in heaven till the day when he should be revealed. The day of this revelation has been again and again deferred because of Israel's sins. But eventually it will come. Has not Yahweh promised that in the third day he will revive them and let them live in the light of His presence?[8] Has he not sworn of old that a star will come out of Jacob and a scepter out of Israel?[9] Does not the testimony of a long line of prophets confirm the hope that Babylon, city of the heathen, will be overthrown and a second David reign over Jerusalem on earth according to a new covenant of heart religion, a covenant under which all men, from the least to the greatest, will know Jehovah and universal peace and religion universal will prevail over the world?

Yes, Paul's elders agree, the Messiah must come soon and he will fulfill all the promises made to the original King David.[10] Bethlehem will be his birthplace, and his name Immanuel. He will be a meek ruler riding on an ass, but also an heroic deliverer, god-like in his deeds. For the faithful he will be as a hiding-place from the wind, water in a dry land, the shadow of a great rock in a weary wilderness. And overshadowing this human king, overshadowing faithful Israel, who herself is personified as a missionary acting to save the world through true religion, behind and above all purely human saviors is Jehovah, the only God. He it is who buys Israel out of slavery, avenges her wrongs, and brings universal peace to the whole world with Jerusalem as its capital. To Jehovah and not to the Messiah, whoever he is, must be given the final glory.[11]

Perhaps, says an ancient dreamer, this very year, the second year of the Emperor Tiberius, is the mystic date of which Daniel the prophet wrote when he declared that within three and one

half years the Angels Gabriel and Michael would help the Jews to smite down their enemies. It may be that even now God is preparing, according to Daniel's prophecy, to punish the wicked and give the good a share in the kingdom of "one like a man," one who will come even to the throne of the Ancient of Days and be given dominion forever over all nations. The Zealots, at any rate, like to believe that this is the year when Daniel's "one like a man" will restore political power to the Jews.[12]

And after Daniel did not wise men have visions foretelling what manner of deliverer the Messiah would be? Did they not describe for the comfort of all faithful Jews the coming in of the Messianic kingdom? One of the passengers at Paul's side who is learned in all the baffling lore of those Messianic tracts which had long been thumbed by unorthodox Jews now delineates a savior almost like the one which Paul will later preach to the Gentiles.[13]

The Messiah will be an Eagle, a Lion, a Conquering Hero. He is the Righteous, Chosen Son of Man with sevenfold gifts of wisdom and power. By the side of God, the Ancient of Days, he has dwelt in righteousness since the time before the foundation of the world. His face is like that of a man, but full of graciousness, too, like the face of a holy angel. The Lord of Spirits has chosen him to overcome all the nations and kings of the earth. And after his conquest he will sit resplendent on a throne in the midst of the righteous, and there judge even the wicked angels.

But whether he is a second Prince of the House of David, whether he is the remnant of Israel personified, Elijah, one of the other prophets brought back to life, or the Righteous Chosen Son of Man, he will surely come. On this Paul's fellow travelers who are bitten by the Messianic gadfly agree. He will come, and the world afflicted with the sinfulness of the last days will be in labor to bring him forth. His coming will be the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord.[14]

When the Day dawns God will summon his chosen people to a great banquet.[15] Then God will bring forth the flesh of the female Leviathan, killed and pickled in the beginning of the world, when the Lord castrated her male. And He will serve, too, choice por-

tions of the female Behemoth. Wine, preserved in the grape since the six days of creation, will put sacred joy into the hearts of all at this home-coming feast. Vines of a thousand clusters, each containing a thousand grapes, and each grape yielding ninety gallons, will flourish throughout Palestine. A single grape, propped up conveniently in a corner, will give out wine like a jar. Bread will be supplied to the faithful from grains of wheat as big as the kidney of a bull.

Jerusalem then will shake off the dust of humiliation from her neck and the bands of her slavery will be broken. The barren within her will give birth and break forth into singing, yea, even the mountains and hills will utter song and the trees of the field clap their hands.

Shaded by clouds of divine glory, living Jews will sing and shout and dance to Palestine from every country of the world. Those who have died outside Palestine will roll over and over in little tunnels specially prepared for them by the thoughtful deity of celestial transportation, until they reach the Holy Land. There, as a grain of wheat which is buried naked but comes forth clad in many a garment,[16] or like the grass which blossoms in the spring, bodies will emerge and be joined to the souls stored safely away meanwhile in the vaults of Arabot, the seventh heaven—or in Gehenna if they were wicked. Together the happy pair, body and soul, will sprout from the ground with a multitude of hosannahs.

The body indeed will be resurrected, for there is an immortal portion therein, the "almond" of the spinal column, which resists flames and worms and breaks the anvil on which one would fain break it. Then we shall be clothed, not in the vile tent of our present clay, but in a diaphanous and celestial garment, a truly spiritual body.[17]

All who are dead, then, will spring to life when God descends at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet and the shout of a mighty archangel. The Messiah will also come down at that time and try the wicked and the good, for this he has been delegated by Jehovah to do before His awful judgment seat. The wicked (whether Jews or unconverted Gentiles) he will punish with

flaming fire. But the righteous will rise to meet the Almighty in the air or perhaps remain in an earthly Paradise below. There will be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing, for all the former things have passed away in this New Jerusalem in heaven —or on earth. Ransomed sons of Israel will not need the light of sun or moon, for they will live in the glorious radiance of God. They will feed on the Tree of Life, transplanted from the Garden of Eden, and drink from the River of Life, proceeding out of the throne of God. Their days they will spend in making celestial music on the harp or in studying the Torah, God's oral and written Law (which then, praised be His Name, will at last be perfectly understood), in offering prayer and giving praise to the supreme being. There will be no more business (alas!) no marrying or giving in marriage. And as to the shameful parts of the body which once prompted lust, these will vanish in the resurrection or be wrapped in an obliterating golden halo.

Underneath these rhapsodic passages Saul would probably find a good deal of disagreement among his fellow travelers as to the exact manner in which the body was to be resurrected, in which the Messiah was to come, hold his banquet, and judge the souls of men. Saul would scarcely find anyone on board, I think, unless it were a dull peasant, who held to the ancient Hebrew belief that disembodied spirits spend all eternity away from God in the cheerless darkness of Sheol. The majority, he would find, probably clung to the crude, materialistic later conception which postulated a literal physical resurrection of the body as it was when it died, a body perhaps somewhat prettified in the best undertaker's style, but still the same physical body renewed. Others, he would discover, who had been tinged with speculations of the Alexandrian school (and with these he himself sympathized) had embraced a more elegant doctrine. This involved the changing of the old body into a new one, the putting on, so to speak, of a gauzy spiritual veil.[18]

Just when the great banquet and its Leviathan-Behemoth *pièce de résistance* were consumed and what their relation in time was to the resurrection and judgment he found his fellow passengers uncertain. Some thought of the Messiah as calling the

faithful who were alive when he came to a banquet on the spot and then as reigning with the living for a thousand years on earth. Others imagined that the resurrection would take place before, not after, the Banquet, and that it would be followed by a long spiritual reign of the Messiah in a realm having very little to do with anything physical. . . .

Much of this was doubtless an old story to Saul, even at the age of fifteen. But he would be glad to hear it again, especially now that he was bound for Jerusalem just before the Day of Atonement, a natural time in which to discuss the future of the Jewish race. All these details he might receive from any liberal-minded Hebrew on board the ship. He might even hear the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah interpreted as referring to the Messiah, the suffering servant cut off untimely like a tender plant, the Man of Sorrows destined to bear our griefs and afflictions and suffer for our sins.[19] But never in the conversation of even a mildly orthodox Jew would Saul hear of a Messiah who could be God Blessed Forever[20] before the creation of the world (not God's servant, but God! O horrid blasphemy!), then stoop in the form of a slave to death on the cross, rise from the dead on the third day, ascend into heaven, descend like the Messiah to judge the living and the dead, return once more to heaven, and as God Blessed Forever reign at the right hand of his Father through all eternity.[21] Nor would he ever hear of a Messiah called the literal Fulness of Deity, a Savior God[22] who gave salvation to his followers if they mystically shared his suffering life and passion. That notion belonged, as we have seen, to paganism, and had perhaps already taken firm hold on the boy's subconscious mind. At any rate he was afterwards destined to lose his life because he tried to read it into the Law and the Prophets.

With such dreamers the Romans had no concern. But with Zealots the case was different. On such extremists, who kept daggers sharpened for Roman breasts at all times, and were even in this second year of Tiberius fostering rebellion throughout the empire, on such advocates of a literal Messianic kingdom where ransomed Israelites might playfully pursue one another through

the kosher clover and thumb their noses at a conquered or slaughtered foe, the Romans kept strict watch, particularly at the great festival seasons in Jerusalem. During these times the people were likely to follow any self-appointed savior who was backed by a glib tongue and the weapons of a few hired assassins. The Romans themselves were not averse to dreams of the millennium, provided they took the proper form. Virgil, the Roman poet, had sung in his Fourth Eclogue of an Age of Gold, inaugurated by the birth of a Divine Child, an age of peace and plenty and leisure. But this surely was an age which would be ushered in by some Roman ruler, if it had not already begun with the administration of Augustus.

The moon sets on all such dreams. A very few of the passengers have retired to the dirty, ill-smelling bunks allotted them. For the most part they sleep scattered on the deck in various attitudes, peaceful, grotesque, tragic, their numb hands covering the scanty possessions which they have brought.

In a far corner of the ship a Roman officer is amusing himself with a comely harlot, one of a troupe being taken to Jerusalem for the festival. He curses roundly as a drunken passenger staggers to the rail, stumbling over him and his companion. In another corner slaves whisper quietly. They are runaways making for the first port of call. They discuss various plans and finally agree to dye their hair, faces, and bodies with ink so that they may pass as traveling Ethiopians.[23]

The vessel sails on. Cyprus, from whose pine groves rises always a cloud of fragment smoke to Aphrodite-Venus, deity of lovers, is left behind late at night, a shadow in the dim distance. On the third day they sight Tyre, home in ancient days of King Hiram, who shipped from the city wharves cedar and fir to build the first temple in Jerusalem. As the sun rises higher Sidon comes into view, Sidon the city of purple, surrounded by miniature mountains of the shells from which comes dye that stains the garments of kings. And then at even-fall they reach the famous harbor of Cæsarea, made by a curving breakwater whose stones rest twenty fathoms deep on the ocean bed.

Here in the city where Valerius Gratus, Procurator of Judæa,

officially resided, the company perhaps rested for a short while until the caravan going to Jerusalem could be formed. Little time, however, is to be wasted, for the New Year and the Atonement Day which follows are almost at hand. Saul and his companions quickly set out and proceed on their two days' journey to Jerusalem. They emerge for a late night encampment on the great plateau north of the Holy City—the wrist, as it were, from which the thumb and crooked forefinger of its two hill ranges extend. Bale fires are shooting up on all the eminences round about, but chiefly from Olivet. Gorse and withered heather give flaring signal that the new moon, and with it the New Year, has come. The hills, as everyone Jewish among the company knows, are alight by command of the Sanhedrin's president, to whom vigilant watchmen scanning the sky have announced the moon's rising.

There is not much sleep that night. The glimmering housetops and dark narrow streets, the high walls and towers of the fortress city, lie just ahead: Jerusalem, compact on an eastern and a western slope, the latter a forefinger curving out in the darkness below its companion thumb and shelving sharply to the southeast and the hills of Moab.

Jerusalem, only thirty-four miles from the Mediterranean, but spiritually and physically shut off from western civilization by mountain barriers, facing firmly toward Arabia, toward the trembling tent-curtains of the immemorial east. Jerusalem, a city of two hundred and fifty thousand souls, poor in water, in wood, in money, rich only in oil and religion, the two most important exports of the land.

Jerusalem, where a fop, outsmelling two funerals, might bankrupt himself on Arabian spices and double purple wool at one hundred and fifty dollars the pound. Jerusalem, where a poor man received a daily wage of at most fifteen cents, obtained lodgings for fifteen cents a week, bought a complete outfit of clothes for five dollars (or an ox for the same price), got a lamb for five cents, and supported an entire family one day on what a lamb cost.

Jerusalem, who stoned the prophets that cursed her. Jerusalem,

in whose cattle and wool and iron and clothing and vegetable markets, there mingled criminals from the sewers that honeycombed the city, sturdy peasants bearing loads of farm produce for sale, white-clad rabbis and priests and Roman soldiers clanking down from the Fortress Antonia. Jerusalem, looking from the god-haunted depths of Solomon's Temple on her eastern to the pigeon-haunted palace of Herod on her western hill.

Jerusalem in bondage. Jerusalem, the consecrated home of Judaism on earth, whose Temple was to be Saul's school in the years of his young manhood.

CHAPTER VI

JERUSALEM, THE MOTHER OF US ALL

IN THE FALSE DAWN A TRUMPET BLAST ROUSES THE CARAVAN. THE camels get up, grumbling like proper Jewish beasts. At length the caravan moves forward, twenty-four hundred feet above sea level toward the Tyrian Fish Gate in the ruins of the old wall surrounding the northwest quarter of the city.

Saul's ultimate destination is doubtless the home of his sister, where he will find lodgings while a student in the city. But first, together with a few zealous Jews who know the town, he is eager to witness Tamid, the early-morning sacrifice in the Temple, which has a special point on this, the Day of the New Moon, the first day of the month.[1]

But they must hasten. Information comes to Saul in snatches from his companions as they hustle him down the dirty, narrow, winding streets. Already, Saul is told, the whole course of more than fifty priests on duty for the day have washed and dressed in Moked, their guard-house and sleeping-quarters adjoining the Temple. In bands the priests have inspected the Temple quarters by torchlight. Even now the yearling lamb, kept four days in its chamber near Moked, is being brought out for sacrifice. Priests are giving it drink from a golden bowl, lashing together its fore and hind feet on each side, tying it finally to the second ring on the north side of the altar at the corner nearest the Temple. There with its head laid to the south and its face turned toward the Temple it will await slaughter. On the Temple's highest tip a lookout is watching for dawn to appear over Mt. Hebron. Soon the silver trumpets of the Levites will let out a blast that marks the opening of the Temple gate and summons worshipers to the morning service.

Pursuing a southeasterly direction, Saul and the others come to

a great fortified wall, connecting the Temple and the Fortress Antonia on the east with the northern towers of the palace of Herod, where in the west pigeons are beginning to wheel about the red-stuccoed summit. They pass a sentry at the gate of the wall and proceed until they arrive at the viaduct over the Valley of the Cheesemakers, a tongue in the Y formed by Kidron Valley on the east and Hinnom on the west of the city proper.

If he looks back now, Saul can see behind him, to the north and west by the way he has come, the upper city rising tier on tier, an amphitheater of flashing white and red, crowned on the west by the three towers of Herod's castle, and beyond the castle the wall that he has passed, soaring one hundred and fifty feet above rock base, equipped formidably with scarps and lofty turrets.

The sun is now just visible. Repeated trumpet blasts make the streets resound and waken all the hills toward Jericho. Emerging hastily from the viaduct, Saul and his friends come face to face with another wall, an inclosure which surrounds the rock platform occupied in modern times by the mosque of Omar, overhanging the Valley of Kidron on the east and fronting in the same direction the Mount of Olives. Atop the platform within the wall lies the Temple. Once through the gate, Saul finds himself in a columned porch with two aisles. Then, going still eastward, he enters the Court of the Gentiles and notes that similar porches surround the Court on north, south and east. All this is like the original of a picture he has heard described many times from his earliest years. He has barely time to take it in now as he hurries toward the Sanctuary.

There is a steady hum of voices. Guards patrol the gates and separate Gentiles from the Jews, who are eligible to pass from the Court of the Gentiles to the Inner Sanctuary. Teachers marshal students who are about to attend the morning sacrifice and then return for lessons to the colonnades which Saul has just seen surrounding the Gentile Court.[2]

In the northeastern angle of the Temple inclosure Saul can see, outside, the Fortress Antonia, the double stairway leading to it, and the landing where he will one day address a howling

mob of Jewish fanatics. This structure had been rebuilt by Herod the Great and named in honor of Marc Antony. Solidly constructed on a rock eighty-six feet high and made more precipitous by a sheathing of smooth stone slabs, Antonia dominated the Temple. At three corners towers rise above the fort to a height equaling that of the rock itself, and at the fourth, or southeastern, a turret one hundred feet in height commands the whole of the Temple area. If he could enter Antonia now as he did later when a captive, Saul would find apartments, baths, colonnades, a court large enough for drilling a company of soldiers, a judgment-hall, and a commodious prison.

But Saul has no time now to gaze at pagan forts. His eyes are fixed on the Temple ahead, which no pagan may enter. Before him is the "middle wall of partition" between Jew and Gentile which he will later try figuratively to "break down,"[3] a latticed fence with notices in both Greek and Latin, warning Gentiles, under pain of death, to go no farther. This barrier runs all the way round a terrace seventeen feet wide, reached at intervals by flights of steps. Behind the terrace a wall forty-three feet high incloses the Inner Sanctuary.

Saul goes straight ahead, mounts the steps, passes through the fence, and walks along the terrace with the Sanctuary wall at his left hand. He turns north at the southeastern corner of the wall and after a few paces enters by the Beautiful Gate (one of the nine huge portals piercing the inclosure) into the Court of Women.

No man of Jewish blood who saw the Temple for the first time[4] could fail to pause momentarily as he turned into the Beautiful Gate and look about at its panorama of white marble and yellow gold, of scarlet hangings and copper growing green with age. From the south, as Saul stood there, came the shouts of money-changers at their tables, beating down some provincial with foreign coinage for trade, came the lowing of sacrificial animals bought and sold, the cooing of doves, the bellowing of butchers and salesmen. Into this Court of the Gentiles, which lay below Saul as he halted there listening in the Gate Beautiful, a certain Joshua of Nazareth was to come fourteen years later and

make havoc among the bulls and the business men who called themselves priests.

Inside the Court of Women, as Saul gazes upward, he can see on three sides galleries like those in the synagogue at Tarsus, placed high so as to afford Jewish ladies a view of the altar and Sanctuary to the west. Along with others he deposits his offering for charity in one of the thirteen trumpet-shaped boxes, ranged at intervals near the pillars which support the galleries. Rich men with clinking pieces of gold and widows with copper mites join him as he does so.

A crowd of men and boys is pressing westward toward the Gate of the Sanctuary leading out of the Women's Court. Saul manages to find a place among those who swarm around the fifteen steps giving access to the portal and pauses just before a large stone altar, surmounted by a hearth and railing and ascended by a long ramp on the south.

Everything is just as it has been described. Facing him in the background stands the Temple. There is the guard-house, Moked, on his right, visible to the north of the Sanctuary. And north of the altar, directly in front of him, the lamb is stretched out in the prescribed fashion, with its face toward the Temple and the west. Here in this precinct the morning drama of sacrifice will be enacted. Here Saul will receive his first informal lesson in the College of Jerusalem.

Saul watches with the rest while the work of butchery proceeds. One priest advances and cuts the lamb's throat with a sharp knife; another catches the spurting blood in a golden bowl and sprinkles two sides of the altar lightly below the red line at its middle. Other ministers flay the bodies of the lamb and beasts slaughtered with it, wash them on marble tables, and hang them up by hooks on pillars with cross-beams, except the sacrificial parts, which are seasoned with salt to Jehovah's taste and placed in order on the rise of the altar. The skins are laid aside for the priests.

Now the priestly servants retire to the Hall of Hewn Stones south of the altar. There they hold a brief prayer service and choose by lot the persons who are to carry incense, throw meat

on the altar, and pour out the drink-offering. At the sound of a musical signal the Levite choir takes its place on the fifteen steps facing the Temple, while other ministers spring to their posts. Solemnly, with his attendants, a priest marches from the altar with a golden censer up the twelve steps that lead to the Temple. Together they pass under the porch (more than a hundred feet above them) and disappear behind a colored Babylonian veil, symbolizing the elements of the universe. Behind the veil they disappear, under the lintel of the great door with its pattern of a golden vine, into the Holy Place.

Stored in a quiet room nearly seventy feet high are the most sacred relics of Israel's past. In front of the priest, before a veil shrouding the Holy of Holies, the next and last division of the Temple, is a golden altar of incense, alive with red coals. To his left near the south wall stands the seven-branched candlestick, whose flame is the light of the seven planets. By the north wall the twelve loaves on the table of shewbread are vaguely seen, mystic representations of the zodiac signs, but more than that of God's visible presence and illumination in His sanctuary.

Attendants arrange the altar fire, light the candles, and withdraw. At a signal from the outer precinct the priest casts his incense on the altar. A dark cloud of smoke rolls up, carrying with it a portion of Israel's sin. Saul and those with him outside fall on their faces in silent prayer. The priest joins his attendants on the steps before the Babylonian veil. As the minister who has burned the incense issues forth, a second priest sedately mounts the ramp leading to the altar's top. He presses the meat in his hands, arranges it on the hearth in the natural shape of the animal. Sacrificial blood with red wine is thrown on the blaze. As the whole crackles and sputters, the censing priest utters from the steps an immemorial benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." And the people answer: "Blessed be the Lord God, God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting."[5]

At the spilling of the wine a chafing Levite choir prepare to burst their vocal leash and chant the psalm for the day. The

song begins: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation. . . ."

On goes the song, accompanied by stringed instruments and punctuated by the notes of two silver trumpets. In holy embarrassment the people bow their faces again to the ground as the music swells to its climax: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be yet lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."[6]

When the last guttural has come from Levite throats, when the meat and drink and meal have all gone blazing up, the crowd packed around Saul to suffocation scramble to their feet. Dirty Jews, flea-bitten Jews from the east, clean Jews, humble Jews, pompous, toga-clad Jews from Rome, subtle, shifty merchants from Syria, Israelites from Macedonia to Egypt, have once more heard the service of prayer and song, once more assisted in bearing to Jehovah a gift of sacrifice, in thanks for favors received as a nation and in the hope of securing for themselves His kindness in the future. They may now rest their knees and turn their minds to more mundane affairs.

Many scatter to deposit their hoardings in storehouses, the national banks of the Jews above and below ground within the Court of Women, where through the months millions of dollars lay in safe-keeping. Some, more conscientious, remain to present offerings as expiation for personal guilt and sin.

Here is one who comes bearing a ram. He has cheated his neighbor and must give sacrifice in addition to a fine and the restoration of the misappropriated money or goods. Another has

a lamb, still another a bullock, while the poorest of peasants bring turtle-doves and pigeons.[7] For the capital sins of willful idolatry, adultery, and homicide there could be no atoning sacrifice. But a man need not be guilty of these to feel he might through ignorance have committed some slight breach of the ceremonial Law. He might have been guilty of reading God's word in the presence of a pig or a nude person, or in the unhallowed regions of a bath or privy. He might accidentally have defiled himself by contact with a corpse or a menstruous woman.

For whatever reason, rich and poor among Saul's companions file side by side before the priests, who inspect all animals and certify that they are without blemish. The person making the offering places both hands on the head of the victim to withdraw it from the domain of things common and dedicate it to God. The animal is slaughtered. The blood is partly sprinkled before the veil of the Holy Place, partly smeared on the altar and dashed at its base.

The bleating of lambs, the bellowing of cattle, sound louder and louder in Saul's ears as he waits with his offering. The cries of the priests are drowned in the general uproar. The Levites mount on footstools to protect their feet from the rivulets of blood that course over the pavement.

If the Temple in the early morning resembled a butcher shop, it later took on all the appearance of a banquet-hall. Those who had presented peace- or thank-offerings were allowed choice cuts of meat for a festive dinner. The flesh from guilt and sin offerings went to the priests. For sacrifice was in a very real sense a table communion with God. Thus also in pagan cult meals the god presided as guest or host, or even as both. "Chæremon requests you to dine at the table of Lord Serapis in the Serapeum tomorrow, the fifteenth, at three P.M." So runs an ancient invitation to such a feast. . . .[8]

As a student in the rabbinical college under Gamaliel,[9] Saul would be exhorted from his very first day to give close heed to the actions and words of the priests as they daily went about the duties of sacrifice, presenting a living picture of the Law in operation. Each step, each intonation it was important to ob-

serve, for without proper ritual procedure Jehovah's favor could not be secured. Even more dramatic material for class-room discussion would be furnished by the observances of the Day of Atonement, the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Passover. . . .

About a week after Saul's arrival in Jerusalem, on the 11th of September, came the Day of Atonement, the culmination of a whole procession of sacrifices during the year. This solemn Sabbath was fixed as a period of rest, but more especially as a time of fasting and repentance. The weight of sin and guilt which had been accumulating on Saul and other Jews during the year was then lifted to the last dark blot. Kipur was a day of judgment and expiation. Then God opened the records and scanned the doings of His people. The Jew who passed through the purifying ceremonial of Atonement Day felt that a new, clean leaf had been turned over for him in the Book of Life.

After the morning sacrifices had been fulfilled the high priest selected sin- and burnt-offerings for himself and the whole priestly retinue. But before this part of the ritual he must bathe and change his garments. He laid aside the seamless robe of blue reaching to the knees, which ordinarily, with its row of tinkling golden bells on pomegranate fringe, marked his coming and going. He put off the waistcoat of blue and purple and scarlet, suspended by shoulder-straps on each of which was an onyx stone engraved with the names of six tribes of the race of Israel. He doffed also the breastplate, that curious pouch attached by golden chains and rings to his waistcoat and containing originally two singular images (Urim and Thummim), cast as dice to help determine the will of Jehovah. On this occasion he dressed like an ordinary priest in a simple white linen tunic with long sleeves tied back and a girdle fastening at the waist.

Thus attired the high priest selected two he-goats and a ram as oblations for the people. On the goats he cast lots to determine which should be for Jehovah and which for Azazel, one of those mysterious, satyrlike creatures, phallic devil-gods who danced and shrieked with owls in the desolate palaces of the desert.[10]

One of the goats and a bullock are slain as sin-offerings. The

high priest takes a censer with live coals from the altar outside the Sanctuary and enters through the Holy Place by a double veil into the Holy of Holies, a dark room empty now of the ancient Mercy Seat and angels with spreading wings which once filled it, and containing only a stone on which the servant of Jehovah deposits his smoking censer. Here no one save the high priest, and he but once a year, may enter. Having censed the inner shrine, he takes bull's blood and goat's blood for himself and the people. With this he purges from all the year's accumulated defilement the Holy and Most Holy Places and the smoke-incrusted altar of burnt-offerings in the outer court.

The scapegoat, bound round the head with a band of scarlet wool, is now led forth. The priest makes solemn confession for the sins of all the nation. He places his hands on the head of the beast. Assistants spit upon it, prick it with thorns, scourge it to a precipice twelve miles east of Jerusalem, and there, pulling the fleece from its back, hurl the goat into a deep gorge.[11]

Saul would of course be told in rabbinical school that the whole ceremony symbolized the forgiveness which God grants to the penitent sinner. But to him or certainly to any Jew acquainted with pagan practice the whole rite would carry other connotations. In primitive times the Jews themselves had apparently employed human victims to sacrifice.[12] About two months before Atonement Day the Athenians were in the habit of sacrificing as scapegoats two criminals, one man and one woman.[13] The ancient Albanians selected as a victim for the whole people a sacred slave, who in captivity uttered oracles by divine inspiration. Kept for a year in luxury at the public expense, he was anointed with perfumed oils and led forth to die. A public servant stepped forward and thrust a sacred spear into the victim's side, so that it pierced his heart. When the body had been carried to a certain spot, all the people stood upon it in token that the nation had so been purified.[14] Victims of crucifixion not infrequently had their legs broken so that they might die quietly.[15] At Alexandria apparently a mock king called Carabbas was set up each year.[16] In Babylon a criminal dressed in royal robes was crowned, scourged, and crucified. Kings might

even give their own sons for this purpose and the name sometimes applied to this scapegoat who bore the sins of the people was Barabbas (Son of the Father).[17]

Thus, fourteen years after the ceremony of Atonement which Saul is now witnessing, Joshua of Nazareth was sacrificed, if we accept the gospel account, as a substitute for Barabbas. Thus the high priest could declare it "expedient that one man should die for the people." So, too, it was natural that Paul, as a citizen of a pagan town, though not as an orthodox Jew and rabbinical student, should make Christ the scapegoat who died for all. This dereliction from orthodoxy, which becomes complete when Paul identifies the human teacher Joshua with the beloved Son of God, would have brought a shudder to his teacher, Gamaliel.[18] Whatever Saul's thoughts may have been when first he watched the goat driven away into the wilderness to die, there can be no doubt that in his later thinking, consciously or unconsciously, he grafted a pagan interpretation onto the native stock of Jewish practice.

The Feast of Tabernacles, which in the year 15 A.D. fell on the 16th of September, might conceivably be interpreted as a season of rejoicing over the Atonement which had just been accomplished. It received its characteristic name from the practice, obligatory upon all Jewish men and boys at this time, of dwelling for one week in booths. This curious custom no doubt went back to the period when the Israelites were predominantly growers of grapes and the practice of dwelling in booths among the laden vines had a definite meaning. In origin the whole ceremony was frankly a pagan rain festival, attended by the lavish sacrifice of seventy bullocks, copious drinking, and the general hilarity which always marked the gathering of a new crop of grapes.

An observance so obviously pagan and so little susceptible of a spiritual interpretation could have made but little impression on Paul's deeper mind. Passover and Atonement play a heavy rôle in Paul's theology: he never mentions the Feast of Tabernacles. But he must have seen it again and again, and as he witnessed it this is what he saw.

The hour of the morning sacrifice arrives. A golden vessel is filled with water at the Fount of Siloam in the southern part of the city, escorted with great ceremony through the Water Gate, where priestly musicians greet the procession with three blasts on the ram's horn, and delivered at length to the officiating priest in the sanctuary. Mounting the ramp of the great altar, the priest turns toward the Temple in the west and prepares to pour the water and the usual morning libation of wine into perforated silver receptacles. Just as he is about to empty the water all the people shout, "Raise your hands," perhaps in memory of an awkward ecclesiastic who once spilled the sacred fluid on his feet.

When evening comes Saul mounts to a gallery specially reserved for men and extending round three sides of the Court of Women. Just above him is a similar section where ladies must sit if they expect to witness the ceremony which follows. The Court of Women below is flooded with light from tall pillars like candelabra, each holding four fifteen-gallon basins for oil, each supplied with wicks by the cast-off breeches and girdles of priests. Every family in Jerusalem which cannot crowd into the Sanctuary tonight joins in merrymaking at home. Every courtyard carries on the line of light throughout the circuit of the city.

To a twanging of harps, a clashing of cymbals, and the sound of trumpets and lutes, an orchestra takes up its duties on the fifteen steps descending from the altar-precinct to the Court of Women. Marking time to repeated blasts from the trumpeters, a great crowd marches round the court and halts on a last devotional phrase facing the orchestra and the Temple.

One by one the holiest men in Jerusalem detach themselves from the crowd and with lighted torches dance about the court, shouting songs of praise to Jehovah. Faster and faster goes the dance. Louder and louder ring the cries of praise. The crowd applauds as one skillful rabbi after another, each bearing more torches than the last, sweeps the pavement with lips and fingers in an attitude of obeisance, and for all his creaking knees springs

up again into the dance without dropping a single torch to the ground.

During the feast of Purim the Jews traditionally consumed so much wine that they could not tell one scriptural phrase from another. If they did the same during the Feast of Tabernacles, comical scenes must have followed as the dancing grew fast and furious and the wicks in the pillars burned low, episodes which would not have amused that Saul who so roundly condemned drinking at the Christian eucharist.[19]

The segregation of men and women at this ancient vintage feast and rain festival was probably a wise precaution. The chance encounters at the festival of Bacchus which furnished occasional additions to the population of Greece and supplied one of the stock themes for late Greek comedy were in this way prevented. Only in the month of August did Jewish girls make overtures to the men; at this time they danced in the vineyards and challenged eligible youths to select partners in marriage.

But fruitfulness in women as well as in land, when legitimately acquired, was a quality held supremely desirable among Paul's countrymen. And such perhaps is the primitive background of a ceremony which took place during the Feast of Tabernacles. Men and women, with harvest wreaths of myrtle and willow, of palms leaves and citrons, in their hands, marched around the altar once each day for six days, and on the seventh day, seven times. As they marched they recited psalms of thanksgiving, waving their wreaths while they chanted: "Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord. O Lord, I beseech Thee, send prosperity."[20]

The Day of Atonement and the Feast of Tabernacles fell in the season of autumn. It was proper then, having gathered their fruits and grain into storehouses that men should obtain forgiveness of sins and indulge in brief rejoicing before winter slew all things. After the Feast of Tabernacles Jewish eyes were set through the cold rain of winter toward the Passover in spring, the season when vegetation began to grow again and the whole world revived.

In preparation during the month of March lands and houses were purified, and walls, along with dirt-blotched sepulchers,

were whitened. Then, too, the deliverance of the Jews from Haman's plotting was commemorated by lusty drinking which often ended in blind drunkenness, and by public and private reading of the Book of Esther.[21] But Atonement, Tabernacles, and Purim with their essentially pagan background could not compare with the great deliverance from Egypt, celebrated throughout the Jewish world by the eating of a lamb or kid with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. Saul had seen the festival of Passover consummated in his own home many a time, but never so magnificently as in Jerusalem, where the marble mountain of the Temple served as a stage for the pageant. Never had he so fully understood its significance as now, when, crouched on the pavement of the colonnade where Gamaliel taught, he heard the festival explained in memorable words.

On the sixth of April, Saul or an older member of his sister's family went to the Temple market and purchased a sound lamb, not without some shrewd bargaining. An excellent small animal could be had for as little as five cents, so that the cost of the festival was not excessive. The beast was thus kept in readiness until the 10th of April, on which date the Passover came round in the year 17 A.D. During the evening of the 9th (the actual beginning of the 10th day in Jewish reckoning) there was a dramatic search for leavened bread in every chest and corner of Saul's temporary home. In this his sister and the whole family would join. If the search were deferred, it must be conducted on the morning of the 10th, for after noon of that day and all through the week-long Feast of Unleavened Bread which followed, no leavened cakes might be eaten.

About 2:30 on the afternoon of the 10th of April, Saul, or perhaps his brother-in-law, carried the lamb into the Sanctuary. The rites of the evening service, which in most respects duplicated the morning ritual already described, were put off until the Passover butchery could be finished. For this everything was now in readiness. All twenty-four courses, numbering hundreds of priests, were on duty.

Suddenly each householder, who up to this time had been carrying his Passover offering about or jerking it here and there

on a rope, slew and dressed it on the pavement. A triple blast on the priestly trumpets announced that the blood had begun to flow. The priests blessed each animal in turn; they offered up the fat and blood, stepping high over masses of entrails and skin and gore. Meantime Levite musicians chanted the Hallel to drown the bleating of unslain victims and in general make a joyful noise to the Lord. As the singing went on the worshipers joined in with the first verse of each psalm, interjecting a hallelujah for every other line, and winding up in a fine burst of noise with the last three lines of the final ode.[22]

On reaching his sister's home Saul gave the dressed meat, the whole lamb pierced with a pomegranate spit from stem to stern, into the hands of the cook and himself prepared by meditation and prayer for the Passover, that solemn feast anticipating, as Paul later thought, the sacrifice of Christ, the perfect paschal lamb. He purged his heart religiously of the old leaven of vice and malice and made ready to receive the unleavened bread of sincerity and innocence.[23]

When the sun set, the guests filed in and took their places, reclining, as they did so, on low couches. The father of the family took some of the wine standing near, and mixing it with water, blessed it thus: "Praise be unto Thee, O Lord our God, King of the World, who hast created the fruit of the vine."

The first cup goes round the table, then the second, likewise with its blessing. The father rises on his elbow, and asks one of his sons to tell the meaning of this Passover of rest and deliverance. When the questioning is completed, all begin, as they have already done in the Temple, to intone the Hallel: "Praise ye the Lord. . . . When Israel went out of Egypt. . . . The sea saw it and fled. . . . Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake. . . . For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling."

The psalms go on their way as the third and fourth cups are shared. The performance ends on a shrill, triumphant note. "O give thanks to the Lord, for He is good, for his mercy endureth forever."

Meantime a table, on which are bitter herbs and a wheaten biscuit with a heavy stew of fruit, is carried in and placed within reach of all inside the couches, forming three sides of a rectangle. A second table contains two flat loaves of bread. One by one the biscuits and bread, dipped in the stew and wrapped in bitter herbs, are blessed and eaten. "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the World, who createst bread."

Riding in state, the lamb, chief guest of honor, is deposited on the central table in a huge community dish. After the Oriental fashion all plunge their fingers into the scalding-hot roast. The juicy portions disappear with miraculous speed amid the pious ejaculations of the host, who reminds the company that nothing must be left for morning. Now and then a too-eager guest drops his food with an exclamation and pops his fingers into his mouth to cool them.[24]

At a late hour, when the guests departed, they could see blood smeared on the lintel of the house, a sign that once in the dim past the Angel of the Lord had observed this token and spared the first-born of all Jews in Egypt before he delivered his people from bondage. Now in this third year of Tiberius' reign there were signs that Israel's present deliverer might not be far off. During the season of the great festivals rumors of a coming Messiah floated down every alley where Saul's guests might step. Impostors were almost certainly preparing to announce themselves as saviors and lead off a number of the Passover-drunken mob on some fool's errand. For this the Romans were prepared. If Saul's guests passed the Fortress Antonia on their way home they could hear the clatter of hob-nailed boots on stone as hard-muscled Roman privates did sentry go, protecting the Temple area against the violence of Zealots.

The Temple with its yearly calendar of rites and festivals served as an open school to the students of Gamaliel and other teachers, who thronged the surrounding colonnades, who daily visited the Sanctuary to see dramatically presented the theory which they chanted in their classrooms. The Temple was a national shrine for conservatives and Zealots alike. The Temple

was the nearest earthly representation of that Jerusalem which lies above this earth. But even the earthly servants of God must eat. Those who performed the temple rites must get their food from the Temple, and those who attended the altar obtain a share of the sacrifice.[25]

A vast horde of priests, servants, singers, and guardsmen were required to maintain the Temple in an orderly magnificence compatible with everything for which it stood. The number of these hungry servitors has been variously estimated as between two thousand and twenty thousand. Their living was assured first of all by a Temple tax of half a shekel (about twenty-five cents) levied annually on Saul's father and all adult Jewish males. Priests, in addition to considerable private estates and a profitable banker's revenue derived from handling deposits in the vaults of the Court of Women, received a number of special gratuities. They could eat the flesh of the sin- and guilt-offerings. A portion of the meal offerings and the shewbread they, like Aristophanes' priest, "consecrated into their sacks."[26] With their families they shared the bread and the right hind legs of all thank- or votive-offerings.

By a generous and economical custom these latter gifts were waved or heaved up before Jehovah to call His attention in a quiet and refined way to the good intentions of the giver. Jehovah in turn, with a magnanimous gesture, visible, no doubt, to the officiating priest, resigned the choice morsels in favor of His earthly representative.

The flesh of male firstlings of all cattle, sheep, and goats, the maw, two cheeks, and shoulders of all cattle dedicated to the Sanctuary, as well as the skin of every victim save the Passover lamb and a bit of the revenue from the annual sheep-shearing, went to the priests.

First fruits of wheat, barley, olives, vines, figs, pomegranates, and honey (the principal products of Palestine) were sacred to the holy men. From the whole crop a contribution (graceful and painless term) of from one-fortieth to one-sixtieth was handed on to the servants of Jehovah.

After all these donations had been subtracted, a tenth of the

crop went to the Temple servitors as a group, along with many a chance piece of sacred meat, washed down by surreptitious cups of holy wine. One-tenth of this tithing went to the omnivorous priests. One twenty-fourth of all dough from private, and one forty-eighth of all that was used by public, bakers went into the ovens of the priests. The ransom money for first-born children, asses, horses, camels, and all animals consecrated to the Sanctuary loaded down the purses of God's henchmen. Persons living outside Jerusalem, like Saul's father and other Jews of the dispersion, paid contributions in kind to a resident priest or sent the equivalent in money down to the Temple treasury.[27]

Truly the priests fed fat on the sins of the people. But rabbis like Gamaliel, to whose school we now turn, had to work for a living. Ordinarily, as I have already stated, they depended, not on the fees of students, but on the money which they made from their several private professions.

CHAPTER VII

AT THE FEET OF GAMALIEL

GAMALIEL, SAUL'S TEACHER, REMAINS TO THIS DAY A RATHER shadowy figure. But it seems clear that he followed the lenient precepts of the rabbi Hillel rather than the austerely orthodox tradition of Shammai. We are told that of the thousand youths studying in the House of Interpretation (the rabbinical college) during Gamaliel's time five hundred occupied themselves to some extent with Greek literature. This in itself indicates that Gamaliel had a more friendly attitude toward the Gentiles than was to be found among straiter-laced rabbis. The mild temper of Saul's teacher stands out boldly in the one Scriptural episode where he appears.[1] When the Jews wish to slay Peter and the other Christian apostles, Gamaliel advises them not to act hastily. If, he says, this religion comes from human sources, it will collapse, whereas if it be from God the Council will find themselves fighting against the Omnipotent.

The course in the rabbinical college as conducted by Gamaliel and other rabbis seems to have been an amplification of the curriculum in the lower schools, though unquestionably more emphasis was here laid upon Hebrew, for in the elementary schools Greek appears sometimes to have been used to the exclusion of all other tongues. The fact that Paul uniformly cites the Old Testament in the Septuagint Greek translation might seem to show that the apostle knew no Hebrew. But again it might just as easily prove that Paul was adapting his methods to the knowledge of his audience. Whatever part Greek played in Gamaliel's school, he would certainly discuss the whole of the Old Testament in connection with the comments of generations of teachers as handed down orally from rabbi to rabbi. The method was that of question and answer, conducted some-

what in the Socratic style and reinforced by the Oriental device of oral repetition. Argument was encouraged and the best student was considered to be the one who could most successfully corner his teacher or companions on some thorny point of the Law. If Saul was as fond of disputation as he later shows himself to be in his letters, this feature of the curriculum must have interested him enormously.[2]

According to Jewish belief, as I have already said, the Torah embodied the entire revealed will of God. The failure, therefore, to perform the smallest rite was almost as serious as a cardinal sin, for every transgression was a violation of Jehovah's Commandments, transmitted from His mouth through angels to Moses. With reference to the prophets and the historical writers of the Old Testament, rabbis ordinarily adopted an allegorical type of exegesis, which brought out not only the literal but the suggested or mystic meaning and offered many rich fancies and apt illustrations for popular preachers like Saul. Such study could not, however, be taken up until the scholar had proved himself competent in the literal and painstaking interpretation of the ritual Law, both written and oral.

There was almost as much difference in the attitude of rabbis regarding the Law as there is today in the rulings of judges on the bench. Teachers of Gamaliel's type, taking the humanitarian attitude and conscious always of their own defects, declared that when one man proves himself perfectly righteous by keeping the whole Law for a single day there will never be another rainbow and the Messiah will forthwith appear. Such rabbis very sensibly exempted soldiers and citizens on errands of mercy or necessity from the more minute details of ritual observance. In their opinion humanity must be divided into righteous, middling, and bad men; and, said they, even the righteous ones sometimes slip.

But, although applied with the utmost common sense, the Jewish ritual law was a code so rigorous that it produced occasional hypocrites and occasional rebels like Paul. We are told of one promising young student who could prove in a hundred and fifty different ways that creeping things are clean. Such a sophist

would certainly not refrain from inhaling on purpose the fumes of pagan incense, nor would he scorn to look a lovely woman in the face when he met her in a narrow street (as Gamaliel was once reproached for doing). He would certainly be amused when he saw his elders straining wine and water to remove unclean gnats and rinsing brazen cups to cleanse them from ceremonial defilement. He would probably not be averse to surreptitious trips up an alley for a savory dish of roast "other thing," the pig which strict rabbis so abhorred and which pork-loving pagans occasionally managed to smuggle into the Holy City. Even in the class-room he would doubtless laugh up his sleeve when he heard his teacher and fellow-students solemnly wrangling over the minutiæ of the Law. He would be amused, but he would join gravely in the discussion.

Sophistry of this kind was abhorrent to Saul. If more suave and aristocratic Jews thought about him at all, they probably referred to him as a priggish little provincial. We have Paul's own word for it that at this period he outstripped the Jews of his own age in zeal for the traditions of his religion. He was, as he complacently says, "blameless with regard to the righteousness in the Law."[3] But he did have, as I have already tried to show, a consuming interest in the Gentiles. And it was Jewish sophistry of the sort referred to above which might influence him later on to modify somewhat the rigors of the Law for his Gentile converts. Also, as his own writings prove, his emotional nature was so intense that he found the Law a much greater burden than did Pharisees of a more placid and pedantic temperament.

There was another side to the instruction which Saul received in the rabbinical college, an aspect of Judaism which always interested him far more than mere ritualism and which left an enduring mark on his own teaching. This had to do with practical ethics and with the spirit of religion which lay behind and animated the whole of the ritual Law.[4]

For all true Israelites, as Saul would often hear Gamaliel declare, prayer was the very foundation of religion. One must pray, the rabbis taught, with a due sense of sin, a desire for repentance, and a conviction of dependence on God's grace. One must

pray with elevation of mind and be conscious always of worshiping in the heart rather than praying simply with the tongue. God, who listens to our prayers, is not far off, but is our own Father in heaven. We need no archangel to act as mediator. God himself blesses the newly married, visits the sick, hears the petitions of the poor, clothes the naked, comforts those who mourn, and in a special sense heeds the prayers of sinners. Thus Saul would be taught. But for himself he seems never to have penetrated deeply into this intimate Jewish conception of God. For Paul, Christ the mediator is a paramount necessity. Without him the barrier of the Law between God and man is insurmountable.

Sin crouches at the very door of the womb. In every man there are evil impulses, allied with the flesh, which war against the spirit and the works of the spirit.[5] Sin is a hole bored in a boat, causing all within to drown. Sin is a cobweb which may become a cable, an ulcer which can be healed only by the bandage of the Law. The human Adam, who in the garden of Eden brought death and sin into the world, is always at strife with the divine element in man, which alone can be instructed by the Commandments of God. Man is free to know and choose the right, but often follows the warring impulse of evil in his fleshly members. The conception of a war between the spirit and the flesh which Saul heard set forth in Gamaliel's class-room he gladly accepted and taught later in his letters. Subconsciously he must have been dissatisfied with the Law as a solution for sinful man's dilemma. In his later years he believed that victory in the war between sin and virtue could only be achieved through Christ, the second Adam. The Law was fit only to discover sin.[6]

In prayer the transgressor must say: "O God, I have sinned, I have done iniquity. I have transgressed before thee and have done thus and so. I am sorry and ashamed for my deed and I will never do it again." Such repentance, Gamaliel would inform his class, is all-important. Without the "godly sorrow" which leads to such a turning away from sin, sacrifices and endless prayers are in vain.[7] Even repentance is useless if one constantly commits the same sin.

Fasting and ascetic practices were sometimes connected with repentance, and the process was in some circles stimulated by a belief in the immediate coming of the Messiah. This was, however, a type of popular Judaism which, though it appealed to Paul, was not held in favor by sound rabbis. The higher type of Jew in this period was, unlike Paul, essentially a rational being and not other-worldly. He believed fundamentally in a heaven on earth or near the earth, brought into being by true repentance and just dealing. Whatever the method of repentance, it made a man a "new creation,"[8] it purified as the waters of the sea.

In Gamaliel's class-room Saul was taught that sincere, unceasing prayer should accompany every step of the pious man's life, marking not only his gratitude at deliverance from sin, trouble, and danger, but his thankfulness for every blessing bestowed by God on himself and on the Jewish nation. Saul was schooled not only in the formulæ of worship and special intercession, but also in the set prayers suitable for private devotion thrice daily, at morning, noon, and night. Perhaps even from childhod Saul had learned to pray, on rising: "My God, the soul Thou didst put within me is pure; Thou didst form it in me; Thou didst breathe it into me; and Thou dost preserve it within me. And Thou wilt take it from me and wilt return it to me in the hereafter. So long as the soul is within me I will give thanks to thee, O Lord my God and my fathers' God, Lord of all the ages, Lord of all souls. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who dost return souls to dead bodies."[9] Under the tutelage of Gamaliel Saul's mind would soon become a storehouse of similar prayers, suitable (and designed to be used carefully with regard to their appropriateness) for every occasion.

But more important than any form or the observance of any occasion for set prayer, Saul was told again and again, is the state of mind, the inward purity and concentration with which the worshiper prays. The best of all prayers, he learned, is not a long and formal one, but a brief one, springing spontaneously from a heart full of love for God. Especially should the pious man break out into a doxology on beholding the loveliness of nature. All lovely things, said the rabbis, were created by God

for us to enjoy, and we shall have to give account for those true blessings which we might have enjoyed and did not. Finally, Saul would be told, in prayer as in all other matters, we should seek God's pleasure, rather than make demands upon Him, for He orders everything for the best.

If Saul did not learn to appreciate nature or savor the full joyousness of Judaism, if the fervent doxologies into which he so often breaks out concern the abstract glory of God rather than the beauty of the visible world, yet at least he learned the rabbinical lesson of prayer. Again and again in his epistles he exhorts Christians to pray without ceasing, to pray with spirit and understanding, to repent prayerfully with the godly sorrow that leads to salvation, to trust in God, who makes everything work to the interest of those who love Him.

But no man, Saul often heard his teacher say, could pray intelligently who did not study the moral Law with zeal, humility, and reverence. The student must listen to the Law as if standing in fire, as if hearing God's words for the first time from Sinai. Without humility, zeal is nothing. As wine keeps best in earthenware vessels and not in gold or silver, so, said the rabbis, the word of God is best preserved in humble souls. Or, in Paul's own words, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels."[10] Above all the good student must not store the Law up in himself. An obligation is laid upon him to teach it to others; he must be a fountain, and not a cistern of stagnant water. "Necessity is laid upon me," Paul asserts, "yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!"[11] Reverence as well as zeal for the Law was enjoined upon Saul. As we must never recite sacred prayers in the presence of a pig or naked person, so, he learned, the pious scholar will never study the Law in the privy or in the bath.

In rabbinical teaching such as that of Gamaliel the culmination of the Law was the actual practice of virtue, to which prayer and study served only as aids. The ladder of virtue must be climbed by the steps of heedfulness, cleanness, purity, holiness, fear of sin, and saintliness, which is the crown of virtue as humility is its root. The constant attendant and inspiration of the climbing student is his faith, the belief that sin is a debt

which guilty men owe to God, the conviction that God is a master whom men must serve without hope of reward,[12] our Father, who will in due time perform all His promises to us. But God will not perform His promises, His name cannot be hallowed nor His kingdom come on earth as it exists in heaven unless His worshipers attain to mental as well as physical holiness. In this teaching Jesus of Nazareth, the rabbis, and Paul of Tarsus were at one. Ordinary self-respect might lead a man to avoid adultery of the hand (self-abuse) and foot and eye (which lead us on to the objects of our lust and enable us to see and be drawn to them). But the pious Jew, rabbinically trained and the good Pauline Christian would also steer clear from every thought of sin; he would avoid, so far as humanly possible, every suspicion of the carnal mind. Only, in the case of Paul, Christ must assist God in keeping the minds and hearts of true believers in peace and holiness.[13]

Gamaliel did not always dwell thus in the clouds. With other rabbis he laid down certain highly practical rules for daily living which Paul was in part to repeat after him. No man, the rabbis declared, could claim righteousness merely because he shunned the cardinal sins of idolatry, lust, and homicide, and performed to the last letter the prescriptions of the ritual law. In other words, they were far from insisting on the merely "legal righteousness" which Paul later imputed to Judaism. They held that in order to be righteous a man must refrain from cheating, usury, fault-finding, slander, flattery, and all idle or obscene talk with women or men.[14] On the positive side they taught that the righteous man must work quietly at his own trade, love his neighbor, live at peace with his own family and community, and give generously to the poor. The moderate rabbis of this period, and undoubtedly Gamaliel among them, took a position on political matters somewhat like that of Jesus. They stood midway between the belligerent peasants who wanted to bring in the Messiah by force and the Jewish aristocrats who sought power and wealth by licking Roman boots. One must, they held, maintain social peace and tranquillity. Non-resistance is the highest spiritual ideal, and in following it a pious Jew should

even allow another man to spit in his face. Kings, they believed were endowed with power by Heaven and within the limits of religion must be obeyed.

Much of the rabbinical teaching thus far described left a definite stamp on the teaching of Paul the apostle. He exhorts his converts to avoid loose and idle talk and all vice. He urges them again and again to work at their trade and to live quietly with their fellowmen. And in one memorable passage he advises his Roman disciples that every person must be subject to the higher powers, since they are ordained of God and any man who resists them will receive damnation.[15] His attitude regarding other features of rabbinical teaching deserves separate attention.

The importance of harmonious family life in the Jewish scheme of things at this period can hardly be overemphasized. The rabbis uniformly insisted upon early marriage. In no case did they believe that a father ought to put off arranging a match for his son beyond the twentieth year, even though that son, like Saul, were a zealous student of the Law and preferred to give all his time to it.[16] This rule regarding the obligation of marriage had, of course, like all others, some notable exceptions, and it is possible that Saul was one. According to Jewish notions the husband was bound to love, honor, and support his wife, as she in turn was obliged to yield him love and obedience. The more severe rabbis of the Shammaic school, like Jesus, recognized adultery alone as a just cause for divorce.[17] But men of Gamaliel's lenient temper admitted other grounds: bad cooking, barrenness, impotence, unnatural chastity, tyranny (a husband's refusal, for instance, to let his wife attend funerals or weddings), and finally, loathsome ailments or filthy occupations. The trade of a tanner was felt to be particularly abhorrent. "The world cannot live without the tanner's trade," said the rabbis, "but woe to the tanner!" Ordinarily the fact that the husband must pay his wife the settlement which he had made on her at marriage acted as a most effective check on divorce.

There is no knowing how Saul felt on the subject of marriage during this period of his life. Perhaps he felt that Gamaliel in this matter, as well as in the matter of persecution, was too

liberal. His own attitude, as revealed in his epistles, leans rather in the direction of austere Judaism. While he urges husbands to love their wives and wives to obey their husbands, he does not specifically recognize even adultery as a ground for divorce and insists that any official serving in his churches be the husband of but one wife.[18] As for his recognition of celibacy as a state preferable to marriage, and the praise which he awards to a spiritual union without sexual intercourse, these are indications of an ascetic and somewhat pathological temperament utterly alien to normal Judaism.

"We must be good to all men as God was to us, but especially to our compatriots." So ran a rabbinical saying which Paul later echoed thus: "Let us do good to all men, especially to the household of faith."[19] The rabbis and Paul after them, stressed the importance of cheerful giving.[20] In the Hebrew language alms giving was synonymous with righteousness. And Paul himself, remembering the language of his boyhood, was afterwards to describe the contribution for the poor saints of Jerusalem, which he risked his life and his reputation to collect, as an expression of *righteousness* and grace in his converts.[21]

The custom which Paul as an apostle inaugurated among his churches, of laying aside something each week for charity and the expenses of the gospel, had its roots in a Jewish usage sanctioned by rabbinical precept.[22] Every Friday in each town with a Jewish population two collectors of good repute went about the shops and houses, taking up collections. Pledges were demanded of those who could not give cash. On the same day a committee of three checked up accounts and distributed the money, making up deficiencies out of their own pockets. On every Friday the poor were given fourteen free meals and clothes as needed. Temporary residents of a town could procure money from the local fund. Orphans were presented thus with dowries and clothes, the poor were buried, and captives ransomed. Vagrants were given board and room, and if personally known, clothing as well. But habitual idleness was frowned upon and reckless charity to street beggars was not encouraged.

In addition to all these provisions a daily collection of food

was made from house to house. Residents of a town were liable to such victual collections after they had been thirty days in the community, to the clothing collection after six months, and to contributions for the burial fund after nine. The poor were further allowed gleanings of grapes, olives, and grain; the tithes of every third year went to the needy; and in the seventh year fallow fields were thrown open for the use of all.

Reinforcing the rabbinic contention that charity to the poor was a basic virtue, Gamaliel could point to a secret fund kept in Jerusalem within a vault of the Temple not far from the colonnade where he was teaching. On this fund the poor could draw, and no one, except the treasurer, be the wiser regarding their destitution.

According to the precepts of the more humane rabbis, kindness and charity to all men included benevolence to slaves. Although the Essenes and certain other sects of extremists had actually done away with slaves, normal Jewish practice recognized the use not only of foreign but of Israelitish slaves as well. These were treated about the same as in pagan communities. Harsh masters resorted freely to scourging, torture, and imprisonment in the case of refractory slaves. Hard work, implicit obedience, and frequent punishment were presumed to be the normal lot of bondservants. But the consensus of opinion among moderate rabbis was that, while slaves must be obedient to their masters, the masters must in turn be kind to their slaves, for, said they, God is over all, both the lord and the servant. With this attitude, Paul was for the most part in agreement. Although, like Seneca, he might address a slave as a brother, he sent him back to the master from whom he had run away.[23]

Rabbinic thought regarding virtue comes round inevitably to the God who is over all, a God who is one, even as the Torah is the one and only Law. Various expressions are used by the rabbis regarding Jehovah. Saul doubtless heard Gamaliel refer to Him as Most High, the Holy One, Lord, The Place, King, Our Father in heaven. But whatever His earthly name, it was He and He alone who created the universe and filled it forever with His majestic presence. There could be no one else besides

Him. While the rabbis held that the Word of God is an actual, living, acting part of Him, while they were convinced that God's curses are real, material things which must be undone if serious harm were not to follow, yet they never thought of the Word as a tangible, personal intermediary between God and man. This they left for Philo, the Jew, for the half-paganized Jewish philosophers of Alexandria, and for Paul of Tarsus. God, they said, spoke to men by angels, by prophets (who might appear at any time), and by a sort of echo or resonance of the voice (a pronouncement heard from the sky or the inner shrine of a holy place). But chiefly He delivered His will once for all and spoke definitively to men through the Law, which was certainly not God personified in human form. Saul might hear his teacher, Gamaliel, lapsing into popular phraseology, speak of the Wisdom of God as entering, half-personified into men. He would hear Gamaliel talk of Israel as sons of God, but never in the rabbinical school would he detect a whisper about *the* Son of God, who was not only Himself God Blessed Forever, but also appeared on earth in the form of a slave, suffered on the cross for the sins of mankind, and then ascended once more into heaven.

In Pauline thought, God is shouldered into the background by His mediator, the more personal, immediate, and vivid Christ. But the God who was presented to Saul in his school days under Gamaliel was a much less remote being, one who entered into direct relation with His people, a relation not in the least obscured by the written or unwritten Law. According to one account, God brought this relation about before the world began by choosing the Jews then as his favorite nation. According to another tradition God freely offered the Law to all nations in all tongues at the time when it was first uttered in the wilderness of Sinai. The Jews were the only ones who accepted it. However this may have been, Judaism according to the conception of Gamaliel and other rabbis was a purely national religion. No one except a Jew or a proselyte could attain to righteousness. But it did not follow from this, as Gamaliel doubtless had to remind his priggish scholars, that a Jew might supinely rely for divine favor upon the fact of his nationality. For God main-

tains his favor to the Jews now, not because of their merits, but because of his grace, his overwhelming kindness and mercy. Invoking the merits of one's ancestors, Gamaliel would say, profits nothing if one's own life is sinful. Each man has the ability to choose and know; indeed, each man must for himself choose the right course. And righteousness might not, in the belief of the rabbis, be attained (as Paul seems in his epistles to assume) by keeping the ritual Law to the letter. Only by following all the precepts of virtue in the largest sense might one expect to store up a share in the world to come—an idea which represents the closest rabbinical approach to the Christian doctrine of salvation.

Though at the present time God is accepted mainly by the Jews, the day is soon coming when He will raise up a kingdom to all eternity over all men. The prayers which Saul would hear inside and outside the class-room were full of pious hopes for the coming kingdom, not necessarily one ushered in by a Messiah, but brought about by the good works of men who hallow God's name in their virtuous lives. In fact, says one rabbi, no prayer is a prayer unless it contains a petition for the speedy arrival of the kingdom.

How, then, might Gentiles enter the kingdom? There was only one answer which Saul and his fellow students could receive from Gamaliel: Gentiles who desire to share in the blessing of Judaism must be circumcised, baptized, and present an offering in the Temple.[24] By consensus of rabbinical opinion any pagan who signified his intention of changing religions must be warned that it is not easy to be a good Jew. And indeed, after circumcision, when the proselyte was being baptized, two teachers stood by him, rehearsing some of the lighter and some of the harder precepts of the Law. Following baptism, the proselyte must make in the Temple or other suitable place an offering of doves and pigeons and partake with his new brethren of a formal, sacrificial meal. Saul would hear the proselyte, rising from the bath of baptism described as a new-born child. But he would not hear Gamaliel or any other rabbi declare that the proselyte had during the course of his "bath of regeneration"

died to sin and been resurrected into the name of any god-man Messiah or into the name of a paschal lamb who had suffered for him, whose life he was bound to imitate, and whose servant he was thenceforth to become. Rather Saul would hear the proselyte referred to now as a servant of the one God.

Saul would discover that, on the whole, Gentile proselytes were gladly received, in fact eagerly sought for. Not the Pharisees alone,[25] but all Jews, from the merchant princes of Antioch down to the palsied Jewish beggar woman who stole into the boudoirs of Roman ladies as a dream-seer and a go-between of highest Heaven, Jews one and all were zealous missionaries. Jews at certain periods may have sneered at these converts in secret, or may publicly have called them scabs and hell fuel. Certain rabbis may have declared that in the Last Day God would burn those Gentile proselytes who chanced to be keeping the Festival of Tabernacles on their house-tops and would laugh in derision as the goys squirmed in agony and sought vainly for shelter. But these sentiments do not belong to the first-century Judaism in which, under Gamaliel, Saul was instructed. Sensible rabbis of that period welcomed proselytes, provided they were not "dragged in" by love of Jewish women, by ambition, or by fear (for example, of service in the Roman army, from which Jews were normally exempted). Such proselytes the rabbis called "our friends, dear to God," though in theory such converts rated below Jewish bastards and descendants of ancient Temple slaves, and outranked only the heathen slaves who were circumcised and emancipated by Jewish masters.

Modern writers have often confused the two, but in rabbinic thought a sharp distinction was made between genuine proselytes, who had actually gone over to Judaism, and uncircumcised "God-fearers" who occasionally attended worship and contributed to the maintenance of the synagogues.[26]

If in Tarsus and Jerusalem Saul's Jewish brethren sometimes cursed the Gentiles, they were in all conscience justified. Pagans, bred in an atmosphere of polytheism and tolerance, did not ordinarily ask what religion or how many religions a man professed. But when they condescended to notice it at all, they did look

with amusement, contempt, and a little suspicion on the Jewish sect which exacted from its devotees a rite so unmanning as circumcision, not to mention the cramping dietary and ceremonial regulations of the Law, a religion so narrow that its worshipers, professing only One God, refused, as good breeding demanded, to join in the festivals of their native cities, and would not consent to acknowledge the sovereignty of the emperor or burn incense before his statue. "This slave has only two faults," says Trimalchio, the vulgar rich man in Petronius' *Satyricon,* "he's circumcised and he snores."[27] That, however, is mild language. When they really warmed to their task, pagan writers exhausted the whole repertory of abuse to invent pet names for the Jews. "Dirty, halitosic lepers," they called the chosen people, "haters of mankind so crabbed as not even to direct a stranger to a fountain, godless, natural slaves, a nation of vagabond glass and sulphur peddlers, superstitious worshipers of a pig God, gross sensualists, turbulent traitors to all government."[28]

As Paul's outlook on prayer, study, and the cultivation of the virtues was deeply influenced by his period of instruction in Gamaliel's school, so, too, his later presentation of Christianity owed something in tone and color to the rabbinical conception of Judaism as a national religion. True, he was affected by the Stoic doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Like the Stoics, he believed in the law of indwelling conscience; this, according to Paul, enabled the Gentiles to judge their actions before a species of interior tribunal, where the Jews had an exterior guide in the form of written prohibitions and commandments.[29] The important question became for him, not whether a man was a Jew or a Gentile, but whether a man succeeded in doing good. And the answer was that before Christ came, no man really achieved the highest type of virtue. Paul therefore abandoned the strictly Jewish doctrine that God has singled out for special favor only those who are born Israelites under the Law or are made so by means of circumcision and baptism. He envisioned instead a state of society where allegiance to Christ is everything and distinctions of race, sex, and social condition are nothing.[30] Consequently, he did not demand that his proselytes be made into

quasi-Jews and observe the Law, but only that with faith they be baptized into Christ's name and faithfully imitate the life of Christ.

Yet Paul felt it his duty to preach first to the Jews and then, when they rejected him, to the Gentiles. He enjoyed his greatest success with the Gentiles, but, like a fiery rabbi answering the pagan charges which I have enumerated above, Paul attributed to the Gentiles every crime in the calendar.[31] Both Jews and Gentiles, he says, have sinned and fallen short of perfection; but the Gentiles proverbially are sinful and Paul thanks God that he is not one of them. As a certain type of Jew satisfied his persecution complex by enduring untold hardships for Judaism, so Paul released his own martyr complex by filling up the measure of Christ's sufferings.[32]

Paul's attitude in his preaching was often worthy of the most stiff-necked and intolerant Jewish Zealot. For Paul there can be but one method of salvation. Curse the man, says he, who preaches a gospel different from my own.[33] More specifically, Paul's Jewish intolerance comes out in a grim doctrine of predestination which sounds almost like a perversion of rabbinic nationalism. In mellow moments he appears to hope that his church will eventually encompass the whole world, but then again he teaches that salvation is for a group hand-picked by God, who (whimsically, it would seem to a modern reader) selects certain ones from the very beginning as recipients of grace and consigns others to damnation.[34] In the former group surely the Jews will be included. Paul's desire and prayer to the very end is that his unbelieving Jewish brethren may be saved.[35] He seems, in fact, to think that the Gentiles would never have received a chance at salvation if the chosen people had not rejected their opportunities, and remains always just a little surprised that God should have condescended to notice the pagan peoples.[36] Here, as often in Paul's thinking, his patriotic loyalty is at variance with his cosmopolitan leanings.

While Paul does not expect that his Gentile converts will be made over into Jews, yet everywhere he stresses the practical application of the Law to the life of virtue. Like a rabbi instructing

a class of proselytes, Paul insists that the core of the Law can be found in the command to love one's neighbor as oneself. He gives his disciples lists of virtues and of sins very similar to those which proselytes were bidden to follow and avoid; he tells them that upon conversion they have left the darkness of idolatry and come into God's light.[37] More important still, Paul chose to regard his vague Christian internationalism as the doctrine of a New Israel to which the Old Israel logically led.[38] Both methods of salvation depended upon the grace and kindness of God (a Jewish God, of course) who favored the Israelites under the old scheme and brought in the New Israel by sending His own son to die for all men.

At least Paul talks in this manner when he is addressing a Jewish audience. The tune which he sings to the Gentiles, while embellished with grace-notes on pagan sin, is somewhat different. The truth is that Paul wanted to have his Judaistic cake, and eat it, too. He wanted to flatter himself that he was a good Jew and still make an appeal to the Gentiles, untinctured by too strong a flavor of Judaism. He might call those Jews who refused to believe in Christ and opposed his preaching dogs and vessels of wrath fit only to be destroyed (like cheap pottery), yet he could become as one under the Law, in order to win those under the Law.[39] When his enemies insisted that by teaching Gentiles not to circumcise their children nor observe the ritual Law he was breaking down Mosaic tradition, Paul fulfilled the vow of a Nazarite openly in the Temple so as to convince all who doubted his orthodoxy.[40] It was this tendency, perhaps already developing when he sat under Gamaliel in Jerusalem, which made Paul's rebellious converts describe him as weak and vacillating and which he himself characterized as versatility, the willingness to be all things to all men.[41]

In his personal preaching Paul no doubt proved himself to be all things to all men. But in his writings, even those addressed to Gentile converts, where he is trying his utmost to present the gospel without too thick a sectarian gloss, the Jew and ex-rabbi stand clearly revealed. The constant doxologies which interrupt the flow of Paul's thought and disorganize his syntax, recall an

ejaculation often heard from the lips of Gamaliel and other rabbis, "The Holy One, blessed be He." Certain pupils of Gamaliel may have been seriously interested in Greek literature; Paul mentions pagan writings only in passing. When he is developing an important argument, it is always to the Old Testament that he appeals for confirmation. By the Scripture he can prove anything. Not only are his general methods of mazy and subtle argument rabbinic (particularly in the letter to the Romans), but in specific instances he exhibits a rabbinic fondness for hanging by legalistic quibbles and allegorical exegesis, a mountain of argument from every horn, every hook of every letter, of the written Law. Christians, says Paul, ought to compensate their faithful teachers. Did not Moses say that no muzzle should be placed on the ox which treads the grain?[42] Abraham's promise came not to the Jews, but to Christ, for it was given to seed (singular), not to seeds (plural).[43] There are two striking specimens in Paul's letters of the kind of edifying allegory which rabbinic students were permitted to study after they had advanced beyond mere legal interpretations. According to Paul the rock which followed the Israelites during their sojourn through the desert (the Rock which was Christ), the march through the Red Sea, the overshadowing cloud, and the supply of manna may all be taken in a spiritual sense and furnish a lesson for Christians journeying through the wilderness of this world.[44] Sarah and Hagar typify for Paul, the one Jerusalem as a heavenly and free city, the other, enslaved Jerusalem at the present time.[45]

So much of the rabbi one may discover in Paul, the mature apostle. Those who expect to find in his writing detailed allusions to the methods of the rabbinic school, who expect to encounter there a sober-minded, normal rabbi, and, failing to do so, conclude that Paul could never have sat for long at the feet of Gamaliel, forget that this young man of Tarsus was not only a Jew, but by temperament a missionary mystic as well. Probably, like many a graduate student who sits through endless seminars with his tongue in his cheek but, determined to win a degree, expresses no criticisms, Saul disclosed few of his mystic tendencies while under Gamaliel's tutelage. Normal rabbis distrusted ecstasies as

thoroughly as most directors of graduate research distrust the creative impulse. According to Paul's own statement he distinguished himself in public by a furious zeal for the details of ritual, a zeal which took him far beyond his fellow students. He must have been to all appearances a rather narrow, humorless Pharisee.

I think it probable, then, that Saul emerged from his period of training an outwardly zealous but secretly discontented alumnus. He had come to Jerusalem, I should amagine, as many naïve and earnest students enter college, in the belief that all his questions would there be answered or at any rate that he would find all the professional exponents of the Law thoroughly sincere. He was soon disillusioned. If he listened with half an ear, he heard hypocritical priests make blasphemous remarks about the butcher-work they had to do in the Temple. If he knew at all what was going on in Judæa, he realized that the high priest was not above sending out assassins to help collect the sacred tithes. He must have met in Jerusalem a few outwardly pious and secretly sinful rabbis of the sort who later roused his indignation to fever pitch. To such he would doubtless have exclaimed, as he did forty years later in his epistle to the Romans: "You call yourself a Jew, do you? You rest secure in the Law and preen yourself on God? You know His will and because you are instructed in the Law you think you can judge as to what is important in religion? You believe yourself to be a guide to the blind, a light to those in darkness, a teacher of the foolish, an instructor of the simple, one who possesses in the Law the quintessence of knowledge and truth? Well, then, you teacher of others, do you ever teach yourself? You who preach against stealing, do you ever *steal?* You who forbid adultery do you ever commit it? You who loathe idols, do you rob pagan temples?"[46]

Upon all such he might have bestowed the choice epithet which later he hurled at Ananias, the high priest, "You whitewashed wall."[47]

Paul's furious zeal for the Law and consequently his hatred of all hypocrisy was perhaps a reflex of his own inward struggles. In moments of pessimism (the meaning of which he probably

did not clearly define at this time) Paul must have realized that not even a sincere man, still less the hypocritical priests and rabbis, could be justified according to the Law, since as he thought he discovered quite early in life, the Law existed for the sole purpose of bringing sin to light, though to quench sin was entirely beyond its power.[48] However, Saul was too good a Jew to accuse the Law. If he felt it pinch his shoulders then, he would surely, as he did later, rub the galled spot and exclaim that the Law was holy, spiritual, and good. As yet this young mystic was a whirlpool of conflicting currents which had not been centered. Echoes of these early struggles after righteousness may no doubt be dimly discerned in the apostle's later use of the words kill, bruise, enslave, mortify, crucify. Surely it was the young Paul grown articulate who, wrestling with the emotions of his body, striving to kill and crucify the fleshly members in which the law of sin warred against the spirit, cried out in agony: "I beat my body black and blue lest after I have preached to others, I myself should become disqualified."[49] It was the Saul of Tarsus and Jerusalem, feeling that he had died once in youth by yielding to the impulse of lust generated when the Law said, "Thou shalt not," and fearing still (even after he had found Christ) that his unruly body might lead him astray.[50]

If Saul hoped to find in Jerusalem any release for his mystic emotions, such as the cults of Tarsus afforded their devotees, he was cruelly disappointed. When he saw the sun set on the tall spikes which protected the roof the Sanctuary against profaning birds, when he looked at the marble mountain flashing under the last light of day, when he sniffed there the lingering odors of fat and blood and cloying incense, a memory of the pagan rites in Tarsus must often have smitten vividly home to his brain. Here more blood was shed than ever wet the streets of Tarsus, but here at least to a pagan eye there was not half the enthusiasm, the concrete assurance of salvation, or the broad tolerance which admitted worshipers of any race, sex, or condition of servitude. In Jerusalem devout Gentiles stood disconsolately outside the middle wall of partition or were herded aside to the western edge of their court, while circumcised Jews paraded northward

on the eastern boundary, faces set toward their goal in the Inner Temple. But here or nowhere Saul must find the outward form of his salvation. Neither in Tarsus nor elsewhere could Paul, as a patriotic and virtuous Jew, yield freely to any physical delights of blood and sex which would have released his pent-up emotions. One such slip, perhaps only in imagination, he had made during boyhood, and the memory haunted him all his life. I doubt if Saul would have admitted frankly to himself that he lusted after what the cults had to give or longed for a savior-god patterned after theirs. He was so good a Jew that he must needs find his Savior in the Law and the prophets, though he tricked Him out with pagan colors.

Saul's early contact with Jewish Messianism and his residence in Jerusalem shaped the pattern of his thinking and religious aspirations, they confirmed that stubborn national pride which warred throughout his life with the liberal tendencies natural to a citizen of Tarsus. But nowhere in Jerusalem did Saul discover his ideal hero, a champion strong enough to bolster up the faltering self-esteem of a mystic, afford him deliverance from the influence of earth and the hostile stars, and secure him retreat from the world of fleshly emotion into the Paradise of spiritual ecstasy. No savior did he find there able to universalize his individual purpose, to harmonize his conflicting impulses, quiet his fears of death, and make certain his hope of immortality; no lover who could bring about for Saul that complete and almost sexually perfect union with the universe "in Christ" which imperfect physical beauty and abstract religion might never hope to inspire. He listened vainly for the voice of such a Messiah, such a lover and savior-god, in the dronings of Gamaliel's class-room, among the bawling priests and bellowing bulls, the clashing cymbals and braying trumpets, amid the falling blood and dung, the rising of incense and prayers in the Holy City which was, nevertheless, and continued to be his spiritual mother.

For Jerusalem, the city in which he received his training, Saul had a sentimental attachment, not only as an alumnus, but as one born a Jew. The Holy City was in after life a magnet for his feet, the center from which he conducted his religious cam-

paigns. According to the book of Acts Paul visited Jerusalem at least five times. He was often present when the smoke of daily sacrifice ascended to Yahweh's nostrils, when the scapegoat was led away into the wilderness, when the Hallel was sung over the roast lamb, the wine, and bitter herbs of the Passover. His every movement during his campaigns was regulated according to the Jewish calendar, the schedule of the Temple in Jerusalem. He can hardly wait to carry thither on the Day of Pentecost a contribution for the poor of the city. In language of sincere grief he alludes to the Jerusalem that now exists in bondage with her children and contrasts the earthly city with the Jerusalem above, free mother of us all.

But Jerusalem could not in the thinking of Paul the apostle and perhaps she could not in the thoughts of Saul the student, be freed from her bondage by a political break with Rome. Her future lies for Paul in a spiritual, not in an earthly, kingdom. The literal conception of the coming Messianic kingdom obsesses him to the end of his days, but with him it has no political coloring. The thronging life of the city, the cries of water-seller and fish-monger, the banter of peasants chaffering with butchers in the Temple courts, the drone of mills in the quiet side streets, the tramp of Roman soldiers find no faintest echo in Paul's epistles. Never from his school days or his frequent visits to Jerusalem does a gleam of the humor and pathos of a great race living subject to aliens light up his pages. Nothing save this: "Hagar is Mt. Sinai in Arabia and answereth to Jerusalem which now is and is in bondage with her children."[51]

His eyes are fixed on the spiritual Jerusalem, and as he fares toward her walls, dreaming of a New Israel that may encompass the whole world, the banner over him is love. The fascinating Greek word, *agape,* perhaps came first into Paul's religious consciousness when he read the *Song of Solomon.*[52] There love is a thing of which one may become weary, a sickness which must at times be solaced with flagons and apples. But Paul can never weary of love. He seeks for it all his life like an ascetic Don Giovanni. Round that word he weaves the lyric, the thirteenth

chapter of First Corinthians, which has made him seem most nearly lovable in the sight of the modern world.

Saul lived in an age when men were restlessly searching for gods of love, philanthropic gods, who saved and blessed their worshipers. Deep in the grottos of Tarsus, in the scented booths of the sacred Syrian prostitutes, within the guild-halls flickering with votive candles, within the palm-shrouded fanes of Egyptian Isis and many another deity men sought love, human and divine, after their several fashions. Among these scenes, before this background, moved the young actor Saul, hedged in at either wing by the fence of the Law . . . .

With one grudging phrase, "reared in this city at the feet of Gamaliel," the Book of Acts allows Saul to drop out of sight until, some eighteen years after the date when presumably he entered Jerusalem as a student, he appears once more, holding the garments of those who stoned the young man Stephen.

We cannot be certain how long Saul remained actually a pupil of Gamaliel in the House of Interpretation. It was usual for boys to begin their elementary education at the age of five or six, proceed to the study of the oral Law at the age of ten, and go on to the higher school at the age of fifteen.[53] At this rate of progress Saul would have been a candidate for the "title of rabbi" when he was twenty years of age, or in 19–20 A.D.

However, there is no evidence that he did take such a "degree,"[54] and not the slightest rumor of his doings between the time when he left Jerusalem and the day when he makes his appearance, consenting to the death of Stephen. Perhaps he did not leave Jerusalem at the end of his course, but remained there as a kind of perpetual graduate student (the type, which we still have with us, was not unknown then). Perhaps he "took his degree" and assumed charge of a small synagogue in his native province of Cilicia.

If one must take a turning, where all the roads are so dark, I think a man of Saul's temperament, fiercely egotistic, and preferring action always to unrelieved meditation and study, would have chosen to be a large rabbi in a small puddle. When the

powers in Jerusalem thought of Saul, they thought of him as a potential persecutor, not as a scholar. There was no interesting persecution to be accomplished at this time. Saul may have had no choice but to sink into obscurity.

Seated on the ground before a clacking loom, guiding eager scholars through the mazes of the oral and written Law, instructing the people on the Sabbath in the synagogue, Saul doubtless felt the burden of Judaism ever more irksome on his shoulders. He fumed inwardly, I fancy, at the narrowness of his brethren who would have no dealings with uncircumcised Gentiles. He scanned the horizon for a Savior who never appeared. Only the pressure of daily duties, physical and mental, enabled him to keep his unruly emotions under control. "Who will deliver me from this dead body?"[55] No answer as yet. The reign of Tiberius grows worse and worse. Saul, like many others, perhaps daily expects the coming of the Kingdom of God, the Day of the Messiah. If only he, Saul, could take some action to hasten that divine appearing!

Interchapter

AN INTERLUDE IN RED

Five years after Tiberius had apologized his way into the imperial palace and two years after Ovid had died, still an exile in icy Tomis and a martyr of love, an incident occurred which moved the empire to its very foundations.

Tiberius had from the beginning, so ran contemporary gossip, feared and hated everyone who might stand between him and the safe enjoyment of the emperor's throne. Once it was Gaius and Lucius Cæsar the sons of his wife Julia by her marriage with Marcus Agrippa. But *they* had been thoughtful enough to die young. And Agrippa Postumus vicious like his mother Julia but still a grandson of Augustus and a dangerous rival, had been murdered by Tiberius' orders soon after his acces-

sion, in the lonely island on which he lived an exile. Now it was Germanicus, the son whom Augustus had forced Tiberius to adopt, Germanicus, who not only lived but grew in popular favor.[1]

At the time when Saul perhaps left the school of Gamaliel, Germanicus was thirty-four years of age. He had commanded Roman legions in Germany with great distinction. It was he who on a certain memorable occasion had led the Romans into a dark and desperate forest, alive with Barbarians, when only eight eagles, hovering over the tree-tops, gave good omen. Crying out, "Let us follow the birds of Rome," Germanicus plunged into the forest and brought his men to victory.

This exploit carried the fame of Germanicus over the whole empire. One by one the saviors of the people had met death—Cicero, Cæsar, Augustus—but now another loomed on the horizon. In Germanicus, men thought if they dared not say, lies the salvation of the Roman Empire. Burning with silent jealousy, Tiberius called his son to Rome, where the Senate voted him an unparalleled triumph. Germanicus was then ordered to take command of the eastern provinces. At the same time Gnæus Piso, a bitter personal enemy of Germanicus and an intimate of Tiberius, was made governor of Syria, evidently with secret orders not only to hamper all the young general's movements, but also to bring about his death.

Finally, Germanicus came down with a wasting sickness, caused by the slow poison which Piso had managed through the help of certain trusted servants to slip into his food. The victim was conscious almost to the end. He knew why he was dying and in a touching speech of farewell he besought his wife, Agrippina, to temper her wrath and bow to fortune, lest a like fate befall her. After death came to the general, Piso's house was raided and found to be full of charms and spells, lead cursing-tablets with the name of Germanicus graven on them, skulls and hair and limbs and the blood of human bodies freshly exhumed from the grave and smeared or tacked on walls and floor to hasten dissolution by the mysterious processes of magic.

Piso had scattered the crowds in Syrian Antioch who thronged

the public places, through which perhaps Saul himself passed if he took the overland way from Jerusalem to Tarsus. Piso had permitted no public prayers or sacrifices for the recovery of Germanicus. But no considerations of policy or fear could prevent the people from displaying their grief and admiration when they saw the flames leap up the funeral pyre.

He was beautiful, they said, beautiful as Alexander the Great and perhaps destined to surpass him in military renown. Not a word could be brought against his conduct in private or in public; he was the faithful husband of one wife and had legitimate children only. He was kind to friends and foes alike. With eulogies for the deceased the people mingled in their beards and veils dark curses against Tiberius.

From Antioch to Tarsus, from Tarsus to Athens, from all parts of the world went a cry, echoing to the palace at Rome, where Tiberius sat morosely silent, "Give us back Germanicus!"

When the ship of mourning reached harbor in Italy, Agrippina descended to the pier with her two infants and the funeral urn containing her husband's ashes. Every vantage-post near the wharf—houses, walls, high statues—was crowded with citizens debating whether to receive her in silence or with lamentation. But at the first sight of the proudly pathetic wife of their beloved general they burst spontaneously into universal wailing. No one, says Tacitus with a touch of grim humor, could distinguish between the sorrow of those on shore and those on board save that they who came to meet her in the vehemence of recent grief surpassed the attendants of Agrippina, who were exhausted with continuous mourning.

Tiberius sent two cohorts of the Imperial Guard to accompany the urn, which was carried in procession by tribunes and centurions with ensigns unadorned and reversed *fasces* preceding them. All along the road to Rome citizens in mourning came from distant towns to meet the funeral cortège. The air was heavily perfumed with smoke and incense fumes from hundreds of sacrifices.

Tiberius and his mother Livia did not stir from their home. But the common people shouted about the palace until they

were hoarse and posted in prominent places throughout Rome this watchword: "Give us back Germanicus!" The emperor maintained his chronic taciturnity, though inwardly he was trembling with fear at the rebellion which he had roused, and refused to show his face. When a delegation came from ancient Troy to offer sympathy for the loss of Germanicus, he merely replied: "I too sorrow with you for the loss of your eminent fellow citizen Hector." Gnæus Piso, who had contrived the death of Germanicus, was of course silenced by the sword.

Three members of Germanicus' family fared no better than the general himself. Agrippina, it is said, refused to taste an apple offered her at dinner. Tiberius at once flared up because he thought he was being charged with an attempt to poison Germanicus' widow. At length Agrippina was sent into exile on a lonely island. When she heaped abuse upon Tiberius, he had one of her eyes beaten into a pulp. When she attempted to starve herself, her mouth was pried open and food rammed down her throat. Finally, however, she died of hunger. Tiberius caused her birthday to be added to the days of ill omen and prided himself on his moderation because he did not have her strangled and thrown down the Stairs of Mourning.

Two sons of Germanicus,[2] Nero and Drusus, were starved to death with exquisite tortures. Drusus was in such agony that he attempted to eat the stuffing of his mattress.

Convinced that these delicate attentions had rendered Germanicus' family powerless, but living still in constant fear for his life, Tiberius determined to retire to the island of Capri. Not even there did malicious gossips, who left out of sight the emperor's achievements and apparently took no trouble to understand his temperament, leave Tiberius' character unstained. It was confidently asserted that in Capri Tiberius expected to find greater security and, most important of all, indulge without restraint his passion for wine and women. In great chambers, adorned with lascivious paintings and equipped with libraries of erotic books, he passed his days, presumably vibrating between the mixing-bowl and the lips of his favorites.

Sometimes, to revive the dying embers of passion, he would

summon troupes of dancing boys and girls ("sparks," as they were called) who undulated before him, mutually interlaced in triple chain *(triplici serie conexi in vicem incestarent coram ipso)*. It was also His Majesty's great delight to maintain a retinue of children whom he called "little fish." These would swim about in the bath and nibble the emperor's thighs in a manner calculated to restore the most jaded appetite *(inter femina . . lingua morsuque sensim appententes)*.[3]

Next to love and wine Tiberius enjoyed a game of questions taken from his reading, such as "Who was Hecuba's mother?" or "What song did the Sirens sing?" One clever courtier bribed the emperor's secretaries to reveal what books their master daily selected. For a time the trick went well, but Tiberius at length discovered it and sent his scholar to read the book of death. Thus perished the first martyr in the unworthy cause of parlor sport.

Then, too, Tiberius delighted in cruelty. This he had proved long before in Rome, where he condemned hundreds without trial on the most sacred days, denied prisoners waiting death the solace of reading or of conversation with friends and relatives, and forbade the nearest kin to mourn for those whom they had lost. He refused to visit his own mother in her last illness and failed to see her even after death, since the corpse was kept as long as was tolerable and then hastily buried before Tiberius arrived.

In Capri, the gossips went on to say, he had a splendid opportunity to indulge his penchant. He caused certain victims to be tortured and thrown into the sea, where marines broke their bones with boathooks and oars. Others were forced to drink huge draughts of wine and then were tormented with cords tied about their private parts. Once a fisherman in all innocence came quietly up behind the imperial party, bearing as a present a huge fish which he had caught. Tiberius suspected a plot to murder him and ordered the fellow's face scrubbed with his own present. The fisherman was overheard muttering thanks to all the gods that he hadn't offered Tiberius the *crab* he caught—and the crab was promptly put into action.

Sometimes, in a more pensive mood, the emperor sat on the island's high crags and consulted the future in company with a flock of astrologers. In his cautious, passionate, cruel, solitary, secretive nature the elements of fear and suspicion predominated. And his forebodings were justified. Trouble came in due season among the stars.

At Rome, even during Tiberius' residence there, the government had been mainly left in the hands of Sejanus, commander of the Imperial Guard, a man bloodthirsty as the emperor himself, but seemingly quite loyal. Though Sejanus had almost from the first completely dominated the emperor's semblance of a mind, he proceeded cautiously in his treasonable plans. He connived at the poisoning of Tiberius' son Drusus and debauched the daughter-in-law of the emperor, but this was no disloyalty, for nothing, according to the anti-imperial group, pleased Tiberius better than a few judicious rapes and murders.

Then in 26 A.D., seven years after the death of Germanicus, came the emperor's retirement to Capri. Three years after that Livia died. The emperor's mother had always exercised a strong influence over him and her death left a free field for the ambitions of Sejanus, who now began plotting to make himself sole ruler. But when his own worthless life was concerned, Tiberius could act promptly. Sejanus' power was at once divided. Soon afterward he was condemned to death by the Senate, dragged through the streets on an executioner's hook (a punishment he had meted out to so many others), and thrown into the river Tiber.

The period following the death of Germanicus, and particularly that of Sejanus (31 A.D.) was naturally one of confusion and terror. Tiberius ruled Rome at a distance, and not all of the provincial governors obeyed his cynical injunction, "Shear the sheep. Don't skin it."

Pontius Pilatus, procurator of Judæa, disobeyed it to a notable degree. He had gone out to his charge in the very year (26 A.D.) when Tiberius abandoned Rome. He probably felt that little supervision would be exercised over his movements and shaped his policy accordingly.

Pilate made his initial mistake when he ordered his men to enter Jerusalem at night, carrying the ensigns with their silver images of Cæsar, which were planted near the Temple.

On this point the howls of the outraged Jews and finally the actual intercession of Tiberius forced him to yield. But on another point he held firm. Jerusalem lacked water; it was in fact supplied mostly by cisterns and reservoirs on the house-tops and in the courtyards. Pilate confiscated from the Temple treasury enough money to construct a long aqueduct and within the city walls a huge reservoir. The Jews, to whom righteousness and ceremonial washing were admittedly more important than cleanliness, protested, but in vain. Not only in Jerusalem but throughout Judæa Pilate extorted money from his subjects, mingling the blood of some with the ashes of their own offerings in the Temple.[4]

Finally, ten years after Saul's retirement from Jerusalem, the procurator caused widespread dissatisfaction and mistrust by his shilly-shallying in the case of one Joshua, called Christ, a vagabond Jewish preacher accused of treason to the Law, the Temple, and even the emperor. Pilate had only been following the Roman policy of interfering with religious disputes only when public peace and safety were involved. But complaints multiplied against him. Tiberius muttered to his soothsayers on the rocks of Capri. Saul worked at his loom and perhaps served as rabbi in a little synagogue of Cilicia.

No man could predict what the outcome would be. One could hardly foresee that the rapidly-numbing fingers of the emperor would draw Pilate to Rome for trial or that the Procurator of Judæa would die by his own hand a few years later in the reign of Caligula, while Saul even before Pilate's death would be a newly-made convert to Christianity.

Anything might happen toward the end of Tiberius' bloody reign. Again and again throughout Roman history the people had seen their highest hopes for salvation thrown to the ground. Now they were still grief-stricken and bitterly indignant at the death of Germanicus, the one public hero who in the first century commanded universal admiration and respect. Another savior,

too, had gone the way of all messiahs along with Germanicus. Joshua, the Christ, the King of the Jews, was now, so they thought, nothing more than a brief note regarding a crucifixion among the reports of Pilate on file in the record office, on the Capitoline Hill at Rome. The provincial administration in Judæa, which during the earlier years of Tiberius had been mild and well organized, was now, thanks to an absentee government, in a state of extreme confusion. Pessimists declared with much head-wagging that not only government, but religion as well, was sick and near to death. About the public fountains of the small villages, as well as in the Temple courts and teeming markets of Jerusalem, Zealots fingered their daggers and the mildest Jews talked of revolt.

Something must be done at once to allay the profound dissatisfaction which prevailed, the first strong stirrings of that national unrest which brought the battering-rams of Titus against Jerusalem a generation later. In a local persecution, made possible by the existing confusion and begun apparently to rekindle religious enthusiasm and stamp out the heresy proverbially associated with the dark days before the coming of a messiah, Saul emerges for the first time after his long absence from the Holy City.

Part II

THE DRAMA OF PAUL'S LIFE

> I think God has showed us apostles last, like condemned gladiators. We have become a spectacle to the whole world, to men and angels.—
>
> I CORINTHIANS, IV. 9

CHAPTER VIII

TONGUES OF FIRE

SAUL WAS PROBABLY NOT IN JERUSALEM WHEN JESUS ATE THE BITTER herbs of the last Passover and poured out its new wine in full measure on the cross. His epistles seem to indicate that he never saw Christ save in a vision on the road to Damascus.[1]

Yet I fancy that, loving and knowing crowds as he did, Saul could not, if present at the feast, have remained indoors when the rabble came with swords and staves and torches. Perhaps he stood in the hall of the Sanhedrin or in the outer court of Pilate that chill morning when Jesus was hastened to his death; he watched, perhaps, with the rest while Jesus stumbled under the cross and prophesied to the women of Jerusalem; perhaps he saw the end come in darkness and storm.

The memory would be a bitter one and not likely to be recalled in words, for on such details of his early life Saul maintained always a truly Jewish reticence.

But whether he was in Cilicia or in Jerusalem, he could not fail to hear the rumors which swept from synagogue to synagogue

and market to market, that the strange prophet, Joshua, had escaped from the tomb, shown himself to his disciples for a period of forty days, and thereupon ascended into heaven.

Saul would not be inclined to wonder at the report. Such things were related of heathen gods. That the new heresy was growing could not be denied. This was no rumor, but a plain and very disconcerting fact. A new spirit of enthusiasm, such as the Jews had seldom known since the days of the prophets, was falling upon Jerusalem in tongues of cloven fire. The poor and gullible commoners of Jerusalem were always ready to follow each new savior who swayed them with his eloquence at the great feasts, but such movements usually died out, after the loss of a few lives, as dull murmurs in the all-encompassing desert outside the city.[2] The Christian heresy, however, not only refused to die; it began to infect the very priests of the Temple.

The fire first fell in an upper room in Jerusalem during the Feast of Weeks, a festival occurring about fifty days after Passover, which marked the completion of the corn harvest and was celebrated with appropriate offerings in the Temple as well as enthusiastic tippling. Apparently the apostles had been making this room their place of prayer and worship during the daytime since the ascension of Christ to heaven, while at night many of those who came from outside the city used it for sleeping-quarters, sprawling on the floor or on rough pallets in the convenient Oriental fashion. Some of them perhaps took their meals here. The long, low-ceilinged chamber must have reeked of fish and garlic and the smell of human flesh. These, mingled with the incense of prayer, rose steadily for fifty days to heaven.

The day of Pentecost was now fully come.[3] The disciples were by this time deeply ashamed of their lack of trust in Christ. As they prayed and reflected on their short association with the master they gathered new strength and enthusiasm, which communicated itself to the community round about. Like students who appreciate their teacher only after they become alumni, so the disciples valued Christ at his full worth only when he was gone. All felt that the time was ripe for words and action. There was, indeed, no necessity for a command. With one accord they

broke their long silence and began loudly, some in articulate language, others in broken hysterical gibberings intelligible only to a sympathetic ear, to declare the glory of God and of his son, Jesus Christ.

In the East no new religious movement can long escape public notice. A crowd rapidly gathered, ran up the outside stairs which gave access to the upper room, hung in the windows, mounted the flat roof overhead.

So vivid was the play of facial expression in those who spoke, so obvious was the meaning of their prophetic gibberish that Medes, Parthians, Cappadocians, Arabs from the east, dwellers in Phrygia, Asia, Africa, and Crete, assembled here for the festival believed each man of them that he heard the great deeds of God made manifest in his own tongue. Some scoffers, it is true, gazing curiously in at the excited throng, exclaimed, "Ah, they have their bellies full of the new wine of the festival." The sneering implication was that the disciples were merely flatulent and needed an emetic.[4]

But Peter indignantly rose and said: "These men are not drunk, as you imagine. Why, it is only nine in the morning [no good Jew would taste food or wine before the early sacrifice in the Temple]. No, this is not drunkenness which you see. It is the long-awaited outpouring of the Holy Spirit, foretold by the prophet Joel, the days when young men shall see visions and old men dream dreams, when great wonders and signs are to take place and everyone that calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. And who is this Lord, this Holy One whom David declared should never know corruption even in the grave?[5] It is Jesus the Nazarene whom you allowed wicked men to murder on the cross. And this very Jesus whom you crucified, God has made both Lord and Christ."[6]

In such vein did Peter thrust home his words to their hearts. Probably there were a good many among his audience whose heads and bellies gave ringing evidence that wine is a mocker the morning after. They had had personal reasons for confusing the prophetic gibberish of the disciples with festival drunkenness or hangover loquacity. But they knew also, these Jews from pagan

communities, that heavy drinking, hysterical behavior, and inspired babbling were regular features of religious revivals, conducted in Bacchus' name on lonely mountains or in the name of the Syrian goddess on crowded streets, where the music of drums and cymbals mingled with the shouts of perfervid exhorters, confessing their sins, lashing themselves or cutting their flesh with knives, blended all in a confused uproar which whipped the emotions of bystanders to a fever point.[7] Peter and the disciples might or might not be sober, but certainly the flame of revival was in them and spread rapidly among the crowd.

"What shall we do?" they shouted on all sides, as the divine fervor began to lay hold on them.

"Repent!" said Peter, "repent and be baptized every man of you in the name of Jesus Christ, that you may be acquitted of your sins and so receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. The promise holds good, not only for you Jews but for all who are far away from God and whom He shall summon to Himself."[8]

From every corner they started to crowd forward. The heat of the room increased. People were trampled underfoot as the eager converts hastened to snatch at salvation. While they milled about, Peter kept appealing to them. "Save yourselves," his voice pealed above the noise of the throng. "Save yourselves from this crooked generation!"

A semblance of order was at length restored. Impromptu leaders marshaled the new converts and led them to the nearest water. In all about three thousand souls went through the bath of cleansing that day.

Jerusalem was a city of only two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. In a place so little metropolitan, where religion was the staple of daily life and gossip, a revival of such proportions, such an unexpected contribution to public cleanliness could not escape general notice. Consternation reigned among the Jewish hierarchy. Even now these followers of the Vagabond Joshua were creating a problem for the Temple police as they thronged all the courts, praying and exhorting and healing.

They made special nuisances of themselves in the great Porch of Solomon at the eastern end of the Court of the Gentiles. Here

was a lame beggar whom Peter and John had apparently cured of his ailment. He was running about, stirring up the mob. The rabbis found it impossible to keep their students in order; the priests at the altar neglected their sacrifices to follow curiously the progress of this new heresy. The apostles were by way of becoming popular heroes. Something must be done, and quickly. The total number of converts had now increased to about five thousand.

Peter and John were therefore clapped into prison overnight, and the next day haled before a called meeting of the Sanhedrin. There were the High Priest Annas and Caiaphas and John and Alexander, all the members of the high priest's official family, ranged before the apostles in the yellow-paneled Hall of Hewn Stones.[9] Annas put the charge: "By what power, in whose name and authority, did *you* heal this man?" Taking up the sarcastic challenge, Peter answered: "In the name and by the authority of Jesus Christ the Nazarene, whom *you* crucified and whom God raised from the dead. . . . Yes, and there is no other name under heaven by which salvation is granted to us mortals."

That Joshua again! A savior indeed! A crucified peasant who had been safely buried. Such impudence from mere untutored laymen was colossal. The Sanhedrin ordered their prisoners, dressed as was customary in the garb of mourning, to withdraw. They put their turbaned heads together and finally agreed to act with caution. These unlettered apostles were almost demigods in the people's sight and the priests knew all too well the power of that hundred-headed mob in Jerusalem.

Peter and John were then brought back into the presence and strictly forbidden to tell anyone in future about "this name" (the councilors disdained, as did later rabbis, to mention Christ more explicitly). With amazing effrontery the peasant preachers replied: "Judge for yourselves whether we ought to obey God or man. As for ourselves we shall not cease to speak of what we have seen and heard." After further threats the Sanhedrin let them go. The hands of the Council were tied because the common people swarmed the Temple courts outside the Hall of

Hewn Stones, shouting and praising God for the miracle by which the lame beggar had been healed.

The joy of the Christ-followers knew no bounds. When they heard the story from the lips of Peter and John they burst simultaneously into a cry that was both prayer and hymn. In the words of the Psalmist they thanked the sovereign God who made heaven and earth for confuting the raging Gentiles and Jews, Herod and Pilate and all their tribe. "O God," they prayed, "let thy servants know no fear in speaking the Word."

Straightway the place where they had assembled was shaken with the frenzy of belief. Those long days of prayer and waiting before Pentecost for the Holy Spirit which Jesus had promised were not in vain. Nothing could stop this tide of faith. The heathen might rage and the people imagine emptiness; the kings of the earth might rise up and the captains take counsel together, but the Lord would stretch forth His hand and show further marvels of healing through the name of His Holy Servant, Jesus, the Anointed Messiah.[10]

So great was the miracle of grace (and systematic excitation of the mob by fervid exhortation and prayer) that they were all transformed into one heart and soul. Willingly they shared all things in common, a custom much in favor among the ascetics of the day and practiced notably by the Essenes, a group of Jewish mystics dwelling near the Dead Sea, who scorned the Temple rites and sacrifices and eschewed both private property and marriage. At the conclusion of their ordinary evening meal, which they took together, the disciples celebrated a love feast, a memorial supper, and it was commonly believed that they worshiped Christ as if he were not only a king, but a god as well.

Communism without reserve or deception seemed to be the will of God and Christ, for Ananias and Sapphira, his wife, who attempted to cheat the brethren of a part of some property which they had sold, dropped dead on the spot. Scoffers were doubtless not lacking who asserted that a tightening of the heart-strings brought on by the prospect of loosening their purse-strings hastened the death of these disciples. But the fact remained that Ananias and Sapphira were dead.

This was not the only incident which marred the even tenor of communistic life among the early Christians. The Hellenists, or Greek-speaking Jews, insisted that their widows were not so well treated as those of the Aramaic-speaking Jews of Jerusalem. A board of seven deacons, or servants, were therefore created to adjudicate such disputes and after the Jewish custom supervise all matters pertaining to charity.[11]

One of the seven deacons was a man named Stephen, who now becomes the leading actor in this part of the narrative.

Though not by office an apostle or preacher, Stephen was endowed with great grace and spirit. He knew the Scriptures intimately and in debate his tongue could scorch like living fire. It was therefore thought wise to send him about in the synagogues of Jerusalem (of which there were more than four hundred) to dispute with unconverted Jewish teachers and spread the news of the newly-found Messiah.

Two synagogues in particular became storm-centers—that of the Africans and Egyptians and that of the Jews from Asia and Cilicia. In the latter were enrolled many who doubtless knew Saul. Perhaps Joseph-Barnabas, who afterwards summoned Saul to Antioch, was a communicant of this congregation. But neither Saul, if indeed he spoke here, nor any other teacher was a match for the faith and inspired debating of Stephen. He proved to the Jews from their own Scriptures that Jesus was indeed the Messiah. Throughout Hebrew history the dull lawyer has never been so popular as the fiery prophet and debater. The people, like moths, followed where the flame was brightest.[12]

CHAPTER IX

I CONSENTED TO HIS DEATH

WHILE STEPHEN BOLDLY PREACHED, PETER AND JOHN WERE AGAIN standing before the Sanhedrin. They had indeed been thrown into prison, but had somehow managed to escape. The Temple police found them calmly teaching in the sacred precincts. The prison doors seemed to be securely locked, the guards at their posts. Could this heresy have corrupted the very jailors? The Council was at its wit's end. Some advised the immediate execution of the recalcitrant apostles.

Gamaliel, however, recommended caution. He reminded his colleagues of Theudas and Judas and the many other mob leaders who failed in the past. He urged them to let Peter and John alone and allow the movement to take its course, since if it was of human origin, it would soon come to an end, whereas if it came from God, they would not be able to suppress it. "There is even a chance," he said in conclusion, "that you may find yourselves fighting against God."[1] Gamaliel's judgment prevailed, and after giving the apostles a sound hiding the Council let them go. They dared offer them no public violence, for they feared what the mob might do.

The High Priest Annas and his allies, the Sadducees, were bitterly jealous of the apostles' popularity, but they had not the courage to head an open, official persecution. They could, though, play upon the hotheaded group of young men, among them Saul, who must have been infuriated by the academic coolness of Gamaliel and would be only too glad to incite an uprising.

Subconsciously, at least, Saul was in the last stages of discontent with Judaism. Such calm indifference on the part of his teacher to a movement so obviously treacherous, so treasonable to all the teachings of the Law, pricked to the very heart this fiery young

Jew, pining to express inner discontent by open action, particularly after his long rustication in Tarsus.

Jesus was patently a criminal. He had died on the phallic cross, the accursed tree, as both Jews and pagans called it, a death suffered by the lowest of the low, by hair-dressers who tweaked their mistress' curls, by slaves who damned the souls of their masters to destruction, by robbers, kidnappers, and murderers. The stricter rabbis held that it was wrong even to teach the details of the Law to a slave—and now to make a Messiah out of a gallows-bird! The very thought was infamous. There must be a Messiah waiting in heaven to release the Jews and Saul himself, but not so odious a character as this Joshua.

Now was the time for action. Peter and John were out of prison again. Stephen, full of grace and power, was performing miracles and making converts daily. Pilate held the reins in loose fingers. He would overlook a little helpful persecution, and surely the Jews, who Heaven knows had endured enough persecution at Pilate's hands, were entitled to commit a little murder on their own account.

A well-managed harrying of those who worshiped the false prophet would clear the atmosphere, check the enthusiasm of the Christ-followers, and possibly rekindle religious feeling in official circles, which at the time seemed singularly ununified and apathetic. Moreover, it would serve as a warning to all false messiahs, those swarthy Theudases and Judases and Jesuses who on every Passover led gullible Jews after them, not because they wanted to save the chosen people, but because they wanted to line their own pockets or win personal glory by fomenting rebellion against Rome. The folly of an open break with Rome was clear to Saul, as in point of fact it had been to Jesus of Nazareth. Pharisee that he was, Saul looked for a spiritual kingdom; the dominance of the Jews, he was convinced, ought to be in things of the spirit, not primarily in politics and government. He was therefore ready to join heartily in this persecution, which was purely religious in purpose.

The changing seasons had now brought round the fourth Passover since the crucifixion of Christ. It was the year 33 A.D. The

disciples, as usual, had procured the sacrificial lambs and taken them to the Temple for the priestly blessing. Women were busily tending the meat and preparing the flat loaves and stew of fruit and bitter herbs. The couches with their coverlets and huge cushions for reclining guests had been placed in order. Jerusalem resounded with the bleating of lambs and of devout Jews engaged in their eternal arguments about the Law.

To Stephen and the rest it must have seemed that now was the time of all times, the anniversary of Christ's suffering, to make a stronger presentation of the Gospel than they had yet attempted. The synagogue of the Cilicians on this festival occasion was packed with visitors. Stephen preached with an invincible, fiery eloquence.

Now was the time, thought the Sadducees and their young men, to rouse a mob and seize Stephen in the very act of treason. The word quickly went round. The mob gathered. Headed by the Temple police, they marched through the crowded synagogue and hustled Stephen off to the Hall of Hewn Stones in the southern part of the sanctuary.

Stephen went quietly enough, for he longed to beard the Lion of Judah in his inner den, to defend Christ in the same hall where he had first been condemned. A few of the disciples may have offered resistance, but the Temple police were expert in dispelling such unorganized forces.

As Stephen was led into the meeting-place of the Sanhedrin he saw the high priest, seated at the western end of the building and perhaps dressed in the golden head-band and bejeweled breastplate which he wore on solemn occasions. Before him in a semicircle sat the seventy members of the Council. In front of them were three rows of students, among whom Saul doubtless took his place. Two scribes, one on the left and one on the right of the gathering, waited with pens poised over papyrus, ready to take down the weighty opinions uttered by the Council and the reasons therefor. Stephen in prisoner's black stood between officers of the Temple guard within the semicircle of the yellow-cushioned divan.

The charges of bribed witnesses were brought forward: "This

fellow is always talking against the Holy Place and against the Law. We have even heard him say that Jesus the Nazarene will destroy the Temple and change the customs handed down by Moses." A most serious indictment, for the least religious of the councilors were too deeply interested in the financial side of Temple butchery and tithes to countenance any heresy of this sort.

Stephen said nothing. All the elders fixed their eyes on him. The scribes and students stirred expectantly. And one of them, named Saul, always remembered that there in the windowless, yellow-paneled hall, under the flickering lights of the bronze tripod and the swinging chandeliers where oil-lamps smoked, the face of Stephen had shone unearthly pale, yet bright like that of an angel.

"Are these accusations true?" the high priest made the lamps ring with the formula which called for a defense.

"Brethren and fathers," (the Council must have squirmed a little at that, though Stephen's courtesy was flattering and somewhat unexpected), "listen!"

They listened complacently enough while Stephen wove again the old familiar stories of faithful Abraham, chaste Joseph who triumphed over persecution, Moses rejected and disobeyed by his own people, Moses who declared that God would raise up another prophet from among the Jews (at this some of the more discerning looked a bit uneasy, for they saw what was coming).

Swiftly now he drove the point home. Always the Jews had dealt treacherously with their great men, Joseph and Moses (yes, and Christ). They had been disloyal to the prophets and to God. They had deserted the God of Moses and followed after the phallic deities of the Gentiles, carried on their standards the starry symbols of Rephan, forgot the Tent of Witness which was afterwards to become the Temple of Solomon, made a calf and offered sacrifice to the idol which their own hands had created.

As for the charge that Christ would destroy the Temple, Stephen did not even trouble to deny it. Were not the Jews without a temple for a thousand years at least? Did not Isaiah declare that heaven was the throne and earth the footstool of God? What house will ye build me, saith the Lord.[2]

The faces which before had been so complacent were now wrinkled with rage. Low murmurs became deep-throated growls. The scribes stopped their scribbling, intent on the issue which seemed close at hand.

Stephen gazed at them defiantly, and before he could be interrupted fairly shouted: "Stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you are always running counter to the Holy Spirit. You are acting just as your fathers did. What one of the prophets did your fathers not persecute? They killed those who foretold the coming of the Just One. And when he did come, you murdered him, you traitors. You received the Law from the hands of angels and yet you have not kept it."[3]

Like saws Stephen's words rasped across their souls. To a man the Council left their seats. The learned elders became an Oriental mob. They shook the long sleeves of their blue cloaks. They thrust out their tongues at Stephen. Their eyes rolled with anger, their noses in the dim light were like the beaks of wild birds. They closed in on him, stopping their ears to his cries, gnashing their teeth and growling like jackals over a carcass already dead. Had it not been for the protection of the guard and the restraining words of cooler spirits, murder would doubtless have been committed within the sacred precincts. The Sanhedrin had long ago become weary of hearing themselves called assassins.

As it was, all pretense of legal forms was forgotten. Formal sentence was not pronounced, nor carried out after the interval of a day. No herald proclaimed the name of the criminal, his crime, or the names of the witnesses. No messenger waited, handkerchief in hand, at the door of the Judgment Hall, ready to signal a horseman in case fresh evidence should be discovered. No drink of wine and frankincense was offered to dull the force of pain. Above the din Stephen's voice could be heard, calling out on God and Christ, as he gazed up into heaven. His eyes seemed to penetrate through the solid ceiling into the very Judgment Hall of Paradise.

"Look!" he cried. "I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."

At this horrid blasphemy, at this veiled hint that deity could

rise to greet a mortal, they rushed upon him all together and dragged him headlong through the city to the Damascus Gate. There outside the walls they stoned him with stones from the ruined ramparts. The witnesses, as always, cast the first stones, baring their arms and laying down their cloaks for safe-keeping at the feet of a young man named Saul.

While strength endured, Stephen stood erect, though his head and whole body were bleeding profusely and his senses swam with the repeated blows. Still he called aloud, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Dog of a blasphemer. Heretic. Take *that* and *that*. Fresh showers of curses and stones. Stephen stands yet.

At last he could endure no longer. He sank to his knees and in a great voice, for all the world to hear above the yelling of the crowd, he prayed: "Lord, do not lay this sin to their charge." So saying, he fell asleep.[4]

CHAPTER X

I PERSECUTED THIS WAY UNTO THE DEATH

SAUL THOROUGHLY APPROVED OF THE MURDER. LIKE A WILD BOAR let loose in a quiet vineyard he ravaged the church. Like a fanatical ferret he hunted the disciples to their holes. With armed companies supporting him, he now swept to the head of the persecuting party and invaded every synagogue on his errand of inquisition. He laid hold on those who were suspected of heresy and dragged them with blows through the streets to the torture-chamber of the Sanhedrin. All forms of torment known to Jewish ingenuity were there applied—the hot iron, the horse-shaped rack on which the yelling prisoner rode, the knout of sharp leather loaded with balls of lead which often struck out eyes and laid entrails bare.

Such as consented to revile Christ and call him low names were set free. The rest were put in chains and marched off to prison. The doors of private houses were battered down and men and women of all ages whipped through the streets, just as they were when dragged from their beds or from the couches where they celebrated their love feasts.

Not even hovels in narrow, dark alleys were secure from intrusion. Many a spy wormed his way into the secret meeting-places of the Christians by learning their passwords and pretending to be in sympathy with their doctrines. Many an informer, made patient and for the time being religious by donations from the Temple treasury, watched all night for the faintest glimmer of a candle which would reveal the hidden churches of the heretics.

Lashing them on by the sheer force of his spirit, Saul worked at the forefront like a madman. He pursued the persecution with frantic fury. He was a wanton, insolent, insulting bully, as he himself afterwards admitted. He seems to have combined in ac-

tion the fire of a true son of Benjamin and the wheedling Jewish effrontery of a snooping spy.[1]

Through the heat of May and June, both day and night, Saul personally commanded his choice group of assassins and thugs, some of them doubtless Temple police, some of them dagger-men (gangsters often camouflaged as members of trade unions whom the priests found it convenient to employ occasionally for a little discreet killing). And when suspected men and women were rounded up and brought before the Sanhedrin for trial, Saul gave his vote against them.[2] With that marvelous ability to be all things to all men which distinguished him in later life Saul could change at an instant's notice from a humble seeker after Christian knowledge, spying in the alleyways, to an inquisitor and a stern, relentless judge.

No one could kill so many Christians without learning something about Christianity. No one could listen to the pleas of so many wretches before the Sanhedrin, without becoming familiar with their main arguments, for even as the first martyr was allowed to make his defense, so, too, must some of the others, though it were only to make sport for indolent scholars.

Their belief was almost always stated in the same terms: Jesus Christ, the slave of God (as the Messiah King was often called in the Scriptures), by his life of healing and good works, by his high moral teaching, by his unjust death under Pontius Pilate for the sake of the whole Jewish nation, had shown beyond doubt that he was the suffering Messiah foretold in the prophecy of Isaiah, the lamb dumb before his shearers, the stricken one who heals all people by his stripes. This Christ (the Anointed of God) had after his crucifixion lain in the grave and risen from it the third day. Thereafter he ascended into heaven, from which he had recently sent to all his disciples a power of healing and inspiration and comfort called the gift of the Holy Ghost, and into which he would call the true believers after their death.

The Christian belief Saul rejected outwardly by his deeds, but subconsciously he was storing up these teachings and preparing to make them the basis of his own doctrine concerning Christ. Stephen's gospel especially he would often echo in sermons to his

early converts. It is even possible that Luke received his account of the persecution and of Stephen's death first hand from the lips of Paul.

No one could gainsay the fact that the Christ-followers for the most part met death standing. Being reviled, they did not answer insult with insult. Smitten on one cheek, they turned the other. And like Stephen they prayed for those who sentenced them to death. Their faces reflected the rays of that same angelic light when they were led to the place of execution. Saul, superintending the slaughter, could not imagine the fat and prosperous priests doing the same thing for the sake of Moses and the Law and the Temple. No, they would adjust their silken gloves and quote from the unwritten Law an appropriate text excusing them from so painful a duty.

No one could kill so many Christians without learning something about the personal appearance of Christ. Spying on a love feast, Saul would hear many reminiscences of the Master's life, many descriptions of his look, the tone of his voice when he cured the sick, fed the multitudes, and raised the dead. Some of the Gentile converts to Judaism who had embraced Christianity may have made bold to commemorate their Teacher in crude pictures of the type familiar to us from the wall paintings of the Roman catacombs. And in the faces of those who were tried before the Sanhedrin, in their earnestness and gentleness, Saul could trace a composite picture of the Galilean Teacher.

Saul's heart was a battleground of conflicting emotions. This fellow Joshua may have been a gallows-bird, a pretentious peasant, a traitor to Rome and the Law—but, but his disciples knew how to die. For a man capable of intense affection as well as murderous rage, for one who was, like Saul, a born hero-worshiper, desiring above all things love in full measure and cheated as yet of finding it, for one who secretly wished there might be such a thing as a god-man who could guarantee salvation and immortality in his own person, yet in spirit and teaching harmonize with the Law and the prophets, for such a one the spectacle was both revolting and thrilling. Saul's Pharisaic conscience rebelled at the thought of elevating any man to the level of God, yet he knew,

and later said in his epistle to the Romans, that no force in Judaism could call forth for him such enthusiasm as welled up in the lives of the Christ-followers.

The best substitute Saul could find, the most satisfactory outlet for his driving powers, the most potent anodyne for the pain of unrest which dropped like rain on his heart, was a bloody and thorough campaign to wipe out the enemies of a Law which had long since failed to satisfy his inner longings. He reviled Christ, and forced others to do the same. But, like many another man of emotion and desire, he outwardly renounced what he was already more than half persuaded to accept.

In later life the apostle was often sleepless,[3] and I cannot think that he rested softly during the persecution. The heat of summer pressed in too closely through the open windows, beat down too fiercely even on the flat roofs where the Jews retired to catch whatever breeze might be stirring about the city. On sleepless nights he must have seen, like Shakespeare's king, the faces of those whom he had murdered float along the white walls, in the Judæan night sky the face of Christ whom the dying disciples had so often beheld and to whom they looked for comfort in the moment of death.

There was no rain in the city streets, no rain save that of suffering in the heart of Saul. The whole world was one unbroken desert.

The apostles, strangely enough, were not harmed during all these bloody days and nights, though they remained steadfast in Jerusalem. Perhaps the Sanhedrin, remembering their experience with Peter and John, did not care to molest them again. Perhaps they still feared the wrath of the city mob. The councilors rested content in the knowledge that a very respectable quantity of Christian blood was being shed. And twelve heads shorn of their church body could hardly survive, save as curiosities.

Meantime the rank and file of the Christians in Jerusalem who escaped death were scattered over Judæa and Samaria, and as they went from place to place they preached the gospel. Philip, the former associate of Stephen, converted the Ethiopian eunuch

in his chariot and turned northward to Samaria, where he proclaimed Christ to the people.

Reports of his success came to the apostles in Jerusalem and they sent down Peter and John, who prayed that the Samaritans might receive the Holy Spirit, for as yet they had merely been baptized and were still waiting on the reluctant dove. By the laying on of hands Peter and John brought about the desired result. Now Simon, a notable enchanter and magician, observing the apostles' superior technique, offered them money if they would impart it to him. Peter wheeled on him and said: "Damn you and your money. You thought you could buy the gift of God, did you? You get no share or lot in this religion. Repent and ask God's forgiveness, you gall bladder of bitterness, you bundle of sin." Cowering under the lash of Peter's tongue, Simon whined: "Pray the Lord not to let any of these curses fall on me."

Such preaching was a heavy blow at the middle wall of partition which had stood always between Jew and Samaritan, between Jew and Gentile, the partition which Saul himself would eventually dedicate his life to tear down. The work of destruction was carried further when, as already related, Philip rode with an Ethiopian eunuch and persuaded him to be baptized. And the passage over which the eunuch was puzzling when Philip ran up to his chariot was the very text from Isaiah, written so deeply on the tablets of Saul's memory: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth. In his humiliation his judgment was taken away; and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth."[4]

The river of belief had only dived underground, but Saul flattered himself that he had quenched it at the source, and he now braced himself for a further effort outside Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XI

YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS

BREATHING OUT THREATS OF MURDER[1] LIKE THE DRAGONS OF MYthology, Saul went to the high priest and secured letters to the synagogues of Damascus, in order that if he found there any adherents of *this way* (the usual euphemism for Christianity) he might bring them back in chains. The enterprise must have seemed perfectly mad to a fat, lazy Sadducee: to march across the desert as far as Damascus in the broiling heat of summer. But Saul's request was humored. The young man was plainly exhausted, or, as a modern physician would have put it, on the verge of a nervous breakdown. No one could endure two months of such mad activity in the scorching streets of Jerusalem without showing the strain. And Saul was too useful a ferret to lose. Perhaps the cool waters of Damascus, the change of scene, would restore him to normal health.[2]

It was the season of the dry, west wind, of the sand-bringing sirocco from the Judæan desert, when Saul and his companions mounted fast camels, passed through the Damascus Gate near the traditional site of Stephen's stoning, and swung northward along the Roman road to Shechem.[3]

The leisure afforded by the long journey gave Saul no rest, for it drove him in upon his own thoughts, which had been crushed down by days of incessant labor. He could hardly talk with his men, a rough crew more concerned with the village wine and vintage virgins they encountered than with any interior battles. Enough of religion, they would probably have told him, when we get our hands on the heretics in Damascus. Moreover, they were feeling none too friendly toward their frenzied leader, who goaded them along under the hot sun, even at noon, when other caravans were resting in the shade.[4]

At every stage along the road the little towns were still ringing with talk of Christ's resurrection and his life on earth. In Shechem Saul might hear how Christ sat weary on the well and promised the woman of Samaria that he would give her water quenching thirst for all eternity. Ah, for water like that in the desert of Saul's own heart! Rumors drifted in, perhaps, concerning the conversion of the Samaritans by Peter and John and Philip, but Saul had not time for slaughter on the way. There would be plenty of that in Damascus.

From Shechem the caravan road led through the plain of Esdraelon, where Jehu drove furiously and trod the painted face of Jezebel underfoot, to Nazareth, the hated home of the false prophet.[5] Here the company paused, no doubt, to draw water from the Virgin's Well (so called today), the very source from which Jesus drew when he labored with his father in the carpenter's shop. Not improbably they spent the night in this mountain town, so full of Messianic memories.

Then the blue waters of Galilee, where Jesus taught and fed the multitudes, where he was said by the villagers to have walked on the waves and calmed the tempest.

Beyond Galilee on the north as they traveled Mt. Hermon raised its three snowy peaks nine thousand feet in air. Here, it was popularly believed, Christ had appeared before his disciples in the gleaming white raiment of a God. Doubtless, reasoned Saul's attendants, their eyes were dazzled by the snow. Perhaps, thought Saul, they *did* see a God.

The Benjamite slave-driver was ready to curse Jesus, but now for a far different reason from that in Jerusalem. There was no escaping this prophet, in Jerusalem, on the mountain road, in the desert. His fame filled every valley and hill, every peak and dune. Saul would remember once more how the prophet Isaiah had spoken of a Messiah who was to suffer and die. And had not many of the prophets themselves met cruel and humiliating deaths? Did not many of the Jews suppose that the Messiah would be the incarnation of such a prophet?

The gods of Tarsus, the gods of the Orient, were saviors of the world (even as the believers maintained that Christ was). Born

in human guise by virgins, suffering, dying, wept over by women, lying in the tomb, resurrected on the third day from the grave, victorious over death, they rose to heaven in the springtide even as Christ had ascended at the Passover season. Saul could behold as in a vision the votaries of Tarsus, gashing themselves, fanatics drinking the blood of the god, drunk with the wine of immortality.

Perhaps after all the fanatics might be right. Perhaps Stephen did not die foolishly. In Isis, in Cybele, and, more than all, in Christ, they had heroes who made both life and death more tolerable for the common sort. The blood they drank, the blood in which they bathed, gave them ecstasy and at last peace forever. The blood which Saul had shed was driving him mad.

Mad indeed—for what is a pagan god but a demon? An idol is nothing in this world.[6] Every wise man knows that. But Christ was no pagan. He was a Jew who professed to honor the Law. Might he not, just possibly—just possibly— No, never! Could a Messiah die on the cross? There was the stumbling-block for a Jew. But there must, somewhere, sometime, be a Messiah. Better a suffering Messiah whose life at least was without reproach and who met death (albeit a disgraceful death) calmly than a roistering, licentious pagan deity.[7]

Then with an effort Saul would tear himself away from these disordered ramblings. Surely he must be on the point of collapse to prove thus traitor to the Law, traitor in the moment of his highest success. He yields himself to the steady motion of his camel, or barks out a few orders to his lagging men. He is content now merely to shut out the burning face of the sun reflected on the barren desert through which the road leads, the sun which strangely seems to take on the brightness of a human face, the face of the Son of Man.

Hour after hour of this. The scent of burning camels' dung as the evening fire is prepared. Quiet night on the fragrant desert. The howling of jackals in ruined temples and deserted towns.

Up to this time the weather has been fiercely hot, but tolerable and free from the blast which brings the savage sandstorm. But at noon on the last day of the week's journey, when at forced march they near the village of Kaukab (The Star), passing

through the fringe of barren hills which look on white Damascus and her rings of orchards and gardens, nurtured by Abana, River of Gold, a change comes over the heavens.

The sky grows like lead. Black clouds rush up and over-rule the sun. Crash—a peal of thunder! A blast from the very furnace of hell smites camels and asses and men. Scatter for cover now in confusion. Every man for himself. Curses in Latin and Greek and Hebrew. The groaning of camels. Men bred to the desert dismount and crouch in the shelter of their beasts.

Saul, like a man possessed, keeps straight on. They shout to him. He hears nothing.

Suddenly a shaft of lightning splits the air, gleams for an instant above their heads. As if smitten with a spear of light, Saul and some of his companions fall prone on the ground. Others stand dumb in terror.

Then out of the lightning, with seeming brighter than the sun, came a figure as John saw it on Patmos, clad in the radiance of a god. He wore a long robe and a belt of gold round his breast. His head and hair were white as wool, white as snow. His eyes flashed like fire; his feet glowed like unto burnished brass.

A voice as of many waters beat on Saul's ears, saying in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" His companions heard Saul ask, "Who are you, sir?" And the reply, which they did not hear: "I am Jesus, the Nazarene, whom you are persecuting. It is hard for you to kick against the goads." Aye verily, thought Saul, the goads that have been driving me on this very journey. Then again they heard Saul answer and ask, "What shall I do, Lord?" The voice replied to Saul alone: "Rise and go into Damascus. There it shall be told you what you must do."[8]

Thinking their leader had surely lost his senses (a conclusion some of them had reached before this) or that he was hearing the voice of God, seeing a true vision, the guard for the nonce stood dumb with amazement.

The storm passed as suddenly as it had come. Saul rose to his feet, staggered blindly, opened his eyes, but could not see. Some of his men, wise in the desert's ways and knowing that he had

been dazzled by the sun or stung by flying sand, took him by the hand and guided him toward Damascus.

On the way Saul's companions reviewed the strange event in a babel of tongues. Certain ones were sure now that they had heard a voice out of the whirlwind.[9] Others insisted that there had been nothing but the voice of Saul, their leader. All agreed, no doubt, that they had never in their lives been so terrified.

As the afternoon began to turn they reached the city, some ten miles distant from the place of vision, and entered it near the Gate of Heaven, where modern pilgrims start their journey for Mecca. Elbowing a way through the press of wine and water sellers, the venders of roses, vegetables, and old clothes, through shrilling groups of blind beggars and dancing priests, the guard came in sight of the gardens by the waters of Abana, cold in the midst of the burning white town.

The cavalcade wheeled into a monumental gateway, which formed the western entrance to the mile-long street called Straight. Between Corinthian pillars on either side they led the blind man until they arrived at the Jewish quarter south of the thoroughfare. There they left Saul at the house of Judas.

AFTERMATH

For three days Saul was sightless. He neither ate nor drank, but remained in prayer and meditation.

To a man of his temperament and generation there could be no doubting the reality of the vision, no uncertainty as to what it meant. A nervous collapse? He would not have understood the meaning of such words. No, God had thrown him to the dust in the midst of a triumphant campaign. Jesus the Nazarene was the voice of God, confirming Saul's inner doubts, if not actually a God Himself.

Saul would not stop to wonder what natural causes had led to the vision. He did not know the meaning of the word hallucination. Like a true man of the first century, he took the vision to be a sun shining in the midnight of ignorance, a new light by which he was to walk throughout the rest of his life. He could hardly realize at the time how deep the roots of his conversion

lay in the pagan soil of his past growth, his training also in the center of Jewish orthodoxy.

The apostle's overwrought nerves became untensed. He relaxed in the pleasant consciousness that he now carried within his heart the reality of the word *agape* (love), which before had been only an unrealized desire.

Saul's belief in the reality of his vision was, as I have said, no uncommon thing in that century. The worshipers of Isis, Attis, and Mithra beheld, as they thought, in the ecstasy of initiation, of prolonged meditation accompanied by the use of drugs or by fasting, divine apparitions of marvelous size and beauty, beings clothed in dazzling radiance, so bright that the bodily eye could not bear to look upon them. With cries of, "Hail, New Light," the votaries of the cults greeted the divine bridegroom, resplendent in hair and cloak of red, in tunic of glittering white, in crown of flashing gold.

The most ordinary acts of daily life, as well as the most important enterprises of the empire during the first century were often ruled by dreams which vanished down the trackless paths of sleep and visions seen in the broad light of day. Under such direction peasants tilled their land, learned men wrote books, the Emperor Augustus begged alms of the people publicly one day each year, the Emperor Tiberius fought and won battles.

The Jews, with whom Saul was inseparably one, believed that God spoke not only by the Scriptures and prophets, but by angels, by visions and dreams in the night, by mysteriously articulate and intelligible sounds proceeding from the inner shrine of the Temple or from the open sky (as when God pronounced Christ to be His well-beloved son). By such means marriages were predestined, wars foretold, and news of the coming Messiah given to a waiting nation.

It was only natural, then, that Saul as a Jew and a citizen of the first century should follow the leading of his vision which had halted him in mid-career of persecution and thrown him blind to the dust.

Damascus, moreover, invited dreams. It was the oldest city in the world. Before Abraham lived it existed. Within its bounds

David killed twenty-two thousand citizens and placed a garrison. Here the Jews had possessed a quarter of their own for more than nine hundred years. Damascus kept within its walls the seed of immortality. It had known and forgotten Darius and Alexander the Great. Even today it numbers its children by the tens of thousands. It has outlived the swords of the Turks, the guns of Allenby and Lawrence, the bombardment of the French from the air and the hills round about.

To the Arabs, who still guide their horses superbly through its streets, Damascus is now, as always, the Eye, the Pearl of the East, the earthly paradise which the camel-driver Mohammed would not enter lest he forget the Paradise fixed in Heaven. Here, if one may believe the Mussulman, lies the head of John the Baptist in the little cellar under the great mosque near Straight Street. Here, too, is a tiny mosque called the Glory of Religion, which marks traditionally the site of Judas' house, and further east, abutting on the same thoroughfare, the subterranean chapel of the Franciscan Fathers, dedicated to St. Ananias, who comes now to answer prayer as he came then to visit the repentant Saul. . . .

Still wrapped in the mist of blindness, Saul persevered in his devotions. While he thus prayed the Lord said in a vision, "Ananias!" And this devout but cautious Jew replied, "Here am I, Lord." And the Lord said to him, "Get up and go to the street called Straight and look in the house of Judas for a man of Tarsus named Saul, for behold he is praying at this very moment."

Ananias hesitated somewhat. "Lord," said he, "I have heard about this man from many sources. I have heard how much mischief he did to the saints of Jerusalem. And here he has authority from the high priest to bind all who call on your Name."

But the Lord persisted: "Proceed, for he is the vessel I have chosen to carry my name before the Gentiles and their kings as well as the sons of Israel. I will show him what he must suffer for my name's sake."[10]

Thus does Luke represent the conflict which stirred the soul

of Ananias. The news of Saul's curious entry into Damascus and a rumor that he was about to embrace the new religion had doubtless been flashed immediately to all Christians. They were anxious that a representative call on their prospective brother and Ananias seemed best fitted to do so, but for a moment he shrank from obeying his inward promptings and the urging of his friends. So might a more sceptical historian relate the episode.

Well assured at length that the Lord could protect his own name, Ananias emerged from his house and entered the blinding white street that runs straight through the center of the city from east to west. He made his way thoughtfully to the house of Judas. He placed his hands on the expectant Saul, who was awaiting the visit (since a vision, an intuition, or a personal message had put him on the watch for something of the kind), and said: "Saul, my brother, the Lord Jesus whom you saw on the road has sent me to let you regain your sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit."

At the touch of Ananias' hands scales seemed to fall from the blind man's eyes. "The God of our fathers," Ananias continued, as if making the illumination more clear, "has elected you to know His will, to see the Just One, to hear him speak with his own lips, and to give witness for him before all men as to what you have seen and heard. Why are you waiting? Get up and be baptized and wash away your sins, calling on his name."

Saul rose to his feet, as he was commanded to do. He submitted to baptism, took food once more, and gradually, with rest and the application of healing herbs, he recovered his sight and strength. When he was able to travel he went off incontinently to the desert of Arabia without consulting a soul.[11]

What Saul did in "Arabia" or what part of the country is meant we do not know. Nothing could be more natural, considering all we know of the apostle's temperament, than that he should have desired to visit the Sinaitic peninsula, where Moses was said to have given the Law from the mountain of smoke and thunder. His conversion seemed to make him a traitor to all that he had formerly believed concerning the Law. Certainly under

these circumstances Saul would not desire to consult with flesh and blood or to preach at once. With characteristic impetuosity he would desire to leave the scene of his dangerous break with Judaism, until he could untangle the snarled threads of belief. He would not have the hardihood to turn at once from persecutor into Christian preacher. It is rather likely, I think, that he wandered about in the neighborhood of Sinai, fashioning anew his philosophy of life and plying his tentmaker's trade among the desert nomads.

After a three-year period of rest and meditation he returned to Damascus. Throughout the synagogues there he heralded the good news of Jesus. To the confusion of his auditors he proved, as Stephen had done before him, that Jesus is the very Christ, the anointed Messiah, the Son of God. Saul's hearers were beside themselves with amazement and said again and again: "Isn't this the man who at Jerusalem harried the people who call on this name and who journeyed here to bind and lead them to the high priest?"

Amazement was soon followed by bitter anger. Here was no reputable doctor of the Law, but a plausible renegade, a mere traitor whom the very guard that he had led into Damascus were more than likely under orders to arrest. Argument could not silence him; it rendered him like Stephen all the stronger, as he confuted the debaters and rulers of the synagogue by their own methods of exegesis, by the testimony of their own Scriptures.

Failing all other proofs, the Jews at length had recourse to the argument of violence. They formed a plot to kill Saul, either with their own hands or through the agency of hired assassins, who carried daggers up their sleeves and were in the habit of killing their victims even among crowds.[12] This was Saul's first experience, perhaps, with a plot of this kind, but by no means his last. At least three times during his later life Saul was in peril from gangsters controlled indirectly by the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem, not to mention the constant threats of mob violence which met him in almost every town—Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, Philippi, Thessalonica, Beroea, Corinth.

The governor, delegated by Aretas, king of Arabia, to rule Damascus, worked hand in hand with the spies of the Council. His soldiers kept vigilant watch over every gate both day and night. Tradition relates that St. George, an Abyssinian officer, stationed at the southeastern tower-gate, had become a convert to Christianity and assisted in Saul's escape. He kindly turned his back while the disciples brought up a basket of rope and lowered the apostle down the wall by night. For this deed he was put to death and his tomb is still venerated in the cemetery of the orthodox Greeks, facing the modern tower where tradition locates the ancient scene.

Saul had left Jerusalem at the head of a company of armed men. He returned alone and in disgrace, a cold and hungry fugitive, past the Sea of Galilee, past Nazareth and the Damascus Gate, where he had held the garments of the witnesses who began the stoning of Stephen.

At first the disciples in Jerusalem held back, though Saul made every effort to attach himself to them. They could not believe that he was a true disciple. They knew him only as a persecutor. Then Barnabas intervened. This solid disciple from the island of Cyprus had possibly known Saul before his conversion in the synagogue of the Cilicians and had there conceived a high opinion of the young man from Tarsus. At any rate, Barnabas introduced Saul to the apostle Peter, who, being a married man, entertained the renegade in his own home for a fortnight. With the exception of Peter and James, Paul interviewed none of the leading apostles. Indeed, he made the trip to Jerusalem on purpose to "view" Cephas, as people went on a pilgrimage to visit some celebrated shrine.[13]

There must have been a natural bond of kinship between the impulsive fisherman who three times had denied his Lord and the rabbinical student who left his murderous fishing to follow Christ. In those two weeks of companionship the man of Tarsus undoubtedly heard the whole story of the life of Jesus on earth, of his death and miraculous resurrection. Given the choice, he would have preferred to hear it from the lips of a simple, sym-

pathetic, thunderous soul like Peter rather than from a more learned man, an ascetic with marked legal prejudices, like James.[14]

For some time after that Saul went freely in and out among the disciples at Jerusalem, speaking boldly in the name of the Lord. Barnabas had asserted with great conviction that Saul actually saw Christ and talked with him on the road to Damascus, and the evidence was, in the minds of the disciples, conclusive. Saul's special target now was the Hellenists, or Greek-speaking Jews of the various synagogues. The only answer which they could find to his arguments was another plot. All through his life Paul seems to have had an unprecedented capacity for rousing people either to love or to hate. He was as violent a preacher as he had been a persecutor, aggressive, insolent, a bit of an inspired bravo.

Only with reluctance did the proud and sensitive apostle finally admit that Jerusalem was not yet ripe for his preaching. Conviction came to him as he was praying in the Temple. He fell into a trance and in his ecstasy he seemed to see the Lord and hear Him say: "Hasten! Leave Jerusalem quickly, for they will not receive your testimony concerning me." And Saul replied: "Lord, they know I was the one who whipped and imprisoned throughout the synagogues all those who believed in you. They know that when the blood of Stephen your martyr was being poured out I stood near with full approval and took charge of the clothes of his murderers." But the Lord said :"Go! I will send you afar to the Gentiles."[15]

Luke tells us that the brethren discovered the Hellenists' plot, took Saul down to the port of Cæsarea and sent him off to Tarsus. But the apostle himself evidently tried to gloss over his temporary frustration as a command from God to preach to the Gentiles. And in his epistle to the Galatians he relates that he left Jerusalem and came to the regions of Syria and Cilicia, without any mention of a plot as furnishing the real motive.[16] Only in a very guarded fashion does he ever refer throughout his epistles to those manifestations of mob and organized violence which so embittered and disillusioned him.[17]

Saul withdrew to the regions of Syria and Cilicia at the bidding of what he took to be a divine voice. This brings up naturally the much-discussed question as to whether the apostle may not have been an epileptic, at the mercy of voices and visions. Extremists have even gone so far as to assert that Paul was out of his senses half the time and that his epistles mirror a mind overwrought. Such nonsense hardly merits serious discussion. True enough, he was converted in response to or in connection with a vision. A prophetic voice urged him to go as a missionary into Macedonia. Divine messages are said to have comforted him when he was in deep discouragement at Corinth and during his imprisonment toward the end of his recorded career in Jerusalem. And in the course of the long period of retirement which was to follow his unsuccessful preaching in Jerusalem shortly after his conversion Saul experienced a truly mystic vision. "Whether in or out of the body," he says—"God knows, I do not—I was rapt up into Paradise and heard sacred secrets which no human lips can utter."[18]

Now in all this dependence upon visions, as I have already shown, Paul was a perfectly normal man of his age. As for the evidence of the Pauline writings, his epistles with their starts and leaps and bounds, their alternations between the triumph of successful egoism and the deep abasement of a soul dejected, misunderstood, and unsuccessful, may reveal a tinge of the epileptic personality (a quite different thing from the actual disease). But the general soundness of his reasoning power, the canniness and shrewdness which he showed in organizing and managing his churches, preclude the assumption that Paul spent his entire life either in the throes of an epileptic fit or feebly recovering from spasms of this kind. The whole question of course revolves round the interpretation of that Old-Man-of-the-Sea passage concerning Paul's "thorn (or more literally, stake) in the flesh."[19] No one knows what this thorn was, this messenger of the devil, sent to "slap Paul in the face," and no one is ever likely to find out. A long line of scholars has evolved answers ranging from shrewd to ridiculous. Some say that Paul was oversexed, others that he

suffered from infantile paralysis, gall-stones, eye trouble, or epileptic fits (with which last theory Luke's stress on the Pauline trances seems to square nicely). Quite competent scholars hold that Paul's affliction was malaria, the shooting pains of which could very well be called "a stake in the flesh."

But to get on with the story. Saul probably retired to the regions of Syria and Cilicia (including, doubtless, Tarsus) about 36–37 A.D. The argument for this chronology runs as follows. Saul himself in his letter to the Galatians says that he went up to Jerusalem with alms for the brethren just fourteen years after his conversion.[20] The famine which made such a contribution necessary reached its height in 44 A.D., or, as the Book of Acts puts the matter, "in the reign of Claudius."[21] Josephus says more specifically that the famine took place under the procurators Cuspius Fadus and Tiberius Alexander—that is, 44 and 48 A.D.[22] Thus one obtains as the date for Paul's conversion approximately the year 33 A.D. and as the date of his retirement into Cilicia (counting in the three-year sojourn about Arabia) approximately the year 36 A.D.

Saul probably did not come out of seclusion until the summer of 45 A.D., when he was summoned to preach at Antioch and began to prepare for his first missionary tour. For one thing, the Jews in Jerusalem still regarded him as a turn-coat; in the eyes of the Jewish authorities he was still a wanted man. So far, moreover, as the average Christ-follower was concerned Saul still remained under a slight mist of suspicion. He had not as yet proved his claim to be an authentic apostle and no opportunity had presented itself for preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles outside Cilicia.[23]

For that opportunity he must wait nine years. Sufficient emphasis has not, I think, been laid on the fact that the most successful years of Paul's missionary work fell within the more or less stable reign of Claudius and the end of Nero's five good years, the golden quinquennium while Seneca was still a power at the Roman court. In any case an extended missionary tour, such as Saul was destined to make in 45 A.D., would have been

folly during the reigns of Caligula and Herod Agrippa I, as a brief backward glance at the intervening history will show.

Interchapter

THE PREPARATION FOR THE GOSPEL

One year after Saul had disappeared from the scene, in 37 A.D., the Emperor Tiberius lay dying alone at a house on the road from Rome to Capri. The poison, it was said, had been administered by his own grandson, Gaius, son of that Germanicus whom Tiberius himself had cut off in the full bloom of his youth and popularity. As the emperor sank back on his couch, leaden with approaching death, Gaius stepped forth from hiding, snatched the ring of imperial office from his grandfather's clenched hand, and hastened the end by holding a pillow firmly to the royal nose.

So said the people, at any rate. And in their opinion Gaius committed a benevolent crime. The whole empire was hysterical with joy. Citizens, hilariously glad to be rid of this monster of blood and clay, this brute whose face (said popular songs) not even a mother could love, loosened their purse-strings and called for fatted calves. Within three months after Gaius smothered his grandfather, one hundred and sixty thousand sacrificial animals had bitten the dust of various towns. Luckless cattle, says a somewhat whimsical writer of the period, bellowed out a fervent prayer to Jupiter in behalf of their calves, praying that another ruler might not ascend the throne during *their* lifetimes.[1]

Caligula, Little Boots, as he was affectionately called by his father's soldiers, was truly a spoiled child of the regiment. Reared among troops at first and later at the togas' hems of his mother and two grandmothers, he eventually joined the retinue of Tiberius in Capri at the age of twenty. In spite of these handicaps he might have remained only a spoiled and harmless child had not his mistress Milonia Cæsonia, given him a love potion which

eventually drove him insane. His insanity took various forms: he caused his racehorse, The Flyer, to be made both consul and priest; he shoveled bushels of coins from a balcony to the delighted mob below; he appeared in the theater as various ones of the Olympian gods, and even as Venus in the silken robes and low slippers of a woman.

This passion for impersonating deity led to a crisis in Palestine. Tiberius had followed Augustus in attempting to stamp out Oriental religions at Rome, but he had not encouraged Jew-baiting in the provinces, rather he had condemned it in certain glaring instances. Caligula, however, enjoyed the sport. Eagerly he read the news dispatches from Alexandria, where a cruel anti-Semitic jest had recently led to a series of murders.

Shortly after his accession Caligula released Herod Agrippa 1 from prison, where he had been placed on a charge of treason preferred by Tiberius. Previous to this Agrippa, although the grandson of Herod the Great, had been merely another young Jewish man about Rome. Now Caligula presented him with a diadem, a golden chain equal in weight to the iron with which he had been shackled,—and the tetrarchies formerly belonging to Herod, Philip and Lysanias. On his way to Jerusalem Agrippa visited Alexandria. There the native wits dressed up a town idiot as a Hebrew ruler and mockingly paid him regal honors in Alexandria's chief gymnasium. The people, vastly delighted, called for further entertainment. Headed by a complacent Roman governor, the Alexandrians burned many Jewish families alive in their houses with slow, green fuel. Others were hauled into the theater and tortured if they refused to eat the pork set before them.

Caligula did punish the governor, who was hacked to pieces in a ditch, but he continued the pleasant sport on other soil in a way most gratifying to his childish egotism. He directed Petronius, Legate of Syria, to have fashioned and erect in the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem a colossal statue of himself, the emperor, as Imperial Jupiter. Petronius indulged in a series of diplomatic delays, for the Jews had left their crops and, flocking in sackcloth to the place where the statue was being made,

covered themselves with dust and ashes and rent the air with their howls. Famine threatened the country, but still Caligula persisted in his purpose. He sent a letter ordering Petronius to carry out the commission without delay—or commit suicide. Fortunately, the letter was delayed in transit by storms, and when it finally arrived Caligula had been slain in consequence of a plot by the captain of the Guards at Rome.

The next emperor, who succeeded to the throne in 41 A.D., while Saul was yet in Syria and Cilicia, was less a villain than a fool. Claudius had become a byword among his relatives, who kept this stuttering freak with his waving gestures and wambling feet out of sight as much as possible. A great glutton, he would lie on his back and snore open-mouthed after a meal, while the court jesters pelted him with fruit pits or put huge slippers on his hands, so that he might rub his eyes with them when he awoke. But at least he was a harmless scholar with a mild sense of humor and an essentially kind heart. After he had become emperor Claudius asserted that he had merely pretended to be stupid so that he might escape with his life during Caligula's reign. No one believed him and a book was shortly brought out with the title *On the Elevation of Fools.*[2] Not for nothing did Seneca in his skit, "The Pumpkinification of Claudius" condemn the dead emperor to rattle dice through all eternity in a box with no bottom.

Fool or not, Claudius ordered Petronius to suppress and punish all attempts to insult the Jews in Palestine and strictly forbade his subjects to offer prayers or sacrifices to the imperial statue.

Only Herod Agrippa I now stood in the way of the free preaching of Christianity. He still smarted from the insults heaped upon him at Alexandria. He was determined to show the Jews of Palestine that he was truly their friend. There seemed no better way of proving this than to persecute the Christian heretics. Agrippa determined first to stifle the movement at its apostolic source by killing James and imprisoning Peter. But Peter, whether by the slight financial miracle of bribing guards or by

convincing the jailers of his power as an authentic prophet, escaped from prison.

These events occurred in the spring and summer of 44 A.D. Late in the summer of the same year Agrippa went down to Cæsarea, the residence of the Procurator of Judea. News had just arrived in Palestine of Claudius' triumphant return from Britain and Agrippa made elaborate preparations for a festival with games and pageantry. On the second day of these shows he donned a magnificent robe of silver tissue and, attended by a royal retinue of sycophants and soldiers, proceeded pompously into the theater.

Among the audience were distinguished persons from the whole province, including a group of ambassadors from Tyre and Sidon. These cities depended on Palestine for their grain supply and just now, owing to an incipient famine and an unfortunate feud with King Herod, they were in dire straits. Having made preliminary overtures to the palm of Blastus, royal chamberlain, they had come into the theater for a formal hearing with the king.

The sun flashed on Herod's robe of silver and on his jeweled crown. Surrounded thus with a halo of brightness like an Olympian deity, the king made a florid harangue from the platform set for him. The gaping audience cried out, "It is the voice of a god, not a man."

Herod sat down and looked triumphantly about him. Then suddenly he was seized with the most terrible pains in his belly. At the same instant he looked up and saw an owl perched over his head on a rope which, suspended from strong masts, held a canopy over the crowd. A flash of memory took him back to Italy. Surely he had seen the same bird before the royal palace of Tiberius when he stood bound, awaiting sentence on a charge of treason. There, as he leaned against a tree in the extremity of his grief and listened to the hooting of the owl, a certain German prisoner had said to him: "You will be freed from prison. But do you remember, when you see this bird again, that you will then have only five days to live."

In agony Agrippa was carried out of the theater and, true to

the prophecy, lived but five days. The multitude mourned in sackcloth, with their wives and children, and besought God for Herod's recovery. The street below the high chamber where the king was lying resounded with the wailing of mourners.

But when the news of his death was published the soldiers went to Herod's house and hastily carried off the statues of his daughters, which they abused with might and main on the roofs of brothels. Thus Josephus. Photius asserts that the military men carried off not the statues, but the ladies themselves.[3]

CHAPTER XII

COMMON AND UNCLEAN

THE PREPARATION FOR SAUL'S PREACHING AMONG THE GENTILES WAS now almost complete. The stage had been set, ready for his appearance. One by one the three rulers who menaced the safety either of the Church or of the Jewish nation as a whole—Tiberius, Caligula, Herod Agrippa I—had become threatless corpses.

All over Judæa, Galilee, and Samaria the Church was at peace. It grew in unity, in reverence, and in numbers, thanks partly to the political situation and thanks partly to the efforts of Peter who visited the whole district, preaching, teaching, organizing, hypnotizing hypochondriac cripples onto their feet, raising the disciple Tabitha-Dorcas from a cataleptic sleep like that of death. But Peter's most significant move was his visit to the house of the Gentile centurion, Cornelius. Luke's account smacks strongly of the marvelous. While fasting and praying on the house-top, Peter fell into a trance. As in a vision he saw a sheet let down out of heaven containing unclean beasts, reptiles, and birds of all sorts. A voice urged Peter to kill and eat. Peter refused, saying, "I have never eaten anything common or unclean." The voice replied: "What God has made clean, do *you* not call common." Obeying the divine command, Peter went with the messengers from Cornelius, who even then were knocking below at the gate of the house of Simon the tanner. After a brief sermon to the household of Cornelius, Peter baptized them all.[1]

The real explanation for Peter's conduct is probably far less romantic. Some time before the Cornelius episode Peter, as I have already said, had an extended interview with Paul. Each received much from the other. And among the things which I am certain Peter received from Saul was the definite conviction that Gentiles ought to share in the Christian religion equally

with Jews. However, Peter was not the man to pursue a track without wavering. He had his scruples as a Jew. When the invitation came from Cornelius, Peter could not see his way clear to accept it without hesitation. Perhaps he feared what his neighbors or the church at Jerusalem might say. At any rate, he was asked to explain his actions when next he visited Jerusalem. He seems to have succeeded in justifying himself, for the Jews with amazing naïveté, glorified God and said: "So God has actually let the Gentiles repent and live!"[2] Later on Peter was not so sure of himself. Just before the council regarding circumcision which took place at Jerusalem about 50 A.D. he was carried away by anti-Gentile propaganda and refused to eat with the Gentiles as he had formerly done. It required a sharp curtain lecture from Paul, when the two got together, to bring Peter back into line and cause him to make a formal declaration in favor of Gentile equality at the council. But this is to get ahead of our story.[3]

While Peter was touring Judæa and the parts round about, other Christ-followers of marked Gentile sympathies were preaching elsewhere. Victims of the persecution which centered round Stephen went in some cases as far as Phœnicia, Syrian Antioch, and the island of Cyprus, heralding the good news of Christ. Some of them, natives of Cyrene in Africa and of the island of Cyprus, ventured in Syrian Antioch to preach not only among the Jews, but also among the heathen Greeks. This was natural, for these evangelists were, like Saul, Hellenists. Besides, it is possible that many of them had a chance to hear Saul preach in Jerusalem.

The mother church in Jerusalem, scenting heresy from afar, ordered Barnabas to investigate the situation at Antioch. Apparently they had been a little upset by the Cornelius episode and were not quite satisfied, after thinking things over, with Peter's account of himself. Barnabas found nothing there to cause alarm. The Gentile converts appeared just as zealous as the Jews (a statement which may mean that the Gentiles were not only good Christians, but were also more or less conforming to Jewish customs). He congratulated the disciples on their progress and urged them to stay by the cause as devotedly in the future as they had in the past.

Now Barnabas was a good man, faithful to Christ and full of enthusiasm (the Holy Spirit), but a pillar, rather than an oak through which God talked, like Saul. One glance at the situation convinced Barnabas that here was an opportunity for which Saul, a man by early education and environment admirably suited to deal with Gentiles, had long been waiting. He took ship for Tarsus and hunted Saul up.[4]

Thus, nine years after his retirement from Jerusalem, it happened that in the summer of 45 A.D. Saul found himself on the docks of Seleucia, a day's sail down the river Orontes from Syrian Antioch. As he progressed slowly up the river he could see one after another the sights which made Antioch famous throughout the ancient world and gave her the reputation of being, next to Alexandria and Rome, the greatest city of the empire.[5]

About ten miles from the harbor of Seleucia and five miles from the City of Antioch, on an eminence near the river, lay the Grove of Daphne, whose dense forest of cypress and laurel, whose thousand streams and fountains, made it a cool pleasure-spot even in the heat of summer. Here was a huge statue of Apollo, in bulk as large as a thousand men. The god was represented as bending down to pour out a libation from a golden cup to Mother Earth, who had sent up the laurel tree into which (alas!) the maiden Daphne was changed when Apollo hotly pursued her.

Apollo's attitude set the note for the whole of this famous pleasure-resort. The Grove of Daphne was the rendezvous for sacred prostitutes from all over the world, for women and men who yielded a part of the earnings of their bodies to the support of Apollo's temple. Throughout the ten-mile circumference of the grove men and women sought salvation by the power of Venus. Incautious strangers soon learned to step lightly under the laurels and cypresses.

Past the grove sail Barnabas and Saul, who come to save the world by the love of Christ. Perfumes from a hundred altars cause their Jewish nostrils to contract and their faces to wrinkle up into an orthodox grimace as they leave behind this spot where strict discipline forbade even a Roman soldier to enter.[6]

They near the city. On the south stand the crags of Mt. Silpius, one of them carved into a frowning semblance of old Charon, ferryman of the dead. On the north lay Antioch itself, traversed by a five-mile street with many colonnades, and bisected farther up by the river Orontes, which at this point flowed round an island, the residence in earlier times of Seleucid kings.

There was much work for Saul to do. The church was now in a flourishing condition, but the Gentiles of Antioch were notoriously fickle and giddy, prone to go a-whoring after the ladies of Daphne, to listen overlong to the high cracked voices of Atargatis' eunuch priests, or lose themselves in the delirious excitement of the festivals of Cybele and Attis.

The Book of Acts says never a word about the obstacles which Saul met in his preaching at Antioch. But it is obvious that he would meet everywhere the votaries of Oriental religion and would often have to confront them on their own ground in order to win converts or snatch the converts already made out of the dervish circle of corruption. A word, therefore, about the religion of the country seems here to be in order.

Atargatis, who is also identified with Astarte or Aphrodite, goddess of love, was a fish deity and at times was represented as a mermaid. Her sanctuaries swarmed with sacred fish which evidently symbolized her fructifying powers as a water deity. The chief temples of this singular creature were located at Hierapolis, about one hundred miles northeast of Antioch, at Ashteroth-Karnaim, just east of the Sea of Galilee, and at Ascalon, a city on the coast southwest of Jerusalem, mentioned in David's lament for King Saul.

The goddess was represented not only by a mythical mermaid, but also by very real and red-lipped prostitutes who fished for business in exquisitely-furnished booths outside the temple or in the wooded ground which surrounded the holy precinct. No preacher who traveled as Saul did through Syria and Asia Minor, through Cyprus and Greece, could fail to be accosted by these seductive ambassadors or by their sisters who likewise worshiped Venus in her various forms. No Jew like Saul could resist them without reflecting bitterly that for these and their gods his

forefathers forsook the religion of Jehovah and braved the thunders of Moses and Ezekiel.[7]

But the most characteristic missionaries of Oriental religion were the eunuch priests of the Syrian goddess. Apuleius, the Roman novelist, with some exaggeration and a little malice, describes them as they appear on tour among the villages of the empire, leading a decrepit donkey, on whose back rode the silken-robed image of their goddess. A bawdy and melancholy crew they were, for the most part paunchy, diseased, bald-headed old men with hoarse, prattling voices. Their faces were absurdly rouged, their eyes painted and bedizened. From the miters on their heads to the yellow shoes on their feet, from their silk and linen cloaks to their tunics of white or yellow with purple spear-stripes, they fairly shrieked their character as effeminate, begging priests.

Making a stand in the public place of a village or the court-yard of a rich man, the priests of the Syrian goddess would enthrall the people by the sheer madness of their antics.

A drum beats, cymbals clang, castanets rattle. The priests dance and leap about the image of the goddess, slowly, slowly. Louder and louder the drums, sharper the cymbals, faster and faster go the spinning dancers. They bite their naked bodies with their teeth. They gash their arms and thighs with swords, with knives. Madder and madder the dance, the priests whirling in circles till their long hair stands out. The ground is wet with their blood. Again and again the dervishes gash and bite themselves or lash their flesh with sharp knouts. The watching crowd shriek with them in the heat of mob ecstasy.

Suddenly, lost in the delirium of revival, a young athlete, the flower of the playground and the glory of the palæstra, breaks out from the ranks of the crowd. He seizes a knife. A gleam, a sudden slash. He is no longer a man. With glazed eyes, scarcely seeing the street before him, he runs down the thoroughfare and stops before a house. Over the wall go his members still warm and bleeding. A servant brings out women's clothes, as custom forces all householders so honored to do. The young man dons them and joins the ranks of the eunuch priests. Tomorrow

he will be an outcast, living in the mountain caves, roving the country with his sister androgynes. He has given heed too long to the deep note of the Oriental flute, the sharp clashing of cymbals, the beating of drums, the clacking of the castanets. In vain will he mourn for his lost manhood.

Now another and still another follow his example. Mad with pleasure, the crowd shower the priests with coins. Bags of fine meal, jars of fresh olive oil, bundles of clothes, are carried out and loaded onto the long-suffering donkey. Once outside town the *galli* (capons, as they were called, or roosters—in sorry jest) stop for an evening encampment and beguile the hours of night with quarreling over the loot, singing bursts of crack-voiced song, and indulging in the only amusements left to creatures of their kind. . . .[8]

The headquarters of these priests was Antioch and the Syrian country near it, where Saul was now preaching. In Galatia and throughout Asia Minor, territory which Saul would soon visit, flourished a somewhat similar religion, whose priests also practiced voluntary castration. The cult of Attis and Cybele, the Great Mother of the gods, was brought to Rome in 204 B.C. as a last measure for driving out Hannibal, some two hundred years before the birth of Saul, and had possibly to some extent penetrated Syria. In any case it is described by ancient authors in fuller detail than that of Atargatis and may fitly be included here for comparison and contrast.

In the beginning, so legend relates, the Phrygian goddess Cybele-Agdistis, bore a mighty son. The gods, terrified at his strength, emasculated him and from his blood sprang an almond tree. On a certain day Nana, daughter of the River Sangarius, which flows through Galatia, and by God's providence a virgin till that moment, came out of the city and beheld the tree beautiful with fruit. She partook of the almonds and straightway conceived and bore a man child, whom she put out to die on the mountains. But the lad was saved alive among the wild goats of the forest and nurtured by some shepherds, with whom he grew to manhood.

So lovely was this divine human that the very goddess Agdistis

fell in love with him. But Attis, for that was his name, desired to wed the daughter of the King of Pessinus in Galatia. The goddess, enraged, drove him mad and he fled to the mountains. There at the foot of a tree he cut off the distinguishing marks of his sex and from the red unpolluted blood sprang violets as a garland for the tree. Distraught with grief, Agdistis fell at the feet of Father Zeus and besought him to preserve the body of her beloved from corruption. A tomb was then raised to preserve the untainted flesh of Attis on Mt. Dindymus in the sacred place of Cybele-Agdistis among lofty pines.

On the middle day of the month of March, in Rome and in many other places throughout the empire, a group of eunuch priests sallied forth to the forest and soon returned with a great pine tree, violet-enwreathed, a symbol of one of the severed members of Attis. This they prepared to resemble a corpse and placed it in an empty grave. The spring winds howling through the trees were not shriller than the mournful cries of priests and initiates as they roamed over the mountains, searching for the lost Attis.

On the twenty-fourth of March fell the Day of Blood, the climax of their grief. To the sound of drum and cymbal, castanet and sensual flute, they dance about the altar of Cybele. Intoxicated with grief for the lost god, a young initiate, eyes rolling and jaw agape, grasps a dagger. With one blow he severs his virile members and flings them to the ground, or hurls them into the lap of the goddess Cybele. As the god has suffered, so must his worshipers suffer, that they too may become immortal. Soon a harvest of red strength blossoms on the ground.

But not even this sacrifice can call the god back to life. Sorrowing, the worshipers set themselves to fast and watch in the darkness until long after midnight. Then a cry thrills through the sanctuary. The mystics rejoice, for they know that their god is risen. They hasten to the open grave, where a great light now flashes in the darkness. Happy now are the devout initiates who have been buried up to their necks in earth; like the god they will be resurrected to die no more. As the priest anoints the lips of the watchers with oil he comforts them with these words:

"Be of good cheer, ye believers. Your god has been saved. To you likewise there shall come salvation from your trouble."

With joy the votaries greet their holy bridegroom, their New Light. The saved ones eat from the drum and drink from the cymbal of the god.[9] The night ends in wild carnival and dawn comes unwelcome to the exhausted revelers.

Similar to the rites of the Day of Blood was the taurobolium, the slaying of the bull, a ceremony which did not attain prominence in Italy until the beginning of the second century A.D., but which in Asia Minor undoubtedly existed at a much earlier period. Wearing a golden crown and fillets about his head, the worshiper enters a deep pit over which is a scaffolding of perforated planks. Over the pit a bull, bright with golden ornaments and fragrant with flowers, is slaughtered by a thrust of the consecrated spear. Down upon the cheeks and ears, the lips and nostrils of the worshiper runs the bull's blood. So eager is the votary to absorb the virtue of the blood that he pours it over his eyes and drinks it with greedy haste. Like the Christian rising from the waters of baptism, the votary of Cybele who undergoes the taurobolium is born again to divine life. He has been purged of his old sins and made a new creature. . . .[10]

To such practices were the Syrians devoted. All this was not, of course, a universal accompaniment to the worship of Attis. Every ancient religion in the first century, which dreamed so constantly of saviors high and low, had a noble as well as a baser side. Otherwise hard-working people would have hesitated before they lent their support to the cults. We should remember, here and throughout our consideration of the mystery cults, that much of our information comes from Christian writers, who were not above lying in order to prove a point against the pagans and who naturally judged pagan cults by the external excesses which any fool could see if he looked long enough. It would be as sensible to condemn the Christian eucharist because members of the church at Corinth became shockingly drunk while celebrating it, or to reject the institution of the Lord's Supper as frivolous because disciples at Antioch (in post-Pauline times) danced a wild, Dionysiac fling about the sacred table as to dismiss pagan

rites with the adjectives base and degrading. Most of the more philosophical interpretations of these myths relating to the birth and death of vegetation, to earth goddesses and their divine sons, were kept a profound secret. The members of the cult swore to keep it so, and it is to their credit that we have only trickles of information seeping through the arcane wall.

Saul, when he preached to the Gentiles of Antioch, must often have witnessed such orgies. If we needed any proof, we might turn to the Acts of John, an apocryphal work by one who calls himself Prochoros, in which it is related that when the beloved apostle saw a crowd go mad with music and wine and religion and, rushing into a "filthy temple" (Prochoros likes that phrase), cohabit madly there, he brought the idol-den down on the spot.[11] Saul saw such things and loathed them. He could appreciate the fact that in their misinformed way these people were striving after immortality as much as immorality, after salvation from the ills and pains of life, from the inevitable dissolution of death. But, being a Jew, he could not countenance public immorality. Writing to the church at Rome in a passage which I have quoted before, Paul thinks of the sights he has seen in Tarsus, in Antioch, in Corinth. His wrath blazes out as it undoubtedly did when he preached at the church in Singon Street or on the street corners of Antioch: "For this reason God gave them up to the passions of dishonor. . . . The men, forsaking the natural use of the woman, burned in their desire after one another, men with men working shamefulness and receiving in their own bodies the reward which they deserved."[12]

That was the fate of men who worshiped snakes and birds and mermaids.[13] That was the delusion which created such monstrosities as the eunuch priests of Atargatis. As one reads the words of Paul there rises up the picture of a Syrian meadow, white under a full moon, men and women linked promiscuously with an ardor hotter than the Syrian night, priests dancing, priests playing upon flutes and drums and cymbals. And an image, too, of Paul late at night in the street called Singon, where the disciples met, preaching the gospel of another divinely-begotten God, human yet more than human, a God who, like Attis,

promised salvation but whose life and works and suffering and death were separated by an impassable gulf from those of the bloody cult gods. A picture of Paul quietly stitching goat's-hair cloth after the crowd have gone, Paul praying below the death's head crag of Mt. Silpius for those whose wild cries he can hear as they reel home from their religious debauch, Paul reflecting that there is death in this city as well as sculptured death on the mountain above it. . . .

Of this we find nothing in the Book of Acts. There can, however, be no question that Saul, dealing as he did with Jews and Gentiles, had to combat just that sort of religion, which seemed on the surface to promise the same kind of salvation as Christianity, to exact the same personal devotion from its worshipers as the apostle expected from his disciples who left the world and followed Christ. Not for nothing does the decree of the Jerusalem Council warn Gentiles against idols and *porneia* (fornication in general, but especially relations with prostitutes). Not for nothing does Paul again and again warn his own converts that those guilty of *porneia* cannot share the kingdom of God.

In Acts we are merely told that Saul and Barnabas were guests of the church for a whole year and taught the people in considerable numbers. Among the converts, as we have already seen, there were from the beginning both Jews and Gentiles. The ordinary preaching, if Saul followed his later custom, was done in Jewish synagogues in connection with the regular daily and weekly meetings. But making converts was one thing, holding them another. Saul did not find every prospect ready-made among the Gentile proselytes. No, I can imagine him halting a young man about to give his manhood to Atargatis, plucking an erring Christian by the cloak-fringe out of a circle round the dancers of the Syrian goddess.[14] Paul later said, and he must then have believed, that it was the duty of the strong to support and restore the weak.

In pagan Antioch the Christian movement was evidently received with interest, and a little contempt. The citizens of this city were noted for their wit, which spared neither god, man, nor emperor. When the bearded Julian visited them, they cried out

as he rode along: "Goat! Goat! Shave it off and weave it into ropes."[15] They were famous, moreover, for the aptness of the nicknames they invented. And in this case their usual ingenuity did not fail them. They knew merely that the members of this strange sect believed in some sort of deity called Christ. They therefore dubbed them "Christers." In such a spirit were the disciples "first called Christians at Antioch."[16]

During these days certain prophets came down from Jerusalem. On their trip they had had opportunity to observe the condition of the crops, which was alarmingly bad. Their spokesman, Agabus, prophesied that famine would visit the entire world.

It needed no special gift of prophecy to make this prediction at Antioch in 46 A.D. The Emperor Claudius was already endeavoring to relieve Palestine, which was in genuine distress. Helena, Queen of Abdiene, a proselyte, had sent officers from her palace in Acra posthaste to Egypt and Cyprus, so that they might bring grain and figs for the starving Jews in Jerusalem.[17]

The solemn words of the prophet did, however, enforce immediate action. Among the substantial small tradesmen and manufacturers who formed the backbone of the church at Antioch, as they did also in other pagan cities, there was comparative security from famine and plenty of money. The disciples therefore augmented the poor fund to which every Friday they contributed after the Jewish fashion and sent it to Jerusalem in charge of Barnabas and Saul.[18]

Only one disagreement, seemingly a trifling one but destined to have important consequences, marred that visit. Saul and Barnabas had been so ill-advised as to take along with them the Gentile Christian, Titus. Their contribution for the poor had hardly been announced when the Pharisaic group among the Jerusalem Christians raised a terrific outcry. Titus had never been circumcised! They insisted that this be done at once. Paul did not yield for a single instant to the claims of these "traitors, false brothers creeping in to spy out the freedom we enjoy in Christ Jesus." As will be made plain in a later chapter, Paul had refused to impose upon his Gentile converts the burden of the Law. And this was his first open clash with the Pharisaic party,

who felt that such tolerance was nothing less than treason to Moses. The upshot of the argument was that Paul not only carried his point, but was fully approved as an apostle with a special commission to the Gentiles, while Peter was designated to carry on missionary work among the Jews.[19]

Returning to Antioch after an absence of some weeks, Barnabas and Saul brought with them John-Mark, son of a widow prominent in the Jerusalem church and cousin to Barnabas. At this juncture of the narrative we get our first glimpse of early church organization. In Antioch, where the congregation was preponderantly Gentile, the Christians were headed by prophets and teachers instead of being governed by presbyters and elders appointed in imitation of synagogue officers. The teachers apparently were concerned with preserving and transmitting accurately by word of mouth the story of Christ's life (from them doubtless Saul had received most of his own information). The prophets were occupied with inspirational interpretation and exhortation. However the two classes do not seem to have been sharply distinguished and may at all events have been supplemented by the regular elders and deacons. Paul himself was not only a prophet in the Christian sense of one who interprets and inspires by new revelations, but also a teacher, a preserver of oral tradition.

Shortly after their return from Jerusalem Barnabas and Saul met in conference with the prophets and teachers of the church at Antioch, Symeon Niger, Lucius of Cyrene, and Manæn, a former courtier (or perhaps foster-brother, playmate) of Herod Antipas the Tetrarch. Having fasted and prayed, these officials laid their hands on Barnabas and Saul as a sign of blessing and consecration to their work among the Gentiles. Having thus been approved by the church at Jerusalem and especially set apart by the church at Antioch, the two apostles prepared for a journey, the exact route of which had evidently not yet been determined.

The voice of the Holy Spirit, as the Christians put it, came with mysterious suddenness and plainness, sending Barnabas and Saul forth to Cyprus. But to state the matter more rationally, the apostles' plans for a missionary trip had long been maturing.

There were usually reasons in sober fact for the Holy Spirit's sudden directions. Cyprus, the destination of the two missionaries, is within sight of Seleucia and easily reached during the sailing season by a great variety of vessels. It was the birthplace of Barnabas and doubtless the home now of his many friends and kinsmen. Besides, it contained a great many Jewish people who had been attracted there originally when Augustus rented out the copper mines of Cyprus to Herod the Great. And finally the island had previously been worked by missionaries going out from Jerusalem after the death of Stephen. For all these reasons Cyprus seemed the logical place at which to begin a preaching tour. Perhaps Barnabas' original intention had been merely to evangelize his native island. But, as we shall see, further developments took him far afield.[20]

CHAPTER XIII

APHRODITE'S ISLAND

ESCORTED, AS WAS CUSTOMARY, BY A DELEGATION FROM THE CHURCH, John-Mark, Barnabas, and Saul went down the long, glittering Avenue of Colonnades to the river docks, where they took a small boat for Seleucia.[1] Silpius with its death's-head Charon receded little by little as the apostles and their assistant sailed slowly by the Grove of Daphne, passed, near at hand, the site of a new stadium which was to cost Antioch more than one hundred thousand dollars, and disembarked after a trip of some fifteen miles in the inner harbor of the fortress port. Situated on a rocky bluff and surrounded on all sides by natural or artificial walls, Seleucia looked out to Cyprus and the sea. The island mountains, plainly discernible in the blue distance, invited Saul and Barnabas to their new venture.

In the outer harbor, separated from the inner one by huge floodgates, it was easy to find a ship sailing for Cyprus, since vessels, laden with local produce to be exchanged for the wine, wheat, oil, salt, and copper ore of the island, left Seleucia almost daily. On such combination freight and passenger ships Saul probably made most of his journeys by water. The *Castor and Pollux*, for instance, in which he took passage for Rome, was an Egyptian wheat-freighter.[2]

A few hours sailing brought them to the town of Salamis, center of the salt-mining industry. Here Saul and Barnabas stopped to preach in the Jewish synagogues. What success they had with the industrial Jewish population we are not told, but we are informed that Mark served in the capacity of assistant, probably acting as secretary and attending to baptisms.[3] When they left Salamis, as they did eventually, and struck out into the fertile plain which ran for a distance of one hundred miles

roughly west to Paphos, the seat of the Roman proconsul, Mark would probably take charge of the bedding necessary for an over-night encampment.

No conversions and no miracles (sure sign always that the Gospel is going well) are recorded during this journey, though, according to Acts, Saul and Barnabas made a leisurely progress through the whole island.[4] The invitation (equivalent to an imperial command) which came to them upon their arrival in Paphos to present the Gospel before Sergius Paulus must have been a welcome change after the courteously indifferent reception which they had previously met.

Sergius Paulus, the proconsul, appears to have been a man of some culture and is thought to have written a treatise on the antiquities of Cyprus.[5] Luke describes him as a shrewd official, but for all his shrewdness he seems to have had, like many other noble Romans, a weakness for superstition and magic. In his suite was a certain Bar-Jesus, astrologer and false prophet (false because a renegade Jew and false because he was not a Christain). Up to this time Bar-Jesus had enjoyed the proconsul's undivided confidence.[6]

Bar-Jesus represented a type common in antiquity. On the upper end of the scale were men like Bar-Jesus, persons like the attendants of Tiberius on Capri, posing as scientists who by their knowledge of the stars could predict the course of empire and determine the personal policy and fate of rulers. On the lower end were the quacks and shysters who hung about race-tracks and gladiatorial arenas, offering to forecast the outcome of contests there, or those who in the market-place gave advice to all and sundry, counseling the common people when to marry, when to build a house, when to sail the sea and when to remain at home.

Apuleius describes one such fellow, a tall, dark Assyrian, at the moment when he is plying his trade amid a great crowd of people. A merchant has already deposited the equivalent of twenty dollars on the Assyrian's table and is waiting for a horoscope to be cast regarding a sea voyage which he expects to take if the stars prove favorable. At this very instant up runs a young noble-

man, embraces the astrologer, and is embraced in turn. "How did you fare on your trip?" asks the quack. The youngster blurts out the whole story: he has suffered shipwreck, lost all that remained of his property at the hands of thieves, and barely escaped with his own life. This is too much for the merchant. He promptly snatches up his money and runs away, while the crowd roars.[7]

But conscious as the ancients, Sergius Paulus, and the rest may have been that many astrologers were complete frauds, they could never wholly dispense with this breed. Again and again the *magi* were banished from Rome; time after time they returned. The greatest Romans, from Pompey to Julius Cæsar, from Augustus to Augustulus, made use of their services on important occasions. Indeed, it is said that some wealthy persons maintained private astrologers, who, when a child was about to be born, mounted a tower facing the four winds and, at the sound of the gong announcing a birth, worked out the infant's first horoscope without delay. The story of the star of Bethlehem and the *magi* or astrologers from the east is evidently an attempt to connect Christ with popular beliefs of the day. Nor has the superstition died out. Astrologers today make capital of every class, from laboringmen to college professors, from race-track touts to capitalists. I have personally known a great many college students who would not take a final examination before consulting their favorite medicine-man.

But astrology was no doubt only one weapon in Bar-Jesus' arsenal. In ancient times magic was closely connected with the science of the stars and astrologers often embraced both professions. It was easy for a skilled operator to dress up his pseudoscience in supernatural garments. Given proper facilities, he could produce stage thunder, show gods walking about by the aid of mirrors and trap doors, present an illusion of gods and men treading hot coals, simulate talking gods by the simple expedient of a crane's windpipe run through a curtain into the head of a statue, represent flaming demons and all the terrors of hell by means of wall-drawings sketched with inflammable liquid.

These devices, along with mumbled spells in a curious hodge-podge of Hebrew, Greek, Egyptian, and Chaldæan, immensely impressed the popular mind. Certainly the early Christians resorted to magicians and were subject to the fatalistic temper which astrology engendered. Paul, in teaching that Christ has conquered all the powers of the air, angelic rulers, and authorities presiding over the baleful planets, all the clap-trap in short of magic and astrology, acknowledged the prevalence of such beliefs among his disciples and fought through his writings against the tribe of Bar-Jesus, as he did in person now at the court of Sergius Paulus.[8]

Bar-Jesus, as an experienced court astrologer, knew the advantages of his position and was determined not to lose them. He had probably lined his pockets already (like Rasputin in the Russian court) by selling tips to local persons, anxious for the proconsul's favor. He was a past master, no doubt, of all the arts of gossip, scandal, and abuse as well as those of magic and astrology. Now he turned the whole battery upon Paul and sought to weaken the hold which the gospel was evidently obtaining over Sergius Paulus.

So Saul (who is also called Paul), filled with the Holy Spirit (of righteous anger), looked Bar-Jesus straight in the eye and said: "You son of the devil, full of every kind of deceit and trickery, you enemy of all goodness, will you never stop twisting the Lord's straight ways?"

Then, following up the advantage he had gained by meeting Bar-Jesus on his own ground of abuse, Paul fell into the oracular tone of the *magos* and prophet. His eyes flashed. His puny figure seemed to gain height. "And now behold, the hand of the Lord will fall upon you and you will be blind, not seeing the sun for a season!"

A temperamental man, accustomed through his own controlled emotions to play upon the feelings of others and make them see or hear what he wanted them to, Bar-Jesus had now met a man of stronger will power. Charlatan though he was, he still had faith enough in his craft to believe a convincing demonstration.

Here was higher magic than his own, true magic. The swooning mist of amazement and chagrin came over his eyes. He staggered, almost fell, was taken by the hand as he groped about. This, he felt, was the end of Bar-Jesus the astrologer.

The proconsul, too, was dumbfounded at what had happened and believed in the teaching of the Lord.[9]

Whatever view we take of the episode, we must note that for the first time in this island Paul had won a notable success. The fact that Luke introduces the incident of the astrologer's blindness shows this clearly, for in Acts fruitful preaching is almost always said to be attended by miracles of one sort or another. If the proconsul was actually converted and baptized, he was one of the few "noble and wise" who entered the early church.[10]

So notable, in fact, was the victory that it is marked by a change of name. Saul, who before this time is mentioned only after Barnabas and always by his Jewish name, now becomes Paul, the Roman name which the man of Tarsus consistently uses in his own epistles and which even the author of II Peter applies to him.[11] We may conjecture that when the proconsul or one of his attendants asked Paul the three questions usually put to strangers (What is you name? Whence do you come? What is your business—or religion?) the apostle replied: "I am a Roman citizen, Paul of the province of Cilicia and the city of Tarsus, a follower of the Christ." Paul wanted to make it very clear to the proconsul that *he* was no Oriental magician like Bar-Jesus, but a Roman citizen like Sergius Paulus himself.

Other theories have been advanced: that Saul was called Paul because of his slight stature (the word Paulus being in Latin a diminutive signifying "least"), that he was called "least" because of his humility as a former persecutor of the Christians,[12] that he was given the name as a memorial of his victory over the pagan official, Sergius Paulus. But the fact is, as I have previously pointed out, that it had long been customary for Jews to bear two names, one their Hebrew designation and the other its equivalent or substitute in a foreign tongue. Saul, being the son of a Roman citizen, had perhaps been called Paul from infancy.[13]

From this time forth in the Book of Acts Paul appears as the

dominant figure and Barnabas as a subordinate very much in the background.

Christianity was being preached in the proconsul's residence, but Venus-Aphrodite was worshiped in the ancient sanctuary of Paphos, the old hill-city two miles from the seaport Paphos where Saul and Barnabas were now about to set sail for Asia Minor. Aphrodite was venerated in various places throughout the island, but at Old Paphos incense had steamed on her altars and garlands covered them for at least a thousand years.[14] Here the goddess was represented, not as a woman, but as a phallic cone, clothed in woman's robes. No bloody sacrifices were here offered on her altar, only pure fire and incense and the fire of virgins, who unloosed their girdles for the first time in the sanctuary of Venus. An ancient legend relates that the chaste women of Cyprus repulsed Venus when she rose there shortly after her birth from the sea-foam. As a punishment she compelled them to prostitute themselves to everyone who arrived in Paphos by land or sea.[15]

The custom of sacred prostitution, which seems so strange to a modern reader, was fairly widespread in Paul's time. Every woman of ancient Babylon is said to have been compelled once during her life to sit in the temple of Aphrodite and have intercourse with some stranger. Many rich women drove to the temple in covered carriages, attended by great retinues of servants. But the majority seated themselves in the precinct of Aphrodite, wearing crowns of cord on their heads and burning bran as incense. Everywhere there was bustle and confusion, with crowds of men and women coming and going.

Up and down the precinct ran lanes marked off by ropes, through which the men passed to make their choice. When once a woman had taken her seat there she could not leave until some stranger had thrown money into her lap and enjoyed her outside the temple, saying first as he tossed his coins, "I ask for you in the name of Mylitta [Aphrodite]." Those whose cords had been broken flouted the others, old and ugly, who often had to wait three and four years until they could find a customer.[16]

There were sacred courtesans connected with the worship of Venus under her various names in temples scattered from the eastern to the western part of the Roman Empire, at Zela and Comanes on the Hellespont, at Byblos and Heliopolis in Syria, at Tyre and Sidon, at Ephesus, at Paphos in Cyprus, at Corinth, at Eryx in Sicily. A room was specially devoted to harlots in the shrine of the Eleusinian Mysteries northwest of Athens. These slaves of the god might free themselves if they saved up enough money from that part of their earnings which did not go to the upkeep of the temple. But ordinarily women had no wish to leave a calling which was sufficiently reputable to call forth a poem from one of the greatest lyric poets who ever lived. Pindar writes thus in their honor to Xenophon of Corinth, who had vowed a hundred prostitutes to Aphrodite as a thank-offering for his victory in the Olympic Games: "O young girls who give all strangers hospitality, priestesses of the goddess Persuasion in rich Corinth, you that burn the yellow tears of fresh frankincense, often fluttering heavenward in your thoughts to the mother of Loves, celestial Aphrodite. To you she has granted without reproach to pluck on lovely couches beauty's delicate fruit."[17]

The girls of Venus, tending the temple precinct or walking the beach in Cyprus and keeping a sharp lookout for all strangers, considered sailors fair game. They doubtless came shrieking and laughing down upon the crew of the boat which was to take Paul and Barnabas and Mark to the cost of Pamphylia. On the beach they sold their personal favors, as had been their custom from time immemorial, and there, too, they hawked curious little silver models of the Venus cone, amulets thought to preserve seafaring men from shipwreck and danger in all its forms.

Aphrodite offered another diversion at this time of the year, a rite which was celebrated by women, but for which the sailors may have remained out of sheer curiosity. Paul and Barnabas had probably reached Cyprus during the month of March, when the season for ancient navigation opened. If, as Luke indicates, they made a leisurely progress through the island, they would in all probability not prepare to leave it before summer,

the period at which the Cyprians kept festival to Adonis. According to the classic legend Adonis was a lovely Syrian youth who took no joy save in the pleasures of the chase. He was beloved of Aphrodite, but he spurned her every advance, disregarded her every warning, and continued to spend his time in hunting. Finally he was killed by a savage wild boar. Bitterly Aphrodite mourned for him and longed to bring him back to life. In the cult interpretation of the myth Adonis *did* return from death, for as Aphrodite was the mother of all living things, so Adonis was a god of fresh water and vegetation who died in the heat of summer and in spring was resurrected. Like the rites of Sandon in Tarsus, this cult involved a marriage between the omnipotent Mother and the less-powerful but more active worker deity; it included mourning for the god and formal rejoicing over his resurrection.

When parching summer drew on and the people of Paphos sat under canopies in the shadow of the narrow streets, preparations for Adonis' festival began. Suddenly in honor of the god little potted plants appeared on the flat roofs. Throughout the markets and on the streets small cakes, made in the shape of phallus and yoni, were offered for sale. On the first day of the festival proper the women and a few curious men swarmed to Aphrodite's temple. Here upon silver couches under an artificial bower where birds fluttered about, the divine pair were displayed ready for their mystic marriage. All through the shrine toy-gardens, offered by devout women, gave forth luscious odors repeated by caskets of alabaster and myrrh, housing precious scents from Ind and Araby. The pious looked on and murmured rapturously:

> "How bright, how lifelike on his silvern couch
> Lies with youth's bloom scarce shadowing his cheek,
> That dear Adonis, lovely e'en in death!"[18]

A handful of tough-minded men in the audience swear at the pigeon-prattling of the ladies and damn their ohing and ahing quite audibly. Then all is reverent silence as an accomplished

vocalist strikes up the dirge for Adonis, which ends on a hopeful note, a prophecy of the hero's resurrection:

"O sweet Adonis, none but thee of the children of gods and men
'Twixt overworld and underworld doth pass and pass again . . .
Adonis sweet, Adonis dear,
Be gracious for another year;
Thou'rt welcome to thine own alway,
And welcome we'll both cry to-day
And next Adonis-tide."[19]

Reluctantly the women tear themselves away. They've left their husbands at home without dinner. And, you know what men are like, my dear. They're all vinegar; you don't dare come near them when they're kept waiting.

Next day the joy of the mystic marriage has turned to mourning. Priests of Adonis lift the keen, "Woe, woe for Adonis!" Throughout the city the cry is repeated. While drums beat, cymbals clash, Phrygian flutes wail, women tipsy, women maudlinly drunk, stand on the house-tops wailing, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, rending their garments, furrowing their cheeks with long finger nails.[20] "Woe, woe for Adonis!" Gradually grief-stricken votaries form in procession and advance upon the temple. Once more the singer begins a dirge, this time unrelieved by a single note of joy:

"I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills in his beauty and death;
The white tusk of a boar has transpierced his white thigh.
Cytherea grows mad at his thin, gasping breath,
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory,
And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows,
The rose fades from his lips, and upon them just parted
The kiss dies the goddess consents not to lose,
Though the kiss of the Dead cannot make her glad-hearted:
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews."

Through the gamut of grief sweeps the song. The hunting-dogs of Adonis howl about him. Aphrodite insanely calls upon her lord to wait for one more embrace, one more kiss with his living mouth and warm-streaming breath. But he answers not.

His mouth will never answer again. No more is the marriage cry of "Hymen! Hymen!" raised. The Loves have shorn their bright curls; they destroy their bows and arrows; they wash the sweet wound.

"Weep no more in the wood, Cytherea, thy lover!
So, well: make a place for his corse in thy bed,
With the purples thou sleepest in, under and over.
He's fair though a corse—a fair corse, like a sleeper.
Lay him soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold
When, beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper
Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold.
Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together
The crowns and the flowers; since he died from the place,
Why, let all die with him; let blossoms go wither,
Rain myrtles and olive-buds down on his face.
Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall a-pining,
Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is swept."[21]

Swayed by the singer, the women lash themselves into a frenzy. Eyes roll wildly. Breasts heave with a tumult of erotic emotion. Razors and scissors flash out. Locks golden and black strew the temple floor in mourning for Adonis. Women who refuse to shear their heads for the god are condemned on the morrow to receive strangers in the market, which for the time being is closed to all others. The wages of their encounters will go to the treasury of Aphrodite's temple. But few cling to their hair. Closely-guarded throughout the remainder of the year in their homes, harnessed as many of them must have been to slow-paced, wheezing husbands, the women of Cyprus now yield themselves gladly to the will of the beautiful, the pink and white Adonis, lord of Lady Aphrodite.[22]

The wailing in the temple rises higher and higher. The women can no longer contain their sorrow indoors. Each one seizes an image of the god, dressed in the garments of death, and rushes with it to the nearest water. Into the sea, into springs, into rivers the women hurl the dead god with howls of grief. All that day and far into the night their laments continue.

But on the next morning, miraculously, Adonis shakes off the sleep of death. He moves, stirs, rises from the grave. And before

the very eyes of his worshipers he ascends into heaven. With mingled joy and sorrow the women bid hail and farewell to Adonis. During the dull days of the coming year they will live on the memory of this festival. . . . .[23]

Even if Paul never saw the rites of Adonis during his youth or in the course of his travels, if he never heard votaries wailing for the dead god, which is hardly conceivable, he would certainly learn of this cult from impressionable women converts who had abandoned Adonis for the Christ, hoping to find in the one what they missed in the other, but desiring sometimes after conversion to "return to the weak and beggarly elements."[24] It is not difficult to imagine what Paul's attitude would be toward such vacillation or with what arguments he would bring his disciples back into the fold. He could, I think, have echoed the words of Philo the Jew, who says that for a disciple of Moses to teach or learn pagan rites of this kind is nothing short of blasphemy.[25] What a ghastly parody is this mourning for Adonis, he might say, what a ghastly parody of the sorrow which true believers feel when at the Lord's Supper they contemplate the suffering of the crucified and resurrected Nazarene! What a contrast between the life and death of Christ, the fisher of men, and Adonis, hunter of the wild boar, god of the fleshly sorrow that brings death and vice worse than death in its train![26] Yet, whether consciously or unconsciously, Paul found himself preaching the mystery of Christ in terms of the mystery religions, because that was the language which his disciples most frequently understood.[27]

CHAPTER XIV

MARK'S DESERTION

PAUL AND BARNABAS AND MARK PROBABLY REACHED PAMPHYLIA when the blinding heat of summer was pouring down and cicadas shrilled from every vine-terrace on the mountains.

For a man who had just completed a long walking-tour, Pamphylia at this season was a most unhealthy spot. Like a crescent broiling-pan it sizzled in summer below the high Taurus range. The transition from the climate of Cyprus was so sudden that Paul may have contracted malaria.

Such a supposition would explain to a large degree Paul's much-disputed thorn (stake) in the flesh, the malady which was still enfeebling him after he reached Galatia and which made his presence repulsive when he suffered so acutely there. The alternations of fever and chill, the torturing headaches which are indeed like a stake thrust into the flesh, the pains that stab through the eyes, the humiliation the patient feels at sudden loss of strength when he supinely relaxes on his bed and cares not a fig whether he lives or dies—all these accompaniments of malaria fit in well with what Paul tells us of his affliction. Besides, Paul is described at about this period and in ancient art is always represented as being bald. A violent attack of malaria would account also for this.[1]

A trip to the mountain country about Pisidian Antioch was precisely the remedy which Paul needed. For the sake of protection against the robbers who denned in the hills and canyons of the Taurus range Paul and Barnabus doubtless joined one of the caravans in which the people of the coastal region round Perga were now moving with their herds and household gear to the high country northward.[2]

John-Mark did not join the apostles on their further march.

He returned to home and mother in Jerusalem. Paul regarded this act as downright desertion and on his second missionary journey refused to take Mark with him, a resolution which caused a bitter quarrel between himself and Barnabas. Paul's nerves were at this time taut and shaken. Three times he had prayed the Lord to give him strength and take away this humiliating curse, but the Lord had said that strength must be perfected in weakness. Perhaps, thought Paul, the visitation had been sent on purpose to humble him because of his success in Cyprus.[3]

It is very possible that the apostle's original plan did not include a trip into Pamphylia and Pisidia, through the various perils of rivers and robbers. Paul seems always to have worked out his itinerary in action. Now the comparative failure of his general campaign in Cyprus, combined with his notable success in converting Sergius Paulus, urged Paul on to a new field. He was not at any time an easy man to deal with in certain moods. Now, weakened by malaria, encouraged and discouraged by the result of his Cyprian mission, he must have felt that Mark's desertion was the last straw. Barnabas knew and understood Paul's sensitive, humble, arrogant nature. Mark was young and probably a little afraid of impending danger. Before Paul's death Mark had proved himself a true worker and a comfort to the apostle in prison. Now he caught a boat returning from Perga down the eight-mile course of the river Cestrus, and so proceeded to Jerusalem.[4] Well, let him go, the traitor! There was still Barnabas. Barnabas understood.

A motley and disorganized Oriental crew it was which left Perga at dawn and followed the banks of the Cestrus past the lofty hill sanctuary of Diana into the highlands—cattle and goats, lambs and children, soldiers and civilians, pack-asses with tents and implements for cooking. The air of the plain was warm and enervating. Then, as the road climbed, clumps of oleanders and groups of pomegranate trees gave way to oaks, rustling in the brisker mountain breeze. Along the canyon sides the oaks were replaced by darker pines which climbed as far as the blue rim of the sky.

When Paul visited regions like these in the spring, streams,

brimful with snow-water, broke out mysteriously round the base of the cliffs; waterfalls filled the ravines with their roaring and sent plumes of spray floating over the green tops of the lower pines. Then truly there were "perils of rivers."[5] A water course which had been a dry bed could overnight become an angry torrent. Now the streams were sadly depleted, but even at this season men and animals were sometimes carried away in the fording of dangerous rivers. Along the road which Paul and Barnabas traveled stood numerous inscriptions, recording now the thanks of a man saved from drowning, now the sorrow of friends for a highway policeman slain by bandits at his post.

The Emperor Claudius had made every effort to stamp out robbers in Asia Minor. He had ordered new roads to be built through dangerous mountain passes. He had stationed patrols along them at various vantage-points. His soldiers were constantly smoking out brigands or sealing them up in their own caves. But enough of the tribe still remained when Paul and Barnabas took the Antioch road to make the name robber a genuine bugaboo for grown-ups and children alike. It was no idle warning which mothers shouted out when youngsters dropped behind to recover a straying lamb or pick flowers by the roadside.

Disguised by ghostly masks, terrible with swords and staves and torches, the robber bands would swoop down on a caravan just at nightfall, pillage, burn, slay to their hearts' content, and then disappear as suddenly as they had come with a brace of wealthy men and buxom women to hold for ransom in fortress caves so cunningly hidden in winding, tree-choked canyons that only a determined searching-party could find them. Ordinarily the ransom was paid without question. Few citizens had the courage of an old miser who saw the hand of a robber chieftain creeping slowly in through the door-hole and promptly nailed it fast. Timid burghers paid without question—and secretly admired these gangsters. With fear and trembling they read the story of the brigand chief who disguised himself as a bear in order to gain access to the house of a wealthy animal-fancier. It mattered little that the cutthroat died in the attempt. He and his kind re-

mained popular heroes, however much they might be feared by solitary misers and travelers like Paul and Barnabas on a lonely mountain road.[6]

Many days of toilsome climbing brought the caravan out of the canyons into the high plains. Paul and Barnabas could now, if they desired, strike out alone with more safety, leaving the goat-deserted, vulture-haunted cliffs and walking slowly over a plateau of soil that was now volcanic and unfertile, now luxuriant with grass and wheat. Here and there were salt and freshwater lakes, where wild swans fed in clusters and storks, droll relics perhaps left behind by the company that Paul had so often seen in boyhood flying yearly to the unknown regions in the north—long-legged storks fished among the reeds. Salt and fresh-water lakes, and then the outskirts of Antioch toward Pisidia. The mud hovels of peasants, their walls plastered with dung drying for fuel, became more numerous. Nomads dwelling in tents of black goats' hair picketed their horses now less frequently around blazing camp fires on the road which Paul and Barnabas took. Antioch, capital of the Phrygian district of the Roman province of Galatia "that looks toward Pisidia," came into full view.

Antioch was perhaps the chief city of the Galatian province, a division embracing the kingdom of Pontus, a large section of Paphlagonia, old Galatia, much of Lycaonia and Pisidia, and the southeastern corner of Phrygia—a division taking in the middle third of Asia Minor and running diagonally across that rhinoceros'-head peninsula.

In the third century B.C. Antioch was a Greek settlement. But six years before Paul's birth it became a Roman colony, founded on a strong nucleus of veterans from the famous Alaudan Legion. In addition to the aboriginal Phrygians, Greek settlers, and Roman legionaires there was in Antioch a large population of Jews, who had held citizens' rights since the first settlement of the city. To these, then, as was his custom, Paul addressed himself for a suitable tentmaker's shop and for shelter in a private house or in one of the synagogue guest-rooms until he could find permanent lodging.

Paul was not, however, able to make many tents at Antioch.

The apostle's "flesh" (to use his own word), his physical condition, was a trial to the Galatian brethren. To begin with, he was at this time a rather febrile convalescent. Forced inactivity was a strain to one of his nervously energetic disposition. He must have been a nuisance to the Galatians at times, yet they neither ridiculed nor rejected him.[7] They bore patiently with his irritability until the cool air of the city high above the sea, the summer's drawing to an end, and the skillful treatments of Luke the physician had restored his health. To use again the apostle's own words, they received him "as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus."

Luke was a Greek, a Gentile "God-fearer," who while interested in the Jewish religion was not a proselyte. Like the rest of the disciples, however, he would gladly have "torn out his eyes" for the sake of this volcanic little man. It may even be that Luke owed his conversion to bedside conversations with Paul.

Weak as he was, Paul introduced himself to the Jews of Antioch at a Sabbath meeting shortly after his arrival. When the usual verses from the Law and the prophets had been read and interpreted in translation, when the Scriptures had all been put back in the ark in their linen covers, the Presidents of the Synagogue, from their seat of honor facing the congregation, sent word to Paul and Barnabas, urging them if they had any message of exhortation for the assembled group to deliver it now.

Paul moved forward from the rear of the building to the raised platform at the front. Surveying the audience, from the latticed galleries of the women to the last row of prayer-shawled men before him, he gestured with his hand to gain attention. "Men of Israel and you god-fearing Gentiles," he said, "listen!"

After this conventional opening Paul proceeded, like Stephen before the Sanhedrin, to emphasize in brief but subtle outline the facts of Jewish history which pointed to Christ as the promised Messiah. He alluded to the sojourn in Egypt. He told how God had given blessings to an ungrateful people there and for forty years had patiently endured Israel in the wilderness as a nurse would do with a fretful child. He recalled the fulfillment of

promise when God gave Israel the land of Canaan for an inheritance lasting a period of about four hundred and fifty years.

After that, Paul reminded them, the Israelites had been given judges down to the time of the prophet Samuel. Next, in response to their pleas, God gave His people kings, first Saul, son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin (Paul's own tribe); then, after the deposition of Saul, King David, a man after God's own heart, destined to fulfill every wish of Jehovah, a man from whose line God gave to Israel, just as he had promised, a Savior in the person of Jesus. Even John the Baptist had predicted Christ's coming at the close of his own career, the advent of a man whose shoes John would not be fit to untie.

The point of all this was sufficiently plain to a Jewish audience. But now, perhaps with that intense look which excitement often gave him, Paul made his inference bitterly specific. "Brothers, sons of the race of Abraham, and you God-fearing Gentiles also, this message of salvation has been sent to *you*." Quickly the men of Antioch heard the same unpleasant truth which the Sanhedrin had so resented: When Christ came the chief men of Jerusalem and its inhabitants generally failed to recognize him. They found him guilty of no charge meriting death, yet they asked Pilate to make way with him. And thus, having fulfilled everything predicted concerning Christ in the prophets, they took him down from the cross and put him in the tomb. But God raised him from the dead. And he appeared during a number of days to those who had come up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, those who are now his witnesses before the people. Thus was the promise of God fulfilled, the promise which He made to David that His holy begotten Son would never see corruption, and which has now become good news to the children of the Jewish fathers.

"Be it known, therefore, to you brethren [the apostle's voice in conclusion took on a Delphic ring] that through him remission of sins is being announced to you, and that in him every one who has faith is justified from all the things for which there was no acquittal in the Law of Moses!"

These arrows sank straight home. Some of Paul's audience evi-

dently showed their uneasiness and anger. Perhaps he guessed what thoughts were passing through their minds as they began to cough and grumble, to pluck nervously at the edges of their praying-shawls, to make defiant noises in their throats, to sniff sceptically. Outrageous heresy, they were thinking. The holy begotten Son of God, forsooth! Nay, a criminal! The Messiah? How could such a whipped and crucified wretch save the Jewish nation from things over which the Law had no power?

Observing all this, Paul turned on them: "Beware lest the prophetic saying apply to you: 'Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish. For I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it to you.' "[8]

Paul had in truth hoist them with their own petard. The lessons for the day had doubtless been taken from the first chapter of Deuteronomy and the first chapter of Isaiah (the same readings come together in the synagogue lectionaries today). The content of these two chapters, dealing with the rebellion and unbelief of Israel about to enter the Promised Land and the horrible fate that awaited sinners who would not consent to let Jehovah cleanse their scarlet into white, was material exactly suited for Paul's preaching. He was thoroughly familiar with the Book of Isaiah; it was perhaps, as I have said before, his favorite. He found it natural, therefore, to leave the first chapter and concentrate on what modern scholars call the Servant Poem.

Particularly did the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah seem to describe the Christ: the suffering, afflicted servant, bruised for the transgressions of his people, slain like a lamb dumb before its shearers, making his grave with the wicked.[9] The whole appeared to Paul and the early Christians as an eloquent and touching picture of Christ, standing silently before Pilate, who found no fault in him, Christ slain unjustly between two thieves.

The discontented Jews in the audience were, however, perfectly justified in considering Paul a heretic. He might twist Isaiah and Hosea and the Psalms all he liked, but he could never wring from them support for a proper Jewish Messiah who was both a crucified peasant and the holy begotten Son of God. No doubt the Jews scented here implications of the theory which

Paul was later to develop in full of a Savior-God, who left the riches of heaven, stooped like a slave to die on the cross, then on the third day was brought up from the grave, and later raised to glory as God Blessed Forever again at the right hand of God. Of course Paul did not stress the pagan aspect of his doctrine when preaching to an audience containing many Jews. But however much he might attempt to link his Christ up with the Scriptures, the orthodox among his audience smelled heresy in the air. The Sanhedrin, they must have said to themselves, shall certainly hear of this.

Others felt differently. Phrygian wine and baths, as a Talmudic writer observes, had separated the Jews of that province from the true interpretation of the Law. It was natural, then, that as Paul and Barnabas were leaving the synagogue some of the people should beg them to repeat their discourse on the following Sabbath. A number of liberal-minded Jews and God-fearing Gentiles had many questions to ask the apostles and were apparently ready to be baptized anywhere outside the doors of the synagogue. But the apostles, unwilling to encourage so facile a conversion, merely urged them to hold fast by the grace of God. For this was, after all, the essential thing in the new religion, not formal sacrament, but implicit trust in God and His Son, the Savior-God, an abiding faith that They would graciously do more than even their promises indicated. The end of the new religion was not salvation by any external standard of justification or acquittal such as the Mosaic Law implied, but salvation by a mystic fellowship with God, the Universal Lord of all things, through His human-divine Son, Christ.[10]

The orthodox Jews bided their time. If these renegades preached on another occasion, they would merely heap up the evidence against them and make excommunication doubly certain.

The Gentiles, as might be expected, received this new interpretation of righteousness and salvation in the Savior Christ far more readily than the Jews. Paul found it so here and in almost every city which he visited. He discovered, to his sorrow, that

the orthodox looked with loathing on a man who had deserted his own nation and religion.

The whole city had evidently been full of rumors regarding the apostles, even before their first public appearance. And after that initial revolutionary sermon, the interest and excitement were immense. On the next Sabbath nearly the whole town turned out to hear Paul preach. The Jews now showed how fiendishly jealous they had become. Successful heresy was, of course, in their minds far worse than unsuccessful heresy. So they began to contradict and heckle Paul in the midst of his synagogue sermon. Luke tells us that they abused *Paul*. But they probably did not stop at that; they undoubtedly abused and befouled the name of Christ. That carpenter! That low-born illegitimate son of a Galilean peasant-woman. Ugh!

Then Paul and Barnabas spoke out all the more fearlessly. They issued an ultimatum to the Jews: "It was our duty to speak the Word of God to you first. But since you are thrusting it away and do not think yourselves fit for eternal life, look you, WE TURN TO THE GENTILES. For these are the Lord's commands to us, 'I have set thee to be a light to the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.' "[11]

When the Gentiles heard this, they rejoiced and glorified the word of the Lord and believed, at least those who were ordained to eternal life, which is only another way of saying that the missionary crop was not larger than the barn could hold.[12] Thus, when the apostles had turned from the Jews to the heathens and pagans the word of the Lord was disseminated throughout the whole community.

During the days while the gospel of the new Savior was slowly permeating Antioch, the Jews, perhaps acting in conjunction with the Mother Sanhedrin at Jerusalem, prepared to take drastic action. According to Roman law and custom, Judaism was a recognized sect. Christianity was at first presumed by the Romans to be another form of Judaism. The Romans cared nothing about theological arguments. Settle your own petty quarrels, the Romans would say, if the men of Antioch presented a religious case. The only recourse was to prove that the Christians were

either seditious or a public nuisance, in short, disturbers of the peace.

The Jews at Antioch appear to have chosen the latter course. They egged on the pious women of high rank (who in Asia Minor, as Strabo remarks,[13] are ringleaders in superstition, influencing men to serve the gods, indulge in festivals, and make religious lamentations), stirred up the leading men of the town, and so instituted a persecution against Paul and Barnabas. The result was that the two were expelled from Phrygian territory. So they shook the dust of the country off their feet as a protest against this injustice and went on to Iconium.[14] The disciples were filled with enthusiasm and with joy that two of their number should be chosen to suffer for the sake of Christ and should get in his cause such valuable publicity.[15]

CHAPTER XV

THE ACTS OF PAUL AT ICONIUM, LYSTRA, AND DERBE

IT WAS PROBABLY IN THE EARLY AUTUMN OF THE YEAR 47 A.D. THAT Paul and Barnabas were expelled from Pisidian Antioch. The fall rains had not yet laid the heavy white dust. Trees, plants, houses dripped with it. The roads lay ankle deep under a soft blanket. Indignantly the apostles shook a white cloud of dust from their sandals and, wallets on shoulders, staves in hands,[1] strode out onto the wild upland of the Axylus, The Treeless Region. Chill and forbidding, lacking water for miles on end, this desert was suited only for the abode of wild asses and rough-haired sheep. Wells, reputed to be the deepest in the world, furnished the sole water-supply. In one of the few towns on the route of march, says Strabo, water was actually bought and sold.[2]

From Antioch to a point about three miles beyond Misthia (a total distance of some thirty-five miles) Paul and Barnabas tramped the Royal Road of Augustus which led to Lystra.

At the junction of the Antioch-Lystra road with the branch running roughly east to Iconium, Paul was met by Onesiphorus, a man of Iconium, who had been told by Titus to look out for the apostle. Accordingly, Onesiphorus was waiting there with his wife, Lectra, and his sons, Simmias and Zeno, to invite Paul to his home. Titus had given Onesiphorus a description of the apostle and at length a person corresponding to it appeared. They saw coming along the road a man of slight stature, bald-headed, with prominent eyes and long aquiline nose under heavy eyebrows that met in the middle. While his legs were a bit crooked and his knees stuck out, he had a sound habit of body

and his expression was full of grace; sometimes he appeared to be a man, and sometimes he had the face of an angel.[3]

Seeing him, Onesiphorus said with a smile: "Hail, servant of the Blessed God." Paul replied: "The grace of God be with you and your family." Now Demas and Hermogenes, Paul's companions, became envious and were moved to even greater heights of hypocrisy than usual. Demas said: "Are we not also servants of the Blessed God? Why did you not salute us?" Onesiphorus replied: "Because I do not see in you the fruit of righteousness. Nevertheless, if you are of that sort, I bid you also welcome to rest and refreshment in my house."

And when they had come within the house of Onesiphorus, they prayed and broke bread. Then Paul preached to them, saying: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are those who keep their bodies pure, for they shall become a temple of God. Blessed are those who set themselves apart from this world, for they shall be well pleasing to God. Blessed are those who have wives as if they had them not, for they shall have God as their inheritance. . . ."

So in the strain of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount Paul continued and thus came to a conclusion: "Blessed are the bodies and souls of virgins . . . for they shall have rest for ever more."

While Paul was preaching this sermon, Thecla, a young virgin of the city, was listening to him with rapt attention from the window of her mother's house. At the door of Onesiphorus' home across the way Thecla could see many women and virgins going in unto Paul. But Thecla never stirred. Like a spider she clung to the window for three days and three nights, deaf to the intreaties of her mother, Theoclia, listening only to the words of Paul. Nor would she listen at all to her intended husband, Thamyris, who with her mother joined in denouncing the artful seductions of this foreign enchanter.

Distraught at the prospect of losing a wife, Thamyris ran to the door of the house where Paul was preaching and found two men engaged in hot dispute. "Who is that fellow inside," asked Thamyris, "who deludes both men and virgins, persuading them

not to marry? I shall pay you well if you tell me about him. For I am the first man of the city."

Demas and Hermogenes replied: "Who he is we do not know. But of this we are certain, that he cheats young men of their intended wives and virgins of their intended husbands by teaching that without chastity there can be no resurrection."[4]

At the first invitation the two false disciples accompanied Thamyris to his house, where a rich dinner with abundant wine was spread. Thamyris plied them with drink, for he hoped they might tell him how to recover Thecla. Demas and Hermogenes suggested that Thamyris hale Paul before the governor Castelius as a Christian heretic. Thus he could destroy Paul and regain Thecla at one stroke. Then they proceeded to instruct Thamyris in the supposed teaching of Paul.

Thamyris was filled with hot resentment. He collected the magistrates of the city as well as a great crowd of common people armed with staves and went straight to the house of Onesiphorus. There he charged Paul with corrupting the whole city of Iconium, including Thecla, and proposed that Paul be taken to Castelius. And the whole mob cried, "Away with this warlock, for he has perverted all our women and the multitudes hearken to him."

Brought before the governor, Paul declared himself a true prophet, innocent of any crime, but was thrown into prison, awaiting further investigation. Now Thecla in the night bribed her own gatekeeper with bracelets and the jailor with a silver looking-glass. When she had thus gained access to Paul, she knelt down and kissed his chains.

Meantime Thamyris and the family of Thecla sought her vainly in every street until one of the gatekeeper's fellow slaves informed them where she had gone. Paul was led out at the governor's command to the public tribunal. The mob howled more lustily than ever, "He is a warlock! Kill him!" But the governor listened gladly to the preaching of Paul.

Presently Thecla also was brought forth. She stubbornly refused to marry Thamyris and was at last condemned to be burnt in the theater. Even her own mother shouted, "Burn the lawless

wretch! Burn her unmarried in the midst of the theater, so that all the women whom this fellow has instructed may be inspired with fear!"

Before the crowd Thecla looked round the vast theater for Paul, as a lamb in the wilderness looks every way to see its shepherd. And as she gazed, the Lord Jesus, in the likeness of Paul, appeared to her. But as she looked fixedly at him, he ascended up to heaven.[5]

Young men and virgins now brought wood and straw for the fire. Thecla was led forward naked, and with tears the governor marveled at the power that was in her. At a command from the officials Thecla ascended the pyre, making, as she did so, the sign of the cross, and the flames blazed up. But God took pity on her, for even though the pyre was so great, the blaze did not touch her body. And God caused a great rumbling to break forth under the earth and from above a cloud poured down great showers of rain and hail. In the earthquake and rain many were killed, but Thecla was preserved alive through fire and storm.

Meanwhile Paul was living in an open tomb on the road from Iconium to Daphne with Onesiphorus and his family, who had left all to follow the apostle. When they had been fasting for many days, the children said to Paul, "Father, we are hungry." But they had not the wherewithal to buy bread. And Paul took off his cloak and said, "Go, child, buy several loaves and bring them here." In the market the lad encountered Thecla, who was looking for Paul. Together they returned to the tomb and to Paul, who in mourning for Thecla had fasted now these six days. When he saw her, Paul said: "O God, searcher of hearts, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I thank thee that thou hast heard me and brought speedily back to me the maiden I love." So the company, joyfully reunited, had five loaves and herbs and water and salt and they rejoiced in the holy works of Christ.

Then said Thecla to Paul, "My head is shorn like that of a boy and I shall follow you wherever you go." But Paul replied: "The times are evil and you are good to look upon. I am afraid you may meet with another temptation greater than the first and may not be able to overcome it." Thecla said, "Grant me only the

seal of Christ and no temptation can touch me." Paul answered her, "Thecla, be patient and you shall receive the gift of Christ."

Onesiphorus and his family Paul sent back to Iconium, but Thecla he took with him to Antioch. In that city a person of great power, a Syrian named Alexander, fell in love with Thecla and plied Paul with money and gifts. But Paul denied all knowledge of the girl and steadfastly declared that she was not his. At last Alexander embraced her openly in the street. And Thecla with a loud cry laid hold on Alexander, tore his cloak, took his crown away, and made him appear ridiculous before all the people.

For this Alexander caused her to be thrown to the wild beasts. And on that day there was a great noise in the amphitheater. The men cried, "Bring in the temple robber," since that was the false charge on which Thecla had been condemned. But the women said, "May the city be destroyed for this lawless deed. Kill all of us, Proconsul! O bitter sight! O unjust judgment!"

Only one true friend did Thecla have in all the city, the rich woman Tryphæna, who had been warned in a dream by her dead daughter to take Thecla as a second child. It was Tryphæna now who gave to Thecla the girdle which alone covered her nakedness when she was thrown into the stadium.

But of all the wild beasts sent against Thecla not one harmed her. A she-lion fell down at the feet of the slender girl. The crowd of women shouted mightily. Up ran a bear. But her the lioness tore in pieces, and so she did also to a he-lion belonging to Alexander who had been taught to devour men. And as they cast in against her all manner of beasts, Thecla stood calmly with her hands outstretched, praying. When she had finished her prayer, there was a flash of lightning, and she saw a great trench full of water in which seals were swimming. Forthwith she threw herself into it, saying: "In the name of Christ Jesus on this last day am I baptized." Too late the women and all the crowd shouted out to restrain her; the governor wept at the thought that such beauty should so perish. But behold suddenly with a flash of lightning a cloud of fire encircled her, so that the beasts neither touched the maiden nor saw her naked.

Then, at the instance of Alexander, were fierce bulls brought out and tortured in their privy parts with red-hot irons, so that, maddened, they might drag her to death. But a flame about her body burnt off the cords which bound Thecla to the bulls. At this Tryphæna fell down like one dead, and Alexander in terror besought the governor to put an end to the beast-fight lest the whole city perish. So the governor questioned Thecla, and when she had declared herself to be the servant of God, he clothed her and let her go.

For eight days Thecla remained within the home of Tryphæna, who was now a Christian and truly believed that the dead may rise, resting and preaching the Gospel. But in her heart Thecla yearned to see Paul. Robed as a man, she visited him at Myra in Lycia. And when she had rejoiced him with a tale of all that had befallen her, she went on to Iconium. There she entered the house of Onesiphorus and, falling on the ground where Paul had sat teaching, she mourned, yet thanked God for the house where light had shone upon her.

Thamyris she found dead, but her mother still alive. And calling to her, Thecla said: "Theoclia, my mother, can you believe that the Lord lives in heaven? If you desire gifts, the Lord through me will give them to you. If you long for your child, here I stand before you." And with this witness she went away to Seleucia. And having lightened many by the word of God, in beautiful slumber she fell asleep.[6]

This charming and naïve prose-poem well shows the tremendous fascination which a man of Paul's fire and energy and nervous restraint must have exercised upon the susceptible women of Asia Minor. They found in him the same intensification of desire that proved fatal to John the Baptist when Herod's daughter felt it. For himself, Paul was not willing to "drag around" a wife as Peter did.[7] And if the acts of Thecla may be credited, he was rather indifferent about the women who chose to follow him. Thecla, indeed, was always losing Paul and having to go find him. Paul preferred to have his mind unencumbered by the cares

of this world; he chose rather to fix his thoughts on the coming kingdom.

Years afterward, when Thecla and Iconium had receded far into the background, Paul languished a second time in prison at Rome, waiting the inevitable end. And Onesiphorus (may the Lord show him favor on the Great Day) patiently sought the apostle out and refreshed him again and again in body and soul, Onesiphorus, in whose house Paul had preached, with whom in an open sepulcher by the side of the road he had lived for a few short weeks an idyll of red and gold set in the duller brown of his daily preaching. Charming Thecla, if such a person ever was, perhaps it was at her urgent request that Onesiphorus sought Paul out in the mazèd streets of Rome.[8] Did not another, one Lydia, keep always fresh the memory of the church at Philippi and allow them never to forget a man whom she first constrained to accept the hospitality of her home?[9]

Luke has very little to say about Paul's preaching at Iconium and the "Acts of Paul and Thecla" which I have interpolated into the narrative seems almost to have been written to fill up the gap. Iconium was an old and rather conservative town, said by its inhabitants to be the most ancient in the world, more ancient even than the flood, too old and orthodox a town, at any rate, to endure long the new Christian heresy.[10]

Influenced no doubt by the conversions which Paul had made among men and particularly impressionable women like Thecla, the rulers of the synagogue stirred up and embittered the pagans against the militant apostles. So great was the multitude of Jews and Greeks who believed when Paul and Barnabas spoke in the synagogue, so great were the miracles which were performed, as over a long period the work of preaching continued, that the whole town was talking of them. The people were divided into two factions, one favoring the apostles, the other siding with the prominent Jews.

In conference with Gentile magistrates (members of a civil court designated by the emperor for each Hellenistic community) the Jews laid plans to drive out Paul and Barnabas. Pagans, Jews, magistrates, and common rabble made ready to assault and stone

the apostles. But the plot was discovered. Paul and Barnabas fled to the Lycaonian towns of Lystra and Derbe and to the surrounding country, where they continued to preach the good news.[11]

Lystra is usually described as a thoroughly barbarous town. It was, in fact, nothing of the sort.[12] The untutored peasants of town and country might lapse into their native Lycaonian during an excited moment, but for the most part the inhabitants of the city spoke Common Greek. Otherwise Paul would not have been able to make himself understood. Moreover, Lystra, lying only twenty miles south of Iconium, was on the Royal Road to Antioch, in close communication with the metropolis and proud of its position as a military colony. It was indeed the last link eastward in a chain of fortress towns woven by Augustus and later emperors to help quell the mountain bandits. This work of "pacification" had been renewed with fresh energy during the reign of Claudius. Lystra, then, was comparatively civilized and peaceful when Paul and Barnabas arrived there some time early in the summer of 48 A.D.

Having spent perhaps the better part of a year in Pisidian Antioch and Iconium, Paul was now almost wholly recovered from his malady and ready for intensive preaching. At first sight the lack of a synagogue must have seemed a barrier. Little trade existed in Lystra, not enough, at any rate, to attract a permanent settlement of Jews. The only countrymen Paul encountered there were grain merchants who came, as they still do in the month of August after harvest-time, to traffic with the natives. Paul and Barnabas would appear, therefore, to have preached in any place convenient, the open market, no doubt, or the houses of friends.

The audience on one such occasion, apparently an open-air meeting, included a cripple, a man who had not been able to walk since he came from his mother's womb, and whom some friend, doubtless, having heard of Paul's prowess as a healer, had carried to the spot.[13] Paul noted during his sermon that the cripple had faith enough to be healed (or, as a modern would put it, was a "likely subject"). Singling him out, therefore, and turning on him the full power of bright gray eyes which shone like fires under a cavern of shaggy brows, Paul shouted in a great voice:

"Stand up on your feet! Straight!" Up leapt the cripple and began to walk around.

Now those who had refused Paul and Barnabas hospitality were frightened.

"Do you remember how Zeus and Hermes came down to our folk long ago?" quavered one old crone. "Aye, and all of us save Baucis and Philemon refused to take them in," said the town story-teller, making the threatened monologue a duet.

"They had no food but pot-herbs and bacon ——"

"Olives and cornel-berries with radishes, cheese, and eggs ——"

"Served with raw new wine on an old, rickety table ——"

"Our elders say the wine in that pitcher never failed ——"

"As for the wicked Lycaonians who turned the gods out ——"

"They became frogs in a lake. But the house of Philemon," the story-teller went smoothly to a conclusion which he had often used before—"the house of Philemon was most marvelously turned into a shrine of gold and marble, a wondrous temple of Zeus. And the good man and his wife became trees which to this day guard the temple."[14]

Thus might the old wives' tale have run among the crowd. Eager to atone for their ancient mistake, the excited barbarians lapsed into Lycaonian, shouting on all sides (or so Paul afterwards heard): "The gods have come down! The gods have come down to us in human form!"

Barnabas they called Zeus (Jupiter) and Paul, Hermes (Mercury), for according to native religion, the supreme god must be calm and majestic, the working deity always eloquent and energetic. But neither Paul nor Barnabas, ignorant as they were of Lycaonian, had the faintest notion of what was going on. Of all the strange barbarian freaks, they must have thought, this is the strangest, as the excitement increased and the crowd, instead of remaining for discussion or baptism, melted away. Left alone, the apostles probably retired to rest and talk the matter over in the house where they were staying.

The crowd headed straight for the temple of Zeus which, as was usual in ancient times, stood outside the gates of the city. When the priest had heard the news, he speedily made prepara-

tions for a pretentious sacrifice. Attendants in handsome broidered aprons sharpened knives, burnished vessels for holy water and libations of wine, brought out oxen, gilded their horns, decorated their bodies with ribbons and garlands. An impromptu procession was then formed which, headed by priest, victims, and attendants, moved noisily into Lystra toward the house of Paul and halted at length by its gates.[15]

The oxen stood ready at a makeshift altar. Holy water had been sprinkled over the worshipers. The call for propitious silence had gone out. The people had donned impromptu chaplets in honor of present deity. With lips pursed, flute-players stood by to frighten off all unholy influences and drown all unpropitious noises. A boy held out a bowl to catch the blood. The priest had just drawn up the head of the first victim toward the home of the Olympian deities on high and stood ready to cut its throat, when word was brought to Paul and Barnabas.[16]

Tearing their garments, the apostles came leaping out of the house. "Men," shouted Paul, breathlessly (for he as usual must have been the spokesman)—"men, why are you doing this? We are merely human beings with passions and feelings like your own. And our good news is that you should turn away from these futile and foolish practices to the living God, who made heaven and earth and sea and everything in them. In generations gone by He allowed all nations to walk their own way. And yet He did not leave Himself without a witness, for He gave you many blessings, rains from heaven and seasons that bring earth's fruits, filling your hearts with food and gladness." Even with these words the apostles had difficulty in stopping the crowd from sacrificing to them.

From disappointment the Lycaonians easily proceeded to anger. The priest was not unnaturally indignant that his labor should be interrupted and indeed made ridiculous. It was not every day he got a chance to make so splendid a sacrifice in this boresome inland town. The crowd, too, were not in a mood to hear disquisitions on the philosophy of religion. Their holiday had been spoiled by the crazy whim of—what they now turned out to be—mad heretics rejected even by their own people. For among the

mob were Jewish grain merchants who had come up from Antioch and Iconium. Being familiar with the charges already made against Paul in those towns, they stirred up the baser elements and soon everyone began to pelt him with stones. The calmer and more taciturn Barnabas was apparently thrust aside and left to stand in helpless, injured dignity.

The stones fly. Ah, Stephen! And I held the garments of those who stoned you. Once I too was stoned.[17] . . . Paul is still vaguely conscious behind closed eyes as he stands with sagging knees. Then he crumples up on the ground. They drag him out of the city, thinking that he is dead, out to the gates where the procession began. The small figure in the dusty-brown tunic is very quiet now, there before the great white-gold, blood-red temple of Zeus.

It was evening now. In the dusk the disciples stood about him, while Luke worked over Paul's bruised body, trying to bring the quick breath of life back into it. Slowly Paul opened his eyes, rose painfully to his feet, and returned to the city.[18]

One had led him by the hand into Damascus. But Paul had a stronger strength now, the fanatic power of a man made perfect by weakness, the drive of that invincible Jewish will which supported him in the belief that he was filling up the measure of Christ's suffering. Only thus could he pick himself up after a stoning that almost resulted in death, walk into Lystra, rest one night, and the next day take the road for Derbe.

Where Paul spent that night we do not know, but he would probably return to his former lodgings. And it is not impossible that he had taken rooms with a pious Jewish woman, Eunice, widow of a Gentile husband and mother of Timothy, who would one day be Paul's companion on the march.[19] But wherever he spent the night, he spent it in pain. He was always to bear about in his body these scars, the brands of his master Jesus, as he proudly called them.[20] Asleep before the camp fire at night, tossing about on the floor of a dirty caravanserai, alone in a mountain cave, he would often groan aloud and perforce recall that day when he was dragged out and left for dead before the temple of Zeus.

Luke, if Luke indeed was with him, would serve Paul as best he could, pulling the dirty tunic away from the jagged and bleeding flesh where it had stuck tight, applying hot water and healing herbs. Yet, one may say it quite sincerely, Paul's best medicine came not from Luke the physician but from Luke the disciple, with whom he could talk of Christ, with whom he could sing psalms as he did later with Silas in prison at Philippi. For Barnabas, it is plain, never touched Paul so nearly as did Luke, the author of the Book of Acts.[21]

If we may judge by the curt narrative in Acts, Paul's preaching at Derbe,[22] a frontier town of Galatia some twenty miles south of Lystra, was quiet and uneventful. Owing to the almost complete lack of commerce there were no Jews and there was no synagogue in this town. The only mercantile activity here centered around the customs-house, a warehouse for storing general supplies, and a squalid khan for the entertainment of travelers unfortunate enough not to have guest-friends. The quiet and peace, the dullness of Derbe, gave Paul an opportunity to recover in part from the wounds of his stoning and, most important, to teach at leisure. He may have made numerous converts here during the short days and long winter nights of 48 A.D. At least Luke says that he taught many. And we know of one disciple from Derbe, a certain Gaius, who traveled with Paul during his second missionary tour from Corinth to Asia Minor.[23]

It was perhaps the middle of winter when Paul determined to return to Syrian Antioch. At this season of the year snow blocked the passes of the Taurus range and rendered a direct overland passage to Tarsus and Syria impossible. Paul and Barnabas therefore took the route which went through Lystra, Iconium, and Pisidian Antioch. In Lystra Paul probably took occasion to visit Timothy and Eunice, though Luke makes no mention of the fact. He merely remarks that in all the cities Paul and Barnabas strengthened the souls of the disciples, exhorting them to hold fast by the faith and assuring them (as Paul himself was fast learning) that "We must enter the kingdom of God through many an affliction." In each church, too, the apostles caused pres-

byters to be chosen by a show of hands and with prayer and fasting intrusted them to the Lord in whom they had believed.

Having passed through Pisidia, they came once more to Pamphylia, probably at the season of early spring, in order to avoid danger of malaria, and catch, as usual, the first boat sailing when the time for navigation began. At Perga they remained for a brief period of preaching, and then, coming down to Attaleia, where there is in modern times a church named Kara Bavlo, after the apostle, they set out by sea for Antioch.

In this town two years before they had been handed over to the grace of God with the hope that He would see them through the work which they had now completed. Undoubtedly a good many of the Christians at Antioch had had very little notion that the grace of God would be an adequate protection and had never expected again to lay eyes on Paul and Barnabas after they had set sail from Seleucia. But here they were safely home and the church met in full session to hear an account of their travels. Paul and Barnabas reported what wonders God had done through their hands and declared that a door of faith had been opened to the Gentiles. And after presenting their report they remained a considerable time with the disciples at Antioch.[24]

CHAPTER XVI

WE ARE NOT GENTILE SINNERS

THE QUIET WORK OF THE APOSTLES IN ANTIOCH WAS ABRUPTLY broken off by propagandists from Jerusalem, emissaries of the conservative Jewish party who dragged into the open a skeleton which had for some months been clattering about in the Christian closet. With many hand-wavings and incantations they summoned forth the spectre of PAGANISM, always enough to frighten any devout son of Abraham out of his wits.

The issue, which naturally centered round the preaching of Paul, was made perfectly definite. The apostle could no longer dodge it, even if he wished to do so. Apparently he had already adopted the policy which distinguished all his later teaching. He not only defied strict Pharisee custom by associating at table with Gentiles (his enemies probably asked if he didn't even eat pork when he preached in the hamlets of Asia Minor where no Jews lived).[1] He actually refused to force his Gentile converts to be circumcised and thereby compelled to obey all the prohibitions and injunctions of the Mosaic Law.[2] And he had thus, according to the conservative party's reasoning, allowed his disciples to remain in the slough of immoral, idolatrous paganism. On just this point the Judaizing teachers raised the issue. No Gentile "Christian," they insisted, could be anything more than pagan unless he aligned himself against paganism by becoming in effect a Jewish proselyte.

The Jewish teachers from Judæa, for whom Christianity was merely a purified form of first-century Judaism, rather than pagan salvation in a clean white dress, were quite logical in their demands. Judaism recognized no such thing as uncircumcised proselytes. If one expected the blessing of a Jewish Messiah, one must become a Jew in the only legal manner. "Unless you get

circumcised according to the custom of Moses," said the ghost-raisers to the Gentiles at Antioch, "you cannot be saved."

The emphasis thus sharply placed on the importance of loyalty to Judaism was also in another sense a thrust at Paul, for to orthodox palates the rather emotional Gospel which he had been preaching in Galatia smacked more than a little of paganism. In the one major sermon at Pisidian Antioch which Luke records, it is true that Paul loyally connects his Christ with the ideal Jewish King or Messiah promised to Israel in the Book of Samuel and in the Psalms.[3] But he goes on immediately to say that all who believe in Christ are acquitted of sins over which the Law has no power. This was offense number one against those Jewish Christians who wished to preserve the *status quo*.

Further, one can discern in Paul's Galatian preaching the first faint germs of that half-pagan Christ-mysticism which he was later to develop into a cosmic scheme of redemption. From Paul's own words it is obvious that throughout his mission in Galatia he painted a graphic picture of the crucified Christ, insisted everywhere on the importance of the cross in the scheme of redemption, and argued that only by sharing the sufferings of Christ, an emotional process implied by true belief in Him, could Christians obtain salvation.[4]

There were, of course, as I have already pointed out, all kinds and degrees of paganism. Paul hated pagan immorality, yet he could and did (without definitely realizing it any more than the Hebrew prophets, put a tag on their borrowings from the Egyptian) use for his own purposes the emotional stimulus which belief in a savior-god supplied to the minds of men.[5] Paul undoubtedly scorned the feeble symbolism of the pagan cults, which had only a mythological abstraction to worship. The apostle's Savior-God was one who had walked the earth and been seen by men now living, men who had eaten and talked and worshiped with him, men who had seen him die and beheld him ascend to heaven like another beautiful Hyacinth; a Savior-God who had been glimpsed in a blinding flash on the Damascus road by Paul himself.

The Corinthians were probably not the first or the last among

Paul's Gentile converts who turned the Lord's Supper into a pagan brawl.[6] If, then, the orthodox would reason, Paul's disciples are not to stray back into the excesses of the mysteries, which many of them can hardly distinguish from Pauline Christianity, Paul must insist that all of them without exception submit not only to baptism, but also to the rite of circumcision, which would bring them definitely under the Mosaic Law, thus insuring, one hoped, their devotion to monotheism and their avoidance of sexual promiscuity. That all these considerations were passing through orthodox minds at Antioch, the Jerusalem Conference on Circumcision, to be discussed later, stands as convincing proof.

In a way it was unfortunate for Pauline Christianity, though it was natural, too, that the attack on uncircumcised pagan converts should break out in Antioch, so notorious a seat of heathen vice.[7] "Better to be a worm and feed on the mulberries of Daphne grove, than be the guest of a king" ran an old saw, which, if one listened to the whisperings of the circumcision party, was taken literally by some of Paul's heathen converts. Many of them, it was doubtless rumored, had been seen carrying doves and pigeons for sacrifice to Venus in the unhallowed grove of Daphne, where even Roman soldiers could not go without scandal. Perhaps the Christians had sacrificed *themselves* on beds of tulips and roses beneath Daphne's laurels and palms.

In viewing with alarm Paul's doings among the Gentiles the propagandists were only following good Jewish custom. The thoroughly orthodox at Jerusalem had always rolled a jaundiced eye at the goings-on of Israelites in pagan communities. Indeed, Jewish fear, which was often justified by the fact, of contamination at the hands of Gentiles, goes back to a time when the city of Jerusalem had not yet been built. The decree which the Jerusalem Council issued for the benefit of Paul's Gentile converts took the form, as we shall see, of a twofold warning against idolatry and sexual promiscuity. That stand was typical always of Israelitish orthodoxy, which consistently opposed the monotheism and austere ethics of Jewish religion to the polytheism and lax morals of paganism.

From Exodus to the last page of Revelation the Bible is crammed with evidence that both Jews and Christians were prone to go a-whoring after idols. Forgetting, of course, that Yahweh Himself had once emerged from the ruck of Canaanitish fertility lords, the prophets groan and gnash their teeth as they contemplate a heathenized Israel. Paul himself advises his converts that an idol is an empty symbol and its worship a vain and futile practice. He has constantly to warn them against idolatry and exhorts them not even to eat meat which has been offered to idols if by so doing they will cause a weak brother to stumble. John beseeches his little children, his disciples, to guard themselves from idols. The Book of Revelation marches to a close with sulphurous curses upon all idolaters.[8]

Loudest and bitterest of all rises the voice of Ezekiel, who, joining to idolatry the condemnation of sexual vice, expresses himself in language so blunt that his book is seldom read entire from the pulpit. With his own eyes, says Ezekiel, he saw all the reptiles and beasts which the Orient adores portrayed upon the walls of God's Temple at Jerusalem. He beheld Jewish women at the north gate of the Sanctuary weeping for heathen Tammuz, five-and-twenty men of Israel with their backs to the Temple, worshiping the sun.[9]

As he sees the women of his own country contaminated with the harlotries of Ishtar's sacred courtesans and the very elders of Israel infected with idolatry, Ezekiel's wrath mounts and he concludes his denunciation with a startling figure. Upon this cheap harlot, Jerusalem, not even worthy the name harlot since she gives gifts to her lovers and receives none, upon this adulterous spouse of Jehovah who has allowed the strapping men of Egypt, the comely captains of Assyria, the lance-straight princes of Chaldea, who has allowed all the Gentile world to bruise the breasts of her virginity and pour out their whoredom upon her—on this strumpet God, says Ezekiel, will bring utter destruction. Naked and empty, He will set her before her lovers to mock and to shame.[10]

The Judaizing teachers, and Paul, too, would recall that Ezekiel was not the first prophet who had been alarmed at pagan tendencies among the Jews. They would recall the fulminations

of Moses and the visitation of Yahweh's wrath upon those Israelites who consorted with Moab's painted courtesans.[11] Elijah, they would remember, had lamented because in all Israel there was not a man who refused to bow the knee to Baal. Elijah had been forced to conquer the self-mutilating eunuchs of Baal in open competition.[12] Long after the time of Elijah the Israelites continued to set up obelisks and phallic poles on every high hill and under every green tree, imitating in all respects the abominations of the heathen. The better Jewish kings made it a rule to destroy such groves and high places, consecrated to idolatry and the whoredoms of eunuchs and sacred courtesans.[13] But kingly authority could no more abolish entirely the custom of sacred prostitution in the Orient than Mosaic thunders could prevent the men of Israel from associating with Moabite courtesans. Religion continued in Paul's period to be associated with the fertility element as it still does in India today.

These facts, it is true, pertain specifically to the relations of Jews, and incidentally of Christians, with pagans in the Near East. But Paul's travels were to carry him into Greece and the West as well. The opposition between pagan and Jewish morals at which the Judaizing teachers in Antioch must have hinted and which the Jerusalem Council later made specific was by Paul and the Christians made definite for the rest of the empire as well. For Paul those who are Jews by birth are quite naturally contrasted with "Gentile sinners."[14] It seems pertinent, therefore, to make here a brief inquiry into the empire's state of moral health during this period.

So far as outward signs were concerned, Paul could have concluded, wrongly, of course, that the most respectable Greeks and Romans were steeped in vice. He could hardly pass a Roman garden unwatched by that pot-bellied and comical god, Priapus, the deity with the long virile member, painted red. In the image of Priapus bells, torches, and jewels were fashioned. Priapic tokens were contained in the locket which every Roman child wore until maturity. Very commonly priapic symbols were placed on the fronts of houses to prevent the entrance of fertility-destroying elements. If we may believe the church fathers, young girls fre-

quently immolated their virginity on Priapus' statue or used a small image of the god for the same purpose in the privacy of their bedchambers before the marriage night.[15]

The authenticated worship, however, of Phales and Priapus and their kind in Greece and Italy was normally an acknowledgment of the importance of fertility in the scheme of things rather than an invitation to public orgies. Without fertility, as the ancients recognized, the world and all therein could never have been created. Without it there could be no children and the death of the human race would soon follow. Besides, the grosser aspects of phallic worship were more at home in the half-Oriental cities which Priapus acknowledged as his special seats: Panium on the coast of Thrace, Cyzicus on the Hellespont, Lampsacus and Priapus in the province of Mysia through which Paul passed on his way to Philippi. By mystics everywhere the image of Priapus was held to be a symbol of immortality and as such found a place on tombstones.[16]

Neither Greece nor Rome, at least officially, had much patience with the orgiastic features of Oriental religion. True enough, the women of Athens kept the festival of Adonis.[17] And the Bacchant maids of Delphi doubtless gave birth to many an illegitimate child.[18] But the Greeks for the most part were conservative in matters of this sort. Roman officialdom was always quick to stamp out, or attempt to stamp out, the appearance of Oriental orgies. Not even their high rank could save the Bacchanalian conspirators of 186 B.C. from exile, imprisonment, or death.[19] There, to be sure, the safety of the republic, something far more important to the Romans than mere religion, was at stake. Augustus desired to abolish the cult of Mutinus (another epithet of Priapus), and caused his chapel in the Velian quarter of Rome to be destroyed. In general, as we have already seen, Augustus wished to supplant the hysterical religions of the East with the more sober cult of primitive Rome, revived to its pristine strength. And his attitude was shared by all sound Romans of later time.

Private prostitution, it goes without saying, was recognized and often state-controlled in ancient Greece and Rome. The lawgiver Solon is said to have founded the first public brothel at Athens.[20]

In Rome the ædiles had charge of registering and licensing courtesans. But as for sacred prostitution, we find it exclusively in parts of Greece and the Italian world where the Oriental influence, due to the presence of sailors and merchants, was exceedingly strong.

One can build up a strong brief for the old-fashioned Christian theory that vice was everywhere rampant in the Roman Empire. Hardly a decent woman steps into the pages of Roman lyric poetry. Master Virgil, *"anima naturaliter Christiana"*, is about the only man in the great Augustan group whose private life and works would pass muster by Jewish and Christian standards. For the rest, a cynic might easily infer that their precepts were: respect married women if you must; take your love mainly among slaves and strumpets; above all be careful what you say about marriage in public.

Augustus conducted a strenuous campaign to restore Roman marriage to its former respectable position, a moral campaign in which he was joined more or less enthusiastically by prominent writers of the period. But if one-half that the gossips said about him be true, his private relaxations were hardly fit material for a Sunday-school story. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero—all the emperors under whom Paul lived and worked are supposed to have decorated the primrose path, each with his own peculiar flower.

A great many women in high society followed the example presumably set by the Roman emperors. They doted on muleteers and jockeys. They became enamored of their own slaves and many a male servant owed his rise in the world to the favors of a complaisant master or mistress.[21] Roman women fell in love with lyre-players and eloped with gladiators. The noble Julia prostituted herself in the open, so we are told, before a statue of Marsyas. Numerous patrician ladies enrolled themselves as courtesans. Messalina, the wife of Claudius, went the rounds of the bordellos and retired from them fatigued but not satiated. In fact, if one trusts Suetonius and Juvenal implicitly, chastity was an almost unknown virtue in Rome of the first and second centuries A.D.

Yet funeral inscriptions show, if they are not over complimen-

tary, that during this very period there were women who, like their ancestors, led quiet and respectable lives. They were content to spin and weave, to manage their households and instruct their children. Their sole thought was to please their husbands (and here we have the evidence of Pliny the Younger) rather than to date the years by the number of husbands they had enjoyed. Some wives still contented themselves with the careers of their husbands instead of trying to be gladiators, grammarians, and *litteratæ*.

In Paul's period Rome was full of unknown and unsung persons as respectable as Virgil and Germanicus, men and women who had neither the time, the money, nor the inclination to go careering about from tavern to tavern and brothel to brothel, with an epicurean sentiment on their lips and a bottle of choice wine in either hand. And, to tell the truth, if the *leaders* of Rome had spent as much time in revelry as the ancient scandal-mongers assert, the business of war and politics would have been completely neglected. Much of our information about ancient morality comes from satirists like Juvenal, whose stock in trade was exaggeration, or from stand-patter antiquarians, convinced that the only good days were the old days, when Romans lived on bacon and greens, bathed once a week whether they needed it or not, and knew no such outrageous luxuries as depilatories, pepper, and the larger varieties of asparagus. To trust these authorities word for word, and the more when their satire hits a noble mark, is exactly as sensible as to look for a true picture of metropolitan life today on the front page of a tabloid.

In the wise words of Seneca, who was contemporary with Paul, vice is peculiar to mankind, not to any one age.[22] There are still persons who fall madly in love with prize-fighters and elope with their chauffeurs. There are still distinguished gentlemen who prefer Ethiopian dancers to the most enticing Caucasian wives. And we still have with us Seneca's "light-dodgers," who carouse all night and sleep all day.

Finally we should bear in mind, when judging the ancient world (if judge it we must), that practically all our sources deal with life in metropolitan districts, where standards were more

lax than in the provinces, and where at any rate there were skilled writers eager to publicize the peccadilloes of sinners. At Cumæ, a town not far from Rome, it was customary to expose a wife taken in adultery on a rock in the market-place. Afterwards she was driven naked on an ass about the city, then returned again to the rock. During all her future life she was held in disgrace, being stigmatized by the epithet of "ass-mounter."[23] Even in Rome, under certain circumstances, adultery was still punishable by death, and riotous living was considered a mark of the *nouveau riche*, at least by sterner members of the old aristocratic clans.[24]

Unfortunately, a plain-living aristocracy of birth and breeding no longer set the tone for society. The older families, who considered even the emperors of recent line vulgar upstarts, were distinctly in the minority. The new wine of money and power and the influence of a scepticism which had largely nullified the sanctions of traditional religion often intoxicated the steadiest of persons into flagrant immorality. Needless to say, the adulterers and the riotous livers, whether wealthy freedmen or decadent aristocrats, are the ones about whom we hear most. In the first century, as in the twentieth, vice among higher circles was exciting news; respectability was not.

Now in the ranks of Paul's converts at Antioch and elsewhere there were, by his own confession, not many aristocrats, not many men of learning or political prominence.[25] Paul drew his disciples mainly from the middle and lower classes. He numbered in his congregations a motley group of ex-thieves, ex-drunkards, reformed prostitutes and boy-favorites, slaves, and day laborers, as well as a nucleus of substantial shopkeepers and small manufacturers, both Jewish and pagan.[26] Any discussion, therefore, of morality in the upper Roman circles would seem at first blush to be irrelevant to our present purpose. But upon an impartial examination of the Pauline epistles we find that this is not so. Everywhere he went, from Antioch to Ephesus, and Ephesus to Rome, Paul noted among his disciples precisely the same vices which Seneca observes among the Roman aristocracy. And the same caution must be exercised in handling this evidence as we have found necessary in dealing with the Latin sources. Because

Paul excoriates vicious tendencies among some of his converts, it does not follow that they were all rogues.

The middle class in Paul's day, as in our own, was composed of solid, respectable citizens who asked nothing more than steady employment and a well-ordered home. Like the slaves and day laborers of the lowest class they led peaceful, sober, industrious lives at home and in public. Yet among both orders there were restless persons who preferred loafing to work, and vice to virtue, who envied and tried to imitate the gilded plutocrats.

Specifically, the tendencies and practices which Paul condemns among his disciples are: discord in family and public life, thieving, greed for money and personal advantage, drunkenness, superstition and magic-mongery, idolatry, and sexual immorality.[27] Some of these need special comment. Religious and political strife, as we have already seen, was characteristic of the first century, particularly in Greece and Asia Minor.[28] Dissension over religious matters is described in almost every chapter of the Book of Acts. In the domain of politics a mild revolution was regarded as the best way of changing parties. With these squabbles the Romans usually did not interfere unless they were invited or the safety of the empire was threatened.

Both Paul and Seneca agree that rampant individualism and ruthless ambition were dominant factors in the life of their period. Greed for money and personal advantage, the natural accompaniments of the worker's desire to rise in the world, Paul sometimes equates with idolatry, that is to say, mammon-worship.[29] But for Paul, as for other Jews and Christians, idolatry in the literal sense was definitely associated with superstition and magic-mongery or with sexual immorality. The place of superstition in the cults has already been touched on and will be more fully discussed in a later chapter.[30] It is sufficient to say here that the natural reaction of the middle and lower classes, and to some extent of the upper orders also, against the scepticism of the age was to take refuge in the emotional religions of the Near East with their attendant superstition and magical practices. Drunkenness was of course a regular feature of certain cult rites, notably those of Bacchus.[31]

The word which Paul most commonly uses for sexual promiscuity *(porneia)* has a special sense which it is necessary to keep in mind if we are to understand why he and the elders who issued their decree in the Council at Jerusalem should connect this vice so closely with idolatry *(eidolatria)*. The most pertinent passage occurs in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. There he says in part: "Would I take the limbs of a harlot *(pornes)* and join them to Christ's limbs? Perish the thought! . . . Well, then, shun harlotry *(porneian)*."[32] Remembering these verses and recalling at the same time how common sacred prostitution was in the East and legalized prostitution in the West, we see at once why Paul and the elders should bring *eidolatria* and *porneia* into such close relation.

Porneia and *eidolatria*, on these two issues the Judaizing teachers who appeared at Antioch were right to join battle between Jew and Gentile. For in spite of Hebrew lapses during past and present, it still remained true that Judaism exacted of its believers a rigid devotion to one God and to an austere code of morals, while polytheism, the literal worship of images, and sexual promiscuity were common accompaniments of popular pagan religion.

All this Paul understood perfectly well, as the preceding discussion shows. But he felt that a vivid belief in Christ, a vigorous desire to imitate his life, would preserve Gentile converts from these sins better than any allegiance to the precepts of the Law and he refused for that reason to impose on them the alien burden of Jewish ritualism. The whole dispute which rose at Antioch involved a major question, and Paul wished to settle it once and for all. As it happened, when the case finally came before the Council in Jerusalem, they voted in his favor.

CHAPTER XVII

SALVATION WITHOUT CIRCUMCISION

BEFORE THE GHOST-RAISERS ARRIVED FROM JUDÆA PETER HAD BEEN definitely committed to the liberal policy of Paul. If we accept the narrative of Luke at face value, Peter had declared himself on three separate occasions. When preaching to the centurion Cornelius he had said that, while it was against the Law for a Jew to associate with or even accost any Gentile, yet God had shown him that he must never call any man common or unclean. Following this episode, Peter had been called upon to defend himself before the authorities at Jerusalem. There he asserted that God evidently meant the Gentiles to be saved, since He had poured out the Holy Spirit on them as well as on Jewish Christians. Finally, Peter had been present at Jerusalem in 46 A.D., when the question of circumcising Gentile Christians was first raised. Along with the other pillar apostles, James and John, he gave Paul the right hand of fellowship which set the positive seal of approval on Paul's preaching.

Peter had been known to deny a cause before, as a maidservant in Jerusalem, if she were still living, could testify.[1] Once again, as the circumcision party gained strength, he reverted to his old habits. Before the arrival of the Judæan emissaries Peter had been eating openly with Gentiles. Now he snubbed his pagan friends and turned conservative Jew. The worst of the whole affair was that Barnabas and the other Jewish Christians were carried away by Peter's "play-acting." Paul did not waste any time or words. He rebuked Peter to his face before the entire Christian assembly. "If," said he, "you who are a Jew, live like a Gentile and not like one of your own race, how can you force Gentiles to become Jews?"[2]

This withering question, delivered with the white-hot force for

which Paul was already famous, squelched Peter and brought him back into line. But the mischief, once done, could not be so easily remedied. The church as a whole was split into hostile factions, between whom a bitter dispute raged, some siding with Peter and Barnabas and Paul, others with the so-called party of James.[3]

The cooler spirits in the church realized that the situation demanded immediate action. Feuds and factions in this part of the world, involving matters far less serious than racial discrimination, often led to civil war and slaughter. Paul, Barnabas, and certain other delegates were therefore dispatched to the apostles and elders at Jerusalem in order to settle the point at issue. Representatives from the church escorted them, as was customary, a short distance on the way.

Paul, Barnabas, and the rest passed through Phœnicia and Samaria, where they greatly delighted all the brethren by their account of how the pagans had turned to God. Thus after a leisurely progress they arrived at Jerusalem for the council some time perhaps in the latter part of 49 or the beginning of 50 A.D.

So far as he personally was concerned Paul had no misgivings about the outcome of the conference. On two previous occasions he had dealt with the reputed pillars of the church. While he had behaved toward them with becoming modesty, he soon found out not only that his gospel was sound, but that it needed no addition from primitive apostolic authority.[4]

The delegation from Antioch was received by the church with the apostles and elders in full conclave. Paul and Barnabas were quietly making their report on the mission to the Gentiles and recounting the wonders which God had done for them. The whole audience listened attentively. Perhaps that question was not to be raised, after all.

Just then there came a rude interruption. It was a group of self-appointed Pharisaic Christians who had troubled the disciples at Antioch, and it was men of the same stripe who now, perhaps regarding Paul as a traitor to his own early convictions, got up and flatly declared, "The Gentiles have got to be circumcised and told to keep the Law of Moses."

Placid interest in Paul's report gave way to utter confusion.

Fierce arguments sprang up all over the house. Some insisted, no doubt, that Christ was a stanch supporter of the whole Law. Did he not say that all of it, even to the last dot over an "i," must be fulfilled?[5] Others pointed to Christ's liberal teaching with regard to the Sabbath.[6] Paul was prepared for just such an emergency. He had probably done a little lobbying beforehand to make sure how the elders and how in particular James, the most revered pillar of the church, would stand on the question of circumcision. Moreover, he had reason to feel that for once he could count on Peter. He was not mistaken.

At the height of the tumult Peter rose and said: "Brothers, you know very well that a long time ago God chose me from among you all as the one through whom the Gentiles were to hear and believe the word of the Gospel. And God, who searches the hearts of men, bore witness to this choice by giving the Gentiles the Holy Spirit in the same way that He did to us. In fact, He made no distinction at all between us and them, for He cleansed their hearts also by faith. Now why are you trying to put a yoke on the necks of the Gentile disciples, a yoke which neither our fathers nor we ourselves have ever been able to support? No, it is through the grace of the Lord Jesus that we have faith to be saved, in the same manner as they do."

This was perhaps a little irritating to Paul, that Peter should still be claiming first rights as missionary to the heathen. But at any rate Peter's timely and emphatic speech did restore order. The whole crowd quieted down and listened to Barnabas' and Paul's account of the signs and wonders which God had performed by them among the Gentiles.

When the apostles had done with their narrative and taken the audience in imagination from Antioch to Cyprus, from Cyprus to Derbe and back to Antioch again (a far more eloquent defense than a direct answer to the Pharisees' question would have been), James took the floor and said: "Brothers, listen to me. Symeon" (he quaintly used Peter's Hebrew name)—"Symeon has explained to you how it was God's original intention to take from among the Gentiles a people who might bear His name."

It was evident from the first word that James expressed the

sense of the meeting. His peculiar position made it inevitable that *he* should give final judgment. Not only was he respected as a brother of the Lord, but he had also by his own holy life earned the title of Righteous. Like a saint he stood forth in the bare feet, the plain white linen ephod, the flowing locks of a Nazarite who has sworn never to touch meat or wine. There was a persistent rumor that his knees were calloused like those of a camel from much kneeling in prayer. The crowd, therefore, heard him with breathless attention.

James now proceeded to prove by a quotation from the prophet Amos that God had in olden times promised to rebuild the fallen tent of David and had made it known even then that the Gentiles were to be called by His name.[7]

"Hence," he concluded, "it is my judgment that we ought not to put further obstacles in the way of those Gentiles who are turning to God, but should command them by letter to abstain from things contaminated by idols, from sexual vice, from things strangled, and from blood."

The meaning of this was clear to the audience. Pagan converts were to avoid meats consecrated by sacrifice to idols and sold in butcher shops connected with the temples. They were not to taste blood (which, according to Mosaic Law, is the life) nor to touch the flesh of animals killed by strangling (which was held by Gentile epicures to be a very special dainty). Above all, they were to steer clear of the sacred prostitutes who swarmed about heathen temples and played so large a part in the fertility rites of heathen cults.[8] In other words, they were not to confuse the Christ cult with the cults of pagan savior gods. As James himself remarked, Moses had from ancient generations been read in every city in the synagogues. All converts who had attended Jewish services or read the Septuagint in Greek for themselves realized that Moses strictly forbade contamination with meat offered to idols and with the harlots who were scarcely separable from some kinds of heathen worship.

The letter was drafted along the lines suggested by James and in addition specifically repudiated all connection between him and the self-appointed Judæan emissaries, while at the same time

praising Barnabas and Saul. It ran as follows: "The apostles and the elders, your brethren, send greeting to the Gentile brothers in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia. Forasmuch as we have heard that some of our number, without any order from us, have confused and upset your souls by their teachings, we resolved unanimously to select delegates and send them to you along with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men who have risked their lives for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have therefore sent Judas and Silas, who by word of mouth will personally deliver to you the following message.

"The Holy Spirit and we have resolved not to impose upon you any further burden, beyond these essentials—abstinence from food offered to idols and from blood and from the flesh of strangled animals and from sexual vice. If you keep clear of these things, you will be fortunate. Farewell."

The meeting was then dismissed and the delegates sent on their way: Judas Bar-Sabbas (possibly a brother of that Joseph who was an unsuccessful candidate for the place left vacant by Judas Iscariot), Silas-Silvanus, a Roman citizen prominent in the church at Jerusalem, Barnabas, and Paul. They reached Antioch in a few days (for the message brooked no loitering) and, having convoked the full assembly of the church, formally presented their message. When the letter had been read aloud the brethren rejoiced at the comforting news which it contained and at the words of the prophets Judas and Silas, who encouraged and strengthened them at great length.[9]

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ROAD TO MACEDONIA

AFTER JUDAS AND SILAS HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK OF PREACHING and attempting to reconcile the factions at Antioch, which were still no doubt a trifle discordant, they were dismissed by the church with a greeting of peace for those who had sent them. But Judas traveled alone.[1] Silas remained behind, and fortunately, as it turned out, for Paul and Barnabas became involved in a serious quarrel. Paul had suggested that both of them pay a return visit to the churches in Asia Minor, established during the first tour, and see how they were faring. Barnabas wanted John-Mark as a companion.

"What!" cried Paul. "That deserter who left us in Pamphylia and would not accompany us on our mission! I'll never take *him* along!"[2]

Barnabas, with Mark, sailed away to Cyprus. . . . There, so legend tells, the Jews burned him at the stake, tied his ashes in a cloth, and would have thrown it, lead-weighted, into the sea. But Mark and other disciples came by night, stole the remains, and buried them in a cave together with a copy of the Gospel according to Matthew.[3]

Paul possessed in abundant measure, hypersuperabundantly as he would have put it, that half-insane, white-hot enthusiasm which sorts not at all with cowardice. He could not share the calm patience, the large tolerance, of Barnabas. For those who opposed him or preached another Gospel he had only one reply: May God damn them. May they be anathema.[4]

He found in Silas a docile, impressionable, and impetuous soul after his own heart. Together the two of them went off by land through northern Syria and Cilicia, strengthening the churches which lay along their path. The road led them through Tarsus,

probably, and thence to the mouth of the Cilician Gates, a narrow pass in some places not more than ten or twelve paces wide, the historic gorge through which Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, through which Alexander the Great and his troops had made their way long ago to the east.

Fording dangerous rivers, camping by night under precipitous cliffs, sleeping sometimes in vermin-ridden khans where the groans of camels, blent with the snores of weary merchants, made sleep almost impossible, Paul and Silas arrived about the beginning of the summer of 50 A.D. in the level plain which overlooks Derbe and Lystra.

If Silas was not a seasoned traveler, he must have found his first trip, attended as it was by perils of rivers and robbers, not to speak of the lesser nuisance of vermin, a trying initiation. Those who have suffered in Asia Minor today can readily imagine that Paul and Silas often shared the experience of the beloved apostle John.

Once upon a time John was traveling toward Ephesus with a group of his disciples. Noting an abandoned hotel by the side of the road, his disciples decided to pass the night there. They settled their teacher on a rickety cot in the corner and themselves lay down on the floor. But the apostle tossed from side to side, restless, unable to sleep. Presently they heard him say: "O bugs . . . depart to a place that lieth far from the servants of God and be at rest. . . ."

And with one accord the bugs rose and departed. When morning was come, John roused himself and called: "Now that ye have been bugs of good will and have kept my command, return whence ye came." And with one accord the bugs, who were standing obediently outside the door, rushed to the cot and disappeared.[5]

It is not recorded that the fiery Paul had any such power over brute creation. But he often wished for it, no doubt, and often hurled many a fervid anathema under his breath at the pests who so disturbed the sleep of the servant of Christ.

Whatever the dangers and annoyances of their trip, both Paul and Silas must have been relieved when they came to Derbe and

finally to Lystra, where they found a hospitable welcome at the home of the Jewish widow Eunice and her mother, Lois. Young Timothy, son of Eunice and of a Greek father whose name we do not know, had probably been converted by Paul during his former visit to Lystra. Susceptible and enthusiastic, he was instantly attracted to Paul, always a pied piper to youths of this sort. Since Timothy was half a Jew and the whole community knew that his father was Greek, Paul thought best to have him circumcised. This operation Paul possibly performed with his own hand. The case of Titus had been different. Titus was a Gentile, but Timothy was apparently considered a Jew by his fellow-countrymen in Lystra. Paul's action, therefore, was not at all inconsistent with the letter from the Jerusalem Council, of which he delivered a copy to Christians in every town.

As they passed, Paul and Silvanus and their new assistant, Timothy, through the provinces of Galatia, they confirmed the various churches in the faith, and in consequence large numbers were added to them every day.

Paul had at first hoped to go over into the province of Asia. The city of Ephesus there was a breeding-ground for magic, sorcery, and idolatry, and sorely needed the Gospel. But since the apostles had probably left Syrian Antioch in the spring, at the season when free travel began, and since the Cilician Gates could not be traversed on account of snow before the end of May, they doubtless did not reach the borders of Galatia and Asia until the middle of summer. At that season Ephesus was, then as now, a hot-bed of malaria. And the Holy Spirit, which is to say the common sense of Paul who stood debating the matter in the white haze of glittering heat that overhung the dusty roads, did not think it wise to tempt fortune.[6] One attack of malaria was quite enough.

Accordingly, the apostles scaled the highlands leading to the northwestern part of Asia Minor. For some mysterious reason, perhaps the unsettled condition of the local government, Bithynia also was closed to them by the Holy Spirit. This province was the first of a line of buffer states, extending down the length of eastern Asia Minor toward wild and non-Roman territory. There were

few important cities here and the inhabitants as a whole were remote from the civilized life of the Roman Empire. Trading-posts, populated mainly by soldiers, merchants, and their numerous interpreters who dealt with Russians from the steppes, would probably, in Paul's opinion, offer slight foothold for the Gospel.

To conquer the empire for Christ had now become the dominating passion of Paul's life. From Cilicia to Cyprus, from Pamphylia to Galatia and then to Mysia, from province to province he had steadily advanced his travels, if not always the Gospel. Now Philippi and Thessalonica of Macedonia summoned him. Corinth called, and Athens, to which the black ships of Tarsus carried philosophers and strumpets and saffron and lumber—Corinth, Athens, and even Rome. By cities and by provinces he must throw the net of the Gospel over the whole empire.

Alexandria-Troas, so-called to distinguish it from the greater city in Egypt, had been named in honor of Alexander the Great and founded by one of his successors. Situated on the coast near the western tip of the Ida range, Troas enjoyed an honorable position now as a Roman colony and attracted many visitors, who disembarked here in order to see the sights of ancient Troy a few miles northward.[7]

We may take it as certain that Paul and Silas did not climb the historic mountain, where the great god Zeus sat to watch the shifting fortunes of battle on the windy plains of Troy or slept unashamed with his crafty spouse, Hera, did not carve their names on the great pine rising more than two hundred feet above the mountain-top as did other travelers from all over the world, did not watch the sun come up from the lofty peaks of many-fountained Ida.[8]

If Paul gave so much as a thought to the Trojan War, he only wondered that so many men would consent to die for one sinful woman. He would turn a deaf, Jewish ear to the chatter of guides —a pest then as now—would resist the overtures of the shrieking, cursing, pleading ferry-boat men who offered for a few coins to arrange a tour of the battle-field or conduct visitors to the place on Mt. Ida where Zeus and Hera lay in thoughtless embrace, con-

cealed only by a cloud, while the Greeks drove back the embattled Trojans.[9]

No, for Paul and Silas and Timothy and Luke, Troas looked westward and northward to Macedonia. In the streets of Troas Paul saw the Macedonians with their broad sombreros jostling dignified Romans, busy Jews, and swarthy citizens from all parts of the Orient. Luke, who had undoubtedly visited Macedonia, would be loud in praise of the opportunities it offered. And so one night a vision appeared to Paul. He beheld a man of Macedonia, garbed perhaps in native mantle and broad hat, standing before him, and saying, "Come across into Macedonia and help us."

On waking Paul related his dream to Silvanus, Timothy, and Luke. All of them agreed that the vision came from heaven, reasoning that in this manner God had called them to preach the gospel to the Macedonians.[10] After some looking about, they discovered a north-bound ship and booked passage on her.

Sparse hints in contemporary literature enable us to imagine what the night before that sailing may have been. All during the evening there is a terrific commotion in the narrow street where Paul and his companions are lodging. A group of drunken guests in the dirty tenement near by have been quarreling. Another lodger interferes and begins to threaten them. One of the drunks drives this interloper out, but is himself imperiled as cooks and lodgers have at him with spits and meat-forks. A blear-eyed old lady in a dirty mother-hubbard brings up a mammoth dog on a chain. The drunk, candlestick in hand, is defending himself vigorously, when the tenement-manager appears. He has been disturbed at his dinner by all this racket. His gout pains him so terribly that he cannot stand on his feet. From a litter he delivers a furious lecture on drunkards and runaway slaves. But at last the sodden guest succeeds in making his peace: he is a poet and, to oblige a friend, will curse the manager's haughty mistress in good round verses.[11] Then comes another disturbance worse than the first.

Police are looking for one of the brawlers, a curly-headed boy,

age about sixteen, habits unspeakable, who has disappeared recently in the baths and for whose return a price of one thousand pieces of money is offered. Bawling out this proclamation, the town crier rushes into the tenement with a crowd of curious guests at his heels, and makes straight for the room where the uproar began. A fussy constable borrows a cane and pokes into every corner. But the curly-headed slave miraculously escapes discovery, thrusting his nose up against the very bugs of the bedding, where he clings beneath like another Ulysses in the Cyclops' cave. Disgruntled, the crier and the constable withdraw. The crowd follows. The tenement quiets down.

In the early hours of morning there is a knocking at the door of the room where the drunken guests, assembled once more, are getting their luggage together. A scrubbly-bearded sailor announces that the boat is about to sail. Accompanied by a sleepy slave, who staggers along behind with the baggage-rolls, they all stumble down the dark, winding street to the dock.[12]

At the house where the apostles are staying a similar announcement has perhaps been made. Paul, Silas, Luke, and Timothy hastily complete the preparations for departure which they have begun the evening before, say farewell to their Christian friends, and with torches, wallets, and staves proceed to the boat.

Pagans pay their usual devotion to the stars as the early morning wind freshens and the sails belly out. The Jews offer up a prayer to God that their mission may be fruitful, if not without danger. By the rail some merchants are talking loudly, glancing with disgust, as they do so, at the Hebrew preachers. Hermes is the chief god *they* worship. Mostly they never think of the gods except when they pray for power to cheat without detection, dig up buried treasure, encompass the death of a rich neighbor, or make thirty millions in trade. To them an ingot of gold is far lovelier than all the works of that crazy Greek, Phidias, and the worship of so intangible a God as the Jewish Christ the last degree of madness.

Head on into the Etesian Winds, which in the month of August come steadily from the northwest, the ship moves out of the

harbor of Troas, past the little island of Tenedos, hiding-place of the Greeks while the wooden horse rolled into Troy, and at length, with the current from the Hellespont, moves on a straight course to the island of Samothrace.

Sailors, idling off watch on deck, spin yarns about the marvels they have seen in their seafaring and wanderings on land. There are tall tales going the rounds—stories of dragons with fiery crests and long golden beards, monsters sixty feet long who move faster than a river and shake the very mountains when they burrow underground; of the peacock fish with blue fins and spotted golden tail that can be spread at will; of the stone Pantarbe, conceived four fathoms below the earth, which, if let down under water on a string, will collect rocks like swarming bees; tales of the Red Sea, where tigers come on board to ask for their stolen cubs, and of that wonderful sea of ice and moveless cold in the north, where the sun fills the night with an unearthly radiance and falls into the deep with an audible splash.[13]

Elaborate plans are being made by some of the passengers to attend the magnificent August festival of the Samothracian Cabeiri, mysterious gods from whom the very Roman household deities are fabled to have sprung. Some of the sailors already have the right to wear the purple waistband of a Cabeirian initiate. Others plan to pass through the ceremonial this very night, for the Cabeiri, like Castor and Pollux, have power to save all who meet danger on the sea.[14]

Accordingly, the ship anchors at Samothrace and proceeds no farther until the next morning.[15] Paul and his cohort probably remain on the deserted vessel, praying, writing letters to the churches they have visited, glancing now and then at the lights on the hills above, the torches in the temples of Samothrace, stars whose radiance will be far outshone by the Christians destined for salvation in Philippi.[16]

CHAPTER XIX

AND LYDIA CONSTRAINED US

FROM SAMOTHRACE THEY RAN ON THE NEXT DAY, COMPLETING THE voyage of a hundred and forty miles from Troas to Neapolis. It is a four hours' journey along the well-paved Roman road (which still runs, often in excellent condition, from the tobacco warehouses of Neapolis-Kavala) to the low marshy plain of Philippi. The highway climbs the steep slope of Mt. Pangæus, from which the apostles can look back to Neapolis, to Samothrace, landmark of sailors in every age, to Mt. Athos, the future home of a hundred monasteries, where no woman may come.[1]

A forbidding Turkish graveyard with stones askew, ungraced even by the cypress trees which usually adorn such places; a dirty khan whose fireplace contains a venerable piece of marble with an ancient inscription; the remains of a theater and a temple of the rustic god Silvanus; the ruins of the so-called prison of Paul, apparently once a massive structure with huge springing arches and stones measuring twelve feet in length by four in thickness—these are about all that now survives of Philippi, self-styled then the chief city of the Macedonian district.

Women still wash their clothes by the river Gangites, where in Paul's day the Jews had their house of prayer and performed their ritual ablutions. But nothing is left of the great Roman castle, crowning the Acropolis and housing the petty magistrates who took Paul under surveillance when he descended from the mountain trail to the plain of Philippi. Nothing remains of the great stone walls which then surrounded the city. The idols cut out of the dark, natural rock of the hill have long since become dust.

The roots of Philippi ran far back into the Macedonian past. The city was named for Philip of Macedon and had in ancient

times been famous for its gold and silver mines. But in Paul's day the local pride of the place centered on its triumphal arch, commemorating Augustus' victory over Brutus and Cassius. For near Philippi these traitors had fallen in despair on their swords. Augustus had further celebrated his victory by changing the city into a military colony, an effigy and simulacrum of Rome itself. His soldiers had entered Philippi bearing banners, but bringing freedom rather than subjection, for every Roman colony of this sort was free from taxes and military duties, was governed by a Senate and officers locally elected, and had a set of laws modeled in every detail after the Roman code.[2]

In reality there were four districts in Macedonia, and Amphipolis was the capital of the eastern section, but the inhabitants of Philippi took such pride in their colony that they called it "the first city of Macedonia" (the phrase in Acts is clearly a local echo).[3] Not content with being merely "duumvirs" (as was usual in such provincial towns), the magistrates called themselves "prætors," and their henchmen and executioners they dubbed "lictors," bearers of rods and axes in the Roman style.

Evidently the Roman veteran and native Macedonian elements predominated in the population, for when the Sabbath had come, Paul and his companions found only a "house of prayer" instead of the more pretentious synagogue. Such prayer-houses were ordinarily, as in this instance, located by a river for convenience in ritual cleansing.[4]

Here on the banks of the Gangites a number of women, women who during the week washed their clothing in the same waters that now served the purposes of religion, had gathered. Having first dipped their hands into the stream (it was contrary, not only to Jewish but to common pagan practice, to pray with unwashed hands),[5] the assembled company offered up the traditional Jewish prayers, then turned to the reading and interpretation of the Law and the prophets.

Following his usual practice, Paul took advantage of the interval allowed for preaching after the exposition of the Scriptures.[6] We have already seen that the women of Asia Minor were ringleaders in religion and superstition, notorious for egging the

men on to fasts, festivals, and wailings. So it is not surprising that the first convert to Christianity in Europe was a woman of Thyatira, local representative, no doubt, of a great purple-dyeing firm in Lydia and bearing herself the name of her native province.[7]

The very name Lydia is synonymous with luxury in ancient literature. It calls to mind Crœsus, the tyrant of fabulous wealth; it summons up the refinements of gold and silver coinage, dice, voluptuous music, the weaving and dyeing of costly fabrics—all of which the Greeks are supposed to have borrowed from the luxury-loving and effeminate Lydians.

But Lydia had in her veins a sprinkling of the strong salt used in her own dyeing-vats. She could superintend the actual process of dyeing, see that the tiny bladders of the purple shells were properly crushed and drained of the last drop of scarlet, of black and red juice, take care that not more than a pint of salt was added to every seventy-five pounds of the royal liquor, when by warm vapor it was heated in metal caldrons, watch jealously the soaking of the woolen garments, prepare them for export to Rome and Athens, carefully directing her workers as they sorted out the various blends, violet and sea purple, heliotrope and mauve and violet-yellow.[8] She could also manage the synagogue and a Jew named Paul.

The dyeing business was extremely profitable. A single pound of the finest purple wool occasionally sold for more than two hundred dollars. Lydia had thus, no doubt, acquired comfortable lodgings and a numerous retinue of slaves and helpers. She had found leisure also to become acquainted with Yahweh. Though she had never as yet been immersed into Judaism, she was a "God-fearer," and so familiar with the Messianic passages from which Paul drew his proofs regarding Christ. Naturally, then, as Luke says, her "heart was opened" to receive Paul's teaching. She believed and was baptized at the very first meeting, together with her entire household of slaves and dependents, perhaps by Paul, but more probably by one of his subordinates, since Timothy, Silas, and Luke were now on hand to administer wholesale immersion of this kind.[9]

Lydia was a business woman and used to having her own way.

A certain appealing feminine quality in Paul, a quality which women relish in their pastors, provided it is not too obvious, won Lydia's heart at once. She wasted no words. She merely said: "If in your judgement I am faithful to the Lord, come to *my* house and stay." And she would not take no for an answer, but compelled them to enter.[10]

In spite of his growing conviction that Christ would return at any moment, in spite of his consequent belief that earthly things, including wives, are of no significance and indeed are a nuisance, Paul was human and passionate enough to inspire men and women with love. His curious mixture of high strength and humble weakness would be attractive to women especially. More than once, after Paul left Macedonia, the church at Philippi (and that church alone) sent money to him. When he was in prison at Rome they came to his aid again. And not the least influence behind the church's contributions, I am convinced, was the wealthy Gentile Lydia.

There was another woman in Philippi whose attentions were less welcome. In the course of his preaching and worship Paul made frequent trips to the house of prayer by the river Gangites. As he went back and forth he was constantly being annoyed by a mad slave-girl, who furnished ample revenue to her masters by a gift of ventriloquism and divination. The Greek text says literally that she had a spirit, a *python*. Although Python signified at first the dragon slain by Apollo on the site of his oracle at Delphi, the word came later to mean (since Apollo was the Pythian god of oracles) the divine spirit which inspires ventriloquists, the god within the belly.[11] But it also here connotes something further. While in a dissociated state, bordering on epileptic trance, the slave-girl, thanks to her gifts as a ventriloquist, would utter prophecies, ravings in a voice apparently not her own, which her keepers promptly interpreted to their own profit. Such psychic powers, even such insanity as cursed the Philippian, would indicate to the ancients possession by a demon or spirit. Almost precisely parallel is the case of the half-demented epileptic, Rasputin's rival at the Russian court. She also prophesied in shrieks

and babbled sounds which would be translated only by her shrewd proprietor.

A personality so divided is particularly receptive to religious influences and religious men. The slave-girl with the rolling eyes and shrilling voice became a positive pest to Paul and his friends. Back and forth for many days on the path to the prayer-house she followed them (Luke's language betrays considerable personal annoyance), screaming out: "These men are slaves of the Most High God! They proclaim to you the Road of Salvation!" For many days this happened, over and over, until the pestered apostles must have felt that they too were going mad.

Paul, as the Greek has it, became "worked up." Attis, Zeus, Apollo (almost any pagan god) could be called Most High. The Road of Salvation was pointed out to initiates in almost every pagan cult. The girl quite plainly had not the faintest notion of Paul's doctrine. To have her as an advocate was not the best recommendation in the world. Turning on the evil spirit and fixing his hypnotic glance on the slave-girl, Paul said: "I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to come *out* of her." So strong was the force of suggestion, so authoritative the voice of Paul, that she was instantly sobered. Her faculties became properly associated; in other words, if one prefers, the spirit came out of her that very instant.

The superstitious Macedonians shared, no doubt, a widespread ancient belief regarding the origin of demonic possession. An evil spirit, in seeming blacker than coal, would stand by the bed of a young child asleep and bid him open his mouth. If the infant were so foolish as to comply, in jumped the spirit, and remained with the unfortunate child all his life, throwing him into the fire, hurling him over steep cliffs, inflicting upon him murderous rages if not prophetic gifts, until exorcised by a potent mage who knew the words such demons fear.[12] The Macedonians would therefore regard the actual fact of hypnotic suggestion, following upon the use of the powerful name Jesus Christ, as a marvel of expulsion in the most literal sense of the word. Wherever the slave-girl picked up the spirit, she was now delivered, and reverence was due the man who had driven it out.

The owners of the fortune-telling slave may have considered the cure miraculous, but they considered the loss of their source of income deplorable. Religious and social theories, then as today, did not become really dangerous or important until they threatened the stability of business and government. What the girl thought probably matters very little. After a long career of ventriloquism and divination she could scarcely be up to much as a housekeeper. If she had any sense, she undoubtedly sustained a relapse shortly after the apostles took themselves off.

Meantime her owners saw their livelihood disappear into thin air. But at least they could still lay hands on those who had robbed them. The Romans took no cognizance of religious disputes as such. They dealt summarily, however, with religious cults or trade unions which attempted to undermine the government by fostering riots. Knowing this, the masters of the Python girl dragged Paul and Silas before the prætors and blurted out a breathless accusation: "These *Jews* are disturbing the peace of our city. They are proclaiming customs which we as Romans cannot lawfully accept or practice."

Rioters and Jews! The case was settled. Toward the end of 50 A.D., not long before Paul's visit to Philippi, the Emperor Claudius had driven all Jews, high and low, out of Rome. Before a group of picayune provincial magistrates, anxious to show their severity and strict compliance with the emperor's will, two unknown Hebrew vagrants like Paul and Silas had not a chance in the world of fair trial. Even if the prætors had wanted to be lenient, one glance at the growling mob of low gamblers and loafers, which the slave-girl's owners had taken the precaution to organize in the market-place where court convened—one look at those faces would have changed their minds forthwith.

Sentence was passed and executed—almost before the echoes of the charge died out. Lictors stripped back the tunics of Paul and Silas (where Luke and Timothy had got to no one knows), separated rods from the axes to which they were tied, and proceeded to give the missionaries a mild taste of the dreaded army scourging from which many Roman soldiers had died.

Five times during his life Paul was beaten by servants of

various synagogues while passages from the Old Testament were intoned and a judge cried "Strike him!" Three times he was flogged by the Romans, beaten with rods or clubs or the whip of thongs loaded with balls of lead and bone which often laid veins and entrails bare. But perhaps no stigma of Christ caused him more pride and more humiliation than this first lashing—in direct violation of the law which forbade a Roman citizen to be scourged. So great was the tumult in the market-place, so loud the yelling of the mob, that he could not have made his plea heard, though he shouted again and again, *"Civis Romanus sum."*[13]

Paul was too weak from loss of blood to make any claims whatever when he and Silas reached the prison door. Given strict orders to watch and keep his charges safely, the jailer thrust them back to the inner cell, not a dungeon underground, but a black hole, nevertheless, filthy with slime and vermin, alive with huge rats, littered by the bones of men who had starved to death. Only their feet were placed in stocks (sometimes the neck and hands of prisoners were secured as well), so that Paul and Silas had some reason to be thankful. . . .

It is midnight now. The apostles are praying and singing psalms. There in palpable blackness; cramped by the stocks, tortured by their raw bleeding flesh, they cannot tell if it is day or night, but they know each minute seems endless. All around them prisoners are listening. Some curse at being wakened. Others welcome the relief. Others pray for release—and release is nearer than even those could have thought who fervently hoped the Jewish singers would bring down the roof on their heads and be damned to them.

Earthquakes may be expected at least three months out of the year in this part of the world. When one is not shaking with malaria one is pretty sure to be in danger of a quake. And so by a whim of nature release came to Paul and Silas.

Of a sudden the earth rocks up beneath them dizzily. Cracks begin to appear in the walls. The door of the inner prison is closed, but, according to Eastern custom, only a bar fastens it from the outside. As the doorposts are suddenly pried apart, the

bar drops. The fetters of the prisoners chained to the wall are loosened.

Jumping up from a sound sleep and seeing all the doors open, the jailer was about to fall on his sword. Too well he knew that by Roman law he would have to suffer the penalty if his prisoners escaped. But Paul shouted at him in a great voice: "Don't do yourself any harm. We are all here."

Crying, "Lights! Lights!" to his slaves, the jailer rushed in all atremble and fell at the feet of Paul and Silas. Gradually reassured, he rose and, after securing the other prisoners, brought out the two apostles and there in the light of the flickering torches addressed them: "My lords, what must I do to be saved?" The terror of the storm, the fear of losing his own life, the lingering suspicion that these ill-treated Jews might be something more than men, were still uppermost in his mind.

The jailer, then, feared for his own life, for his own skin and reputation. The shocking suddenness of the earthquake seemed a vindication of the strange Gospel preached by these Jews; this would lend a slightly religious color to the word salvation on the lips of a terrified man. But Paul and Silas turned the question into one of purely religious import. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," they answered, "and you will be saved, you and your household."

A hard saying and obscure to one who expected more startling magic, such as Paul had worked on the Python girl. In brief outline, therefore, both apostles preached their doctrine of the life, death, and resurrection of Christ to the jailer, with all the kinsmen, slaves, and dependents in his house. Afterwards the jailer washed their wounds, forgotten till now in the excitement. Then at that very hour of the night he escorted his family to the river, where they were all baptized, master and dependents alike, in accordance with prevailing custom. And when he had brought the apostles back into his home he put a table set with food before them, exulting, as did all his household, because he had believed in God. . . .

The earthquake was only a light one and every danger had passed away long before morning, but the prætors were still in a very nervous state. To them as to the jailer himself the storm

must have seemed very like divine intervention. Yet they did not see how they could have conducted the trial otherwise. The mob had made such an uproar yesterday that calm legal procedure was impossible. And, racial prejudice aside, the charges against these Jews had been serious enough to warrant immediate action.

Having met at eight o'clock, the usual time for morning sessions in the market-place, the prætors decided to compromise. They sent their lictors to release "those men" and get them quickly out of town. If another riot came up, there would be no answering for the prisoners' lives.

The jailer had saved appearances by removing Paul and Silas once more to the inner cell. Upon the lictors' arrival he pressed his face against the door and said directly to Paul: "The prætors have sent to release you. Come out now and go in peace."

Paul was not to be put off so easily. His reply is characteristic: "They flogged us in public without a trial, flogged *us* who are Roman citizens, and threw us into prison. And now they would cast us out on the sly, would they? No indeed! Let them come *in person* and *take* us out."

The lictors reported this ultimatum at once. When the prætors heard that Paul and Silas were Roman citizens they sped to the prison in nothing less than a panic. They were full of apologies and protestations. Of course an injustice had been done to innocent men, and Roman citizens at that. The whole affair was merely an unfortunate accident and should in no case be reported to higher authorities. But all the same they begged Paul and Silas to leave town. The rabble had been stirred up before, and might rise again.[14]

Their whole manner as they removed Paul from prison tended to smooth down his ruffled dignity, though it did nothing for his wounds and bruises. But he had no time just then to dwell on either mental or physical injuries. He was eager to push westward. With Silas and Timothy and Luke he paid a farewell visit to Lydia's comfortable home, where many disciples were gathered and where the church in Philippi probably met. The "we" passages cease now for the time being. Luke seems to have remained in Philippi and not to have joined Paul until six years later when the apostle was on his way to prison in Cæsarea.[15]

CHAPTER XX

THROUGH MACEDONIA TO ATHENS

UNDER A CRISP JANUARY SKY PAUL, SILAS, AND TIMOTHY WALKED out over the marshy plain, overrunning with springs which once gave the name "Crenides" to the city they had just left. It was good to be on the road once more after a five months' sojourn in Philippi. They were traveling on the Egnatian Way, popularly called Gnatian, one of two great ribbons of basalt and gravel that tied east to west and north to south in the Roman Empire. When Paul reaches the other, the Appian, he will be on his way to prison at Rome.

Over the slopes of Mt. Pangæus, stripped now of the myriad roses which in springtime relieved the dark colors of its pines, over Pangæus lies their road; past piles of earth that mark the gaping, black maws of gold and silver mines, killers of slaves; curving ever southward and westward away from the sound of miners' picks; biting many feet deep through the hills, smoothing a path for soldier and merchant and missionary; spanning the valleys on great arched viaducts, the wide Egnatian Way, which led at length to the sea and then, vaulting over the ocean's back, by its sister highway, the Appian, to the Golden Milestone in the Roman Forum.

First they passed through Amphipolis, the city of nine roads. Spreading closely round the river Strymon, Amphipolis had once been a juicy bone over which dog Philip snarled while Demosthenes railed and drank cold water in Athens. Now the shadow of its former glory was so dim that contemporary geographers passed it by without a word. Then came Apollonia by the waters of Lake Bolbe, and, when the hundredth mile-post had been left behind, Thessalonica, Saloniki of the Terrible Turk, the modern Greek, and the Spanish Jew.

Probably nothing in the five or six days' walk impressed Paul very deeply, not the tomb of Euripides who died in Macedonia, not perhaps the spot in Amphipolis where Xerxes was said to have buried youths and maidens alive. Paul's interest quickened only when he passed under the triumphal arch commemorating Augustus' victory over Brutus and Cassius, for then he was entering into a great and prosperous community of Jews, ancestors spiritually, if not actually, of the bearded conservatives who inhabit Saloniki today.

Thessalonica was then, as now, an important port, the natural ocean outlet for the mountain hinterland to north, east, and west. As such it had attracted a large trading population, but also a numerous group of idlers, dependent on the chances of the dice, on wagers laid with bookmakers for gladiatorial shows and horse-races, or, if worst came to worst, on the charity of tavern-keepers and the leavings of fruit-sellers' booths. These facts, the existence of a considerable Jewish faction and a lower stratum of market-place loafers, account in large part for Paul's temporary success and final expulsion from the city.

Like Tarsus, Thessalonica was a free city, whose officials were known as politarchs, "city managers." It had been founded toward the end of the fourth century by Cassander, a Macedonian general, who united scattered settlements into one and named his new creation Thessalonica after the half-sister of Alexander the Great. Now, however, control did not lie in the hands of Macedonian kings, but of the common people, as Paul would learn to his pain. He had already suffered from popular violence and would continue to be in danger from it to the end of his life. In Thessalonica he met the mob at its worst.

As usual, Paul entered the Jewish synagogue, not only at the regular periods of worship, but also during the afternoon sessions of the Bet-ha-Midrash, where Scripture was studied in connection with rabbinic commentary just as in the college at Jerusalem. Dealing particularly, according to his custom, with the Messianic parts of the Old Testament, Paul proved to his own satisfaction the inadequacy of Mosaic Law and the fulfillment of every divine promise in the person of Jesus as Messiah. His method, no doubt,

was the Socratic and rabbinic one of question and answer, for which his whole training had been a steady preparation.

On the surface it seemed easier for Paul to deal with the Jews than with the pagans of Thessalonica. And one might expect to find that his congregation there consisted mainly of Jews. But this is not the case. Paul's converts were mainly Gentile Thessalonians who "turned from idols to serve a *living* and *true* God."[1] The reason for this is not far to seek. Paul's Gentile audiences were prepared by their two native cults to believe far more readily than Jews in a Savior who must needs suffer and rise from the dead, a Savior whose worshipers drink wine and eat bread in memory of his shed blood and sacrificed body. . . .

The first and most primitive of these native religions was that of Dionysus, who personified not only the vine, but all growing things which die with the winter and return with the spring. In the cult of Dionysus one finds a trinity which has already become familiar to us in the course of these chapters: the supreme father, the earth-mother, and the working son. According to a well-known myth, Semele, the mortal mother of Dionysus, brought about her own death when she listened to the insinuations of Zeus's jealous wife, Hera, and sought to test the divinity of her lover by asking to see him in all his celestial panoply of light. Or in other words, the earth cannot bring forth the vine until she is impregnated by thunder-showers from heaven.[2]

Dionysus not only personified the vine in a poetic sense. He *was* the vine just as literally as the wine of the mass is thought to become the blood of Christ.[3] And during Paul's time the "Brotherhood of Dionysus the Vine Cluster" worshiped their god in this guise at Philippi.[4] If Paul had no knowledge of that cult, his Gentile converts at Philippi and Thessalonica could certainly instruct him.

But Dionysus was also the god of animal life. Thus he could appear to his worshipers as a hundred-headed snake, as a lion flaming with fire, and especially as bull or goat.[5] If men considered the wine of Dionysus sacred, they held the blood of his victim doubly so, for the god had entered into his victim, he *was* for the nonce his sacrificial bull or goat, and hence the worshiper

might at the same time eat the flesh and drink the blood of deity.[6] Dwellers on the island of Tenedos quaintly symbolized this identification of Dionysus with his animal by putting buskins on the sacred calf which at the spring season they sacrificed to him.[7]

Spring came while Paul tarried in Thessalonica. Roses covered the plains and hills. The sap rose in plants and men. The festivals of Bacchus, who came to new life in the spring, were at full riot. Macedonian men and women of highest and lowest station thronged the remote mountains at night, crying out, "Come, thou savior Bacchus." They tore open goats and calves with naked hands, throwing ribs and hooves violently aside, eating the raw, red flesh smoking hot, eating the flesh, drinking the blood of the god.[8] Rivers of milk and honey sprang from the ground, so said rumor, at a touch from the staves of pious Bacchantes.[9] They ate, they drank, they smote the earth with their staves; they prophesied the future in clear, unearthly voices; they raved in the maddest of gibberish.[10] Theirs assuredly was the gift of tongues. And as the orgy reached its heights Bacchoi and Bacchai, men and women bearing now as accepted followers the name of the god with whom they were identified, drank and danced till the ground reeled underneath their feet, rose at last to the consummate delirium of revival, while drums and cymbals and flutes spurred on their weary bodies to the immortality which glimmered just beyond the hills of fatigue.[11]

Temporary ecstasy rather than spiritual rebirth, drunkenness rather than permanent salvation, were the objects, frankly avowed, of the primitive Dionysiac cult. On the festivals of Bacchus even a respectable Greek had the right, if ever, to become thoroughly saturated.[12] Dionysus was worshiped, too, in the Orphic cult, the second of the important Macedonian religions, but under a different name and in a rather ascetic and intellectual fashion. Only once, at their initiation, did the Orphics participate in the characteristic Dionysian banquets of raw flesh, washed down with wine by the gallon. This they did not so much to obtain temporary ecstasy, as to commemorate (and here they resemble the Christians) the death of their god, Dionysus the

Hunter (Zagreus), a god not entirely like the primitive Dionysus who was snatched from the womb of his burning mother and sewn up in the thigh of Zeus until he could be brought to birth.

While Dionysus Zagreus was still a child, so the story runs, his father Zeus determined that he was to be ruler of the whole universe. But the Titans, angered because Zeus allowed young Dionysus to play with his thunderbolts and even sit on his throne —the Titans, jealous, and pricked on, too, by the malignant Hera, lured this little god away with toys, dismembered, cooked, and ate him. In a towering rage Zeus seized a thunderbolt and blasted the Titans to ashes, from which later was created the race of mankind. Fortunately Athena had snatched away from the Titans and carried to Zeus the heart of Zagreus. This Zeus ate, and so it happened that when Dionysus was born of Semele, when also he was reborn each year at the spring season, the elder god, Zagreus, came once more to life. A simpler version of the legend identified these two gods in a manner closely parallel to Christian belief. Having discovered the vine, Dionysus was torn to pieces, rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven.[13]

Out of this crude account of Zagreus' death, which the Orphics commemorated by their banquets of raw flesh, sprang naturally the first essential doctrine of the cult, a kind of primitive dualism. Man, being composed partly of Titanic ashes and partly of Zagreus' flesh, which the Titans had eaten, has two elements: the body (tomb of the soul), which is evil and mortal, and the soul, which is good and immortal. Normally a man would have to free his soul from the chains of the body by an endless round on the "wheel of generation," being born and reborn during the process into the shapes of various men and animals, with intervals, too, of punishment in the mud, fire, and cold of hell.

According to Orphic conviction, however, this painful process could be shortened by a true believer who not only followed the ritual of Orpheus to the letter, but in general led a life of ascetic holiness. The "Adamic sin," so to speak, which all men inherit from the Titans, must be purged away by frequent ritual ablutions. An Orphic must dress only in white, avoid contamination from funerals and marriage, abstain from meat (though not from

wine in moderation), shun beans (because they resemble the generative parts of man) as well as certain kinds of fish, and take no eggs or other things expressly forbidden in the rites of initiation.[14] Sometimes, in order to keep his rebellious, Titanic flesh under control the Orphic must practice actual flagellation.

The prophet who reformed the baser religion of Dionysus, the first teacher who showed himself a master in all things spiritual and gave his name to the sect, was, of course, Orpheus, the half-mythical Thracian poet. Orpheus himself knew all the temptations to which his followers might be subject; he knew and conquered them, leading a glorious life and meeting a glorious death. He flouted the Thracian women who sought to entice him after the final disappearance of his wife, Eurydice, and these disappointed bacchants tore him to pieces. But the mangled fragments of his body the Muses collected and buried on Macedonian soil, almost in sight of Thessalonica, at Libethra under the crags of Mt. Olympus, where the nightingale sings sweetly over her only rival.

Orpheus the devotee has followed during life, and Orpheus he will meet in the underworld after death. The man who shuns all defilement, as his master did, who subdues the flesh, who abhors war and slaughter and lives a harmonious life at peace with his fellow men, may cross the waters of death without fear. Holding the lyre sacred to Orpheus, he will cross while Love gently extends a hand and Victory waits to crown him on the other side.[15] To him the king of the dead will give the cold water of life that springs eternally from a fountain on the right side of Hades' door. For him in Elysium the sun will shine, while on earth it is night. There in meadows red with roses, under trees of incense and golden fruit, he will converse with wise men and heroes of the past; he will listen amazed to the strains of Orpheus' lyre. In all good things he has enjoyed on earth he will take delight, while the lovely flower of perfect bliss blooms beside him.[16] Meantime by his tomb on earth a statue will be set up, showing the mortal man as immortal Dionysus, a panther at his side, and on his head, as in his hand, clusters of the everlasting grape.[17] So literally is fulfilled the Orphic promise that he who has in all

purity escaped the weary wheel of generation will become a god. . . .[18]

These with others were no doubt the "idols" which the Greek men and chief women of Thessalonica had known on the mountains and in the subterranean basilicas where the Bacchants reveled and the Orphic-Pythagorean sects convened, the deities from which they turned to serve Paul's true and living god. They found here a Dionysus who was no mere myth, but a man-god with whom his disciples had walked and talked and eaten. Here they discovered a gentler shepherd, a kinder Orpheus than he who is often in art identified with the suffering Christ, whether they came to that discovery through the doors of the synagogue or through the personal preaching of Paul in the market-place outside and the tiny tent-loft which was truly his second pulpit. For in Thessalonica Paul worked night and day at his trade, so that he might be dependent on no man.[19] But as he drew the goat's hair from a bag over his shoulders, as he worked at the spinning-wheel and loom or thrust coarse thread into the completed tent-cloth, he had plenty of time to converse with interested visitors. During intervals of work he probably dictated letters to his secretaries, Timothy and Silas, some of them no doubt purely personal, some designed as official messages for the churches in Asia Minor, to found which he had taken blows and insults.

Among Paul's disciples, as we have already seen, were many of Thessalonica's leading women. The word "leading" is no doubt used advisedly, since here women were better educated and more active in public affairs than elsewhere in Greece. For the rest those converts who came to Paul in the synagogue or visited him at his place of business probably fell into the usual classes. There were reformed prostitutes, male and female, ex-burglars and cutthroats, devout slaves from house and mill and mine, a few students and local magistrates, and a large group of stable, middle-class business men. Among the congregation too were probably a number of fairly respectable but happy-go-lucky free laborers, the sort who, when the rent fell due in July, were always dodging from one tenement to another, with their wives and mothers and

sisters carting along dunnage which the sheriff's deputy had not thought it worth while to seize—a rickety, three-legged bed, a two-legged table, rusty brazier, ropes for stringing garlic and onions, hunks of cheese, fleabane, pots of depilatory and sardines.[20]

Paul's preaching continued without interruption for about three weeks. According to the *Codex Bezæ* his converts during this time included not only many wives of the leading men and a whole host of Greeks (the out-and-out pagans with whom up to this point we have been concerned), but also a number of "God-fearers." Herein lies the explanation for the riot which now put an end to Paul's visit in Thessalonica. The disbelieving Jews, here as at Pisidian Antioch, became intensely jealous of his success with all the pagans, but particularly with those God-fearers who contributed toward the expenses of the synagogue, although they had never been circumcised into Judaism. By spending a little money and more talk Paul's enemies got together a nucleus of lazy, gambling, drinking market-place loafers, the breed that was always ready to make a disturbance whether because of a wheat shortage or an unfair decision in the horse-races. With the help of this selected crew of vagabonds and gangsters they soon set the town in an uproar.

The mob, thus organized, charged the house of Jason-Jesus the Jew, with whom Paul was supposed to be staying. Not finding either Paul or Silas (who had perhaps been warned by oral telegraph), they dragged Jason and some other Christians before the city magistrates, yelling: "These fellows that have been turning the whole world upside down have come here too. . . . And they all disobey the decrees of Cæsar by declaring there is another king called Jesus."

The charge, so breathlessly delivered, had a basis in fact. Paul, as we know from his letters to the church at Thessalonica, was at this time wholly absorbed in the Messianic doctrine of the Second Coming. He pictured the descent of King Christ from heaven, attended with the angels of his power in flaming fire, so vividly that many of his converts ceased to work and loafed about, expecting Christ to take vengeance on their enemies and give them a permanent heavenly income at any moment.[21] Paul himself

was evidently convinced that Christ's appearance was imminent. He did, however, tell his disciples again and again that the Day of the Lord would not arrive until certain portents had appeared. First must come the Lawless One, the Pauline Man of Sin, who has been divertingly and variously identified in later periods as the Terrible Turk, the Pope, the Roman Catholic Church, Kaiser Wilhelm, the Power of the Saloon, and even Alfred Emmanuel Smith.[22] But the Lawless One, he who opposes and even claims himself to be God, the emissary of Satan whom Christ at his coming will destroy with the breath of his mouth, cannot be revealed until the "restraining force" is taken away.

The Jews, it is just possible, perversely imagined that in speaking about the removal of a restraining force Paul was prophesying the death of Claudius. Certainly the emperor was becoming less and less of a force working against lawlessness. Completely under control of his treacherous, lascivious wife and his wealthy freedmen, Pallas and Narcissus, Claudius offered no protest when, two years before the apostle's arrival in Thessalonica, Messalina publicly married another man; apparently he registered no objection when his wife ordered innocent men to be executed.

But the specific charge laid against the Christians was that in worshiping Christ as king they violated the decrees of Cæsar. We know of no special edict which Claudius had issued to cover a case of this kind. *Crimen maiestatis,* however, offense against the emperor, was an extremely pliable weapon in the hands of informers and could conceivably be stretched to thrust at the apostles.[23] Paul's religious doctrine, in other words, his prediction that Christ would come soon to set up a spiritual kingdom, could be twisted into political treason. And the truth was that Paul's teaching *had* upset the morale of certain converts, as later events proved.[24] No doubt some of them had been saying indiscreet things about the emperor. Harmless and absurd as a literal belief in the immediate coming of a Messiah seems nowadays, it did play a large part in that rebellion of the Jews which ended with the destruction of Jerusalem less than twenty years after Paul visited Thessalonica.

However true the charge, however much they might be upset by the violence with which it was pressed, the magistrates dared not act too hastily, for Christianity had made a considerable impression upon the higher classes in Thessalonica. Therefore a compromise was effected: Jason and the remainder of the Christians were called upon, as we should say, to give bond to keep the peace and preach no more treason. Having paid down their deposit, the brethren got into communication immediately with Paul and Silas and sent them away by night to Berœa, a mountain town about forty miles westward.

Carrying only the staff and wallet of the pilgrim, wearing only the girt-up tunic and sleeveless poncho of the ordinary traveler,[25] Paul led Silas and Timothy out from the hill-crescent of Thessalonica for a short way along the Egnatian Road, then south and west toward the pleasant streams, the snow-capped mountains of Berœa, a summer resort still famous for its fine climate. They passed perhaps a small tavern or two, erected for the convenience of tourists who even then were beginning to leave the hot lower lands. But they would probably prefer to sleep in a roadside cave or roll up in their cloaks within a grove rather than endure the bugs, thieves, dancing cymbal-girls, the shouting and singing revelers who haunted hotels.[26]

Pausing for a few hours' sleep after the first stage of twenty miles, they reached Berœa late the next afternoon. There seemed small danger of pursuit now and they could take their time to the steeper road which led into the city. It was delightful to relax in this high, pure air, to listen to ice-cold water cascading through the streets after hearkening, hidden, to the shouts of a mob. Moreover, the Jews of the city were more generous-minded than those of Thessalonica. When in the synagogue Paul set forth his doctrine that the life and death and resurrection of a Messiah, foreshadowed in the Old Testament, were fulfilled in the person of Jesus Christ, they proved him by reading the Scripture for themselves.

So strong is the tradition of Paul's preaching in Berœa that his pulpit, under a canopy resembling a band-stand, is still pointed out among cypresses said to be two thousand years old!

Unfortunately, Paul's stay in Berœa was cut short. He had been able to remain in Thessalonica perhaps four months, from January to May of 51 A.D.; he was forced to leave Berœa after only four weeks of preaching. True, many of the Jews were converted and a large number of prominent Greeks, both men and women. But merchants and tourists, returning to Thessalonica, soon spread the report that treasonable heresy was being disseminated in Berœa. The spy system of the Sanhedrin, which ran underground from Jerusalem to the outermost houses of prayer, was efficient and unscrupulous. Mere gossip did the rest. The same mob of trouble-makers who had driven Paul out of Thessalonica came down now to Berœa; the scene which had occurred there a few weeks before was reenacted, to the usual accompaniment of heckling, curses, threats, plots. The whole city was tossed as if by waves of rioting.

Paul's life does indeed seem to have been in danger. This was not amazing when one considers the intensity of Oriental prejudice against heresy. One letter, one word wrong, and the whole structure of salvation collapsed, then as today in the Moslem schools of Egypt. Jews had lain in wait for Paul at Damascus; they had stoned him at Lystra; the Hellenists in Jerusalem had planned to make away with him only three years after his conversion. But always Paul had firm friends as well as bitter enemies. Under the circumstances his friends in Berœa thought it wise to adopt a ruse: they made as if to escort Paul to a seaport, knowing that the Jews would follow the false trail and endeavor to head him off at Methone or Pydna on the Thermaic Gulf. Actually they escorted Paul overland to Athens, where Silas and Timothy had orders to join him later.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE

FOR THE FIRST TIME PERHAPS DURING HIS ACTIVE MISSIONARY CAREER Paul was now left alone in a strange city. Silas and Timothy did join him, but after a brief consultation and a severe mental struggle Paul sent them both off to Macedonia. Timothy's destination possibly was Philippi; Silas was dispatched to Thessalonica, where the church was being shaken by backsliding within and persecution without.[1] It was characteristic of the mercurial little Jew at all times to vibrate, almost in the same breath, between funereal despair and intoxicated moods when he felt that through Jesus Christ he had conquered the whole creation.[2]

These black moods were intensified by loneliness, as Paul's behavior at Troas five years later clearly showed. There was then a glaring scandal at Corinth. A Corinthian had committed virtual incest by taking his father's wife. The church had not only refused to repent and deal with him, but had actually dared to write Paul an impudent letter, raising various technical questions. The apostle had sent them back a stern rebuke and then, driven out of Ephesus by the riot there among the silver-workers, had pushed on to Troas, awaiting the return of Titus, who had gone to investigate the situation at Corinth. He was completely alone. Time went by—no Titus; no letter. "I was utterly crushed,"[3] Paul later confesses, "so much so that I even despaired of my very life." He became so restless, in fact, that he moved on to Macedonia, where Titus later reached him with good news.

Similarly, in Athens, Paul was alarmed by the state of his church in Thessalonica. Some of the disciples there had taken his doctrine of Christ's second coming so literally that they had stopped working and sat around waiting for the end of the world. Others had returned to the drunkenness and idolatry of the pagan

cults.[4] Those who remained faithful were being harassed, apparently by the same Jews who had caused trouble for Paul.

The treatment which he received at the hands of Jews in Thessalonica and Berœa had seared Paul's heart like a hot iron.[5] Though he could later in a letter to the Romans wish himself accursed for the sake of Israel, now he almost wished them accursed for his own suffering's sake. He was thinking especially of the Jews in Thessalonica when he wrote: "Offenders against God, enemies of all men, they killed the Lord Jesus and the prophets and persecuted me, trying to prevent me from bringing salvation to the Gentiles, anxious to fill up always the full measure of their sins. On them the wrath of God has fallen and will spend itself to the uttermost."[6] Luke makes no further mention of Berœa, after Paul's unceremonious departure, except to say that Sopater, son of Pyrrhus, a Berœan, was one of Paul's companions on the way to Jerusalem and prison.[7] There must have been other generous-minded Berœans of whom Paul cherished pleasant memories. But the fact remains that Paul wrote no letter, at least none is extant, to the church there. Philippi, Lydia's home, remained for Paul the true jewel in his Macedonian crown.[8]

Athens at the height of its August heat was not an ideal place for a man in Paul's mental state. The violet crown of hills, so beautiful at sunset, effectually shut off most of the northern breeze. Vagrant gusts of wind drove the tawny dust down winding streets. The honey and amber of old temples, the mellowed ivory of the Parthenon and Erechtheum towering two hundred feet above on the Acropolis, silver-black and cool under an August moon, brought no coolness or comfort to the lonely little Jew. His soul contracted in spasms of indignation against these expensive monuments of heathen folly. To him the Parthenon and the Erechtheum were shrines erected in honor of demons, a virgin goddess who sprang forsooth from the head of a lecherous father, a mythical Athenian king who was part man and part snake. Dumb and empty idols! Monuments of religion, but how pathetically misguided that religion!

Paul had seen idols before. Why did he find them so particularly objectionable in Athens? First of all, he was, as I have said,

lonely—and for the moment unsuccessful. Besides, to judge from Pausanias' description in the first book of his "Tour of Greece" Athens must have had more statues than all the rest of Greece put together.[9] The city was so full of present deities that, to quote the words of Petronius speaking about another region, it was easier to find a god there than a man.[10] A myopic stranger might easily discover that he had asked his way of a graven image, for statues in antiquity were often colored to the life, and their bases did not always raise them above average height. Had Paul sustained an authentic spasm every time he saw an idol, he would not have lived long enough to leave Tarsus and go to school in Jerusalem. But if, as some writers have surmised, Paul's eyesight had been weakened by malaria, his irritation at the idols of Athens would have increased in direct proportion to their number.

However we explain it, Paul's mood was one of bitter depression when the Berœan escort left him and hastened back with instructions for Timothy and Silas to come at once. While he waited, Paul worked and preached as usual. But in the Athenian synagogue he had no success at all. We are told simply that he argued there from time to time with Jews and God-fearers. These were more sophisticated audiences than any that Paul had thus far encountered, not hostile, merely cold and indifferent, politely attentive and politely unimpressed.

It is entirely possible that Paul could not find welcome in the home of any Athenian Jew or Gentile. If he had to turn elsewhere for lodging, at least two courses would be open to him. Given sufficient funds, and it is not at all certain that he had them, he would take private rooms, as he did later on in Rome.[11] Barring that, the cheapest way for him to secure at once a workshop and a place to sleep would be to take lodging in a tavern. One finds it hard to associate the apostle with a combination brothel, hotel, and speakeasy of this kind. But missionaries have slept in stranger places. And in any case this was just the atmosphere from which many of Paul's converts emerged to embrace Christianity. It seems worth while, therefore, to recon-

struct the scene which may have greeted Paul when he first sought shelter at Athens. . . .

An unctuous landlord rushes out to meet his prospective customer, rubs moist palms, signals for a maid, who, with tunic girt up, comes swiftly, bearing a huge jar of wine. Paul starts back. The landlord looks a little closer at Paul's face and equipment under their coating of dust. So—one of these circumcised idiots. A tent maker and a Jew to boot! One might have known it by his stench. A fastidious Jew, for all his dirt. Well, let the other innkeeper have him.

Landlord the second fairly drags Paul inside his tavern, under a swinging sign which announces that this is the Great Eagle Hotel. Down the steps they go, through the basement bar and dining-room, up another flight of steps to the lodgings above. A bronze tablet on the way proclaims that here Mercury and Apollo will give the traveler wealth and health, the proprietor, board and lodging. But Paul or any other stranger is lucky to find a roof that keeps out the rain and a bed comparatively free from vermin. Paul settles his working tools, his worn cloak, and his precious Scriptures written on parchment.[12]

Down below in the huge dining-room, lighted dimly with smoking torches, muleteers shout and sing at long benches notched with the initials of many a visitor, and run famous road-races over again to the tune of hiccups and hands whacked on the table to simulate the clip-clop of mules' hooves. Under the table a fugitive slave snores placidly in the arms of Bacchus. Elbow to elbow with the mule-drivers are low executioners, coffin-makers, dagger-men, and eunuch priests so sodden with drink that they cannot keep their heads from drooping into the wine-goblets, much less support the cymbals which mark them as the Great Mother's own. At the soot-blackened wall across the room a poet is scribbling an obscene bit of invective against a faithless blonde dancer. A beggar hungrily surveys the monogramed tarts on the tables, the salted chick-peas and nuts with which the muleteers whet their appetites. His gaze runs swiftly from the pork and ham and great slices of goat's meat to the bunches of

fennel, leek, and garlic, suspended all by ropes of grass from the ceiling.

The landlord, very busy behind his table near the door, tends a huge hearth, scoops out chick-peas and nuts in carefully-graded measures, steps back to take a slice of cold fowl or goose-liver sausage from the glass vases mortised solidly to the wall, fills up a portable brazier with sausages for sale in the bathhouses near by, and sends a slave flying out with it. Then he slips into the back room to feed criminals hiding there among the sooty, pitch-smeared wine-jars.

The beggar edges closer to a great ham. He licks his chops with watering tongue. Just as he raises his hand, in comes the landlord from the back room and fetches him a tremendous clout on the ear which sends him sprawling over a stool. Roars of laughter, yells for another round of drinks, follow this sally. The beggar lies very still; only his twitching face betrays any sign of life. No one has the least pity for him. He belongs to that numerous fraternity whose stock in trade is to feign a broken leg at street crossings and hold their caps while the coins of strangers pour down. The beggar suddenly sits up, staring in a bewildered fashion, starts to rise, clutches his knees, and sinks back again, moaning, "Ah, my leg, my broken leg! By Osiris! I'm in earnest. Lift me up, cruel men." "Go look for a stranger," yell the steady customers and turn to their drinks.

Now, between the two wine-jars chained on each side the door another beggar enters, with a performing lion. Or perhaps it is a black negro with a tame crocodile, or a workingman traveling from town to town with a trained magpie. By your leave, gentlemen. . . . "Good-by! Hello!" shrills the magpie. "Zeus be propitious to you. The gods bless Claudius Cæsar!"

No one pays much attention, for on the floor two young noblemen have begun playing dice with a burly gladiator and a eunuch priest. "Great Mars! the Venus throw!" mutters the gladiator, shaking the dice-box with a portentous rattle. "Vulture, come vulture," squeaks the eunuch. And sure enough four wretched aces roll out. The gladiator curses, while the eunuch, tittering, snatches up the cloak which his opponent has staked.

Maliciously the priest turns the four dice over, showing four "ones" on the sides where they have fallen. The bones are passed about. Bettors in a ring examine the rounded ends, look closely at the concave and the convex sides, at the flat and the indented ones, hand them back to the eunuch. Nothing crooked here. All in order. The eunuch with a prayer to Attis blows on the dice, flips them into the box and rolls them out. A Venus throw!

As the play goes on to the loud accompaniment of side-bets, the gladiator is stripped of tunic, shoes, and purse. Hoping to change his luck, he calls for three cubes, marked one to six, instead of the 1-3-4-6 *tali* which he has been using. The game continues until straight through the crowd, scattering the players, run two girls in torn clothing, their hair disheveled, their faces scratched. After them comes a she-fury, screaming at the top of her voice, "I'll teach you to meddle with *my* poet!" Out of the door they go, in full cry down the alley.

The landlord dolefully shakes his head. Bribe or no bribe, he can't keep open after hours if this sort of thing happens very often. There is such a thing as leaning too heavily on your pull with the police. He goes to bar the strong oaken door with its sliding panel which leads to his basement tavern. The yelling of the flute-girls, as they run down the alley, pursued by the poet's official mistress, can still be heard, faint in the distance. Why couldn't the young fools have fought it out decently in their room upstairs? Disgustedly the landlord slams and bars the door.

Presently, two knocks. The peephole in the door is opened cautiously. A stranger—too late, friend; we're just closing up. The landlord turns back to watch the game. Another knock, accompanied by a prolonged kicking on the door. In Hercules' name, what next? Hmmm! that young spendthrift. Too much hot punch and summer wine have put bags under his eyes and permanent wrinkles in his purse. His grandfather's property is all gone now. No more credit, friend.

Back to the dice. The gladiator rolls out a Venus at the first throw. Complacently he puts on his shoes. Instantly there are protests. One of the bettors snatches up the cubes and tests them. False, by Hermes! He grasps the gladiator by the throat. Both

begin to shout. The landlord's patience is exhausted. The police may be down on him in a moment, headed by that snooping *ædile* who can't be bribed and has threatened to close him up before. "Out with you," yells the landlord. "Take your quarrel outside!" The door bangs again.

The noise subsides. Two quiet merchants, who have been playing at draughts in a corner, stroll over and enter the dice game. Not a word now, save for prayers and imprecations as the bones roll, the rattle of the dice-box, the fall of the four *tali*.

Then at the foot of the stairs that lead to the upper rooms there is a light clash of cymbals and a soft voice singing. "Come into my garden," runs the song. "I have violets there and saffron, crimson roses, and lilies. Mulberries blood-red and grapes in heavy clusters grow for me, and from its stalk in my garden hangs the blue-grey melon. Hearken! Cicadas rend the thickets with their song. The spotted lizard lurks in a cool retreat. Come, drown your sorrow in a bumper of summer wine. Away with him who heeds the morrow. Lo, Death, plucking the ear, cries, 'Live! I come!' "

Muffled applause. Hail, Syrian! Welcome, *ambubaia*! The dice game is forgotten. She dances now, shaking her black, curly head, glancing amorously at them through half-closed lids. Whiter than lilies her face and than roses her lips are more red. Her firm little breasts beneath a silver band disclose rouged nipples eloquent with the rhythm of the dance. Deliriously she spins; she sinks with quivering thighs to the floor. Like one dead she lies there, exhausted with the passion of the dance.

Quickly! The dice! A young nobleman, one of the merchants, and the abandoned poet, who has come down now from an upper room, gamble for the Syrian's favors. Her kisses would turn water to wine, thinks the poet; the cup she takes from the landlord's hand as she rises slowly is like a flower growing from her fingers.

The poet throws a Vulture. Damning his fingers, he retires. The nobleman fares better and struts about the room until the merchant makes a Venus throw. The winner blesses Fortune

now; in the morning he will feel for his missing purse and damn her. . . .[13]

And perhaps within a tiny room, high in the tenement above the noise, Paul sits by an oil-lamp, working, hoping that Timothy and Silas will come quickly from Macedonia and medicine his loneliness. . . .

Every day, no doubt after eleven o'clock when working hours were over,[14] Paul strolled about the market-place, conversing with anyone he happened to meet. There, among noisy politicians, athletes, amateur sages, and *spermologoi* (loafers who lived by snatching up grain and fragments of food that fell from provision carts or merchants' tables), Paul encountered some Epicurean and Stoic philosophers, to whom he unburdened his heart. But try as he would, Paul succeeded in filling these gentlemen, not with faith, but only with a vast contempt.

No doubt he manfully repressed the spasms of anger[15] which racked his soul when, speaking of Jesus and his Father, the one true God, he turned to see graven images staring down everywhere at him from their pedestals. Doubtless, summoning to his aid all the tags of Greek literature and philosophy which he had at one time or another picked up, Paul attempted to approach his preaching of Christ and the resurrection from what he considered a dispassionate, philosophical point of view, well adapted to the needs of his audience. He would begin by declaring that there exists now, as there has always existed, one true universal God, who created the world and everything in it. Men, therefore, are close to God; in Him they live and move; they are all, in fact, His children. One might suppose, then, that since men are so close to God, they would long ago have discovered His true nature. This, unfortunately, is not the case. During the times of ignorance, groping blindly after God, the nations have believed that He could be found in graven images or in costly shrines dedicated to His worship.

But now, Paul would conclude, the times of ignorance are over. God has given men a final revelation, and He will no longer, as He has done in the past, overlook men's blunderings. Now God commands men to "repent," that is to say, turn from

their ignorance to the true, revealed way of life. Upon those who do not so turn the wrath of God will fall, for He has set a final Day of Judgment on which He will deal justly with the whole world through His appointed judge, a man whom He has proved to be His Son by raising him from the dead.

Such is the line of argument which Paul later pursued on Mars' Hill, and such, too, I am convinced, was the reasoning which, by means of question and answer, Paul developed during his discussions with laymen and professional philosophers in the marketplace. A few of the laymen, as will appear later, did become converts. But the philosophers simply refused to take him seriously. They professed at the time not to understand what he was talking about and later induced Paul to make a spectacle of himself by summing up his doctrine in a formal speech on Mars' Hill. The fact was that they understood Paul perfectly well, though his terminology seemed to them outlandish. Throughout they manifested toward him only the contempt which professionals often feel for amateurs. The remarks which they privately exchanged upon first encountering Paul give a perfect key to their attitude. Some said, "What in the world is this dilettante driving at?" And others, "He seems to be a herald of foreign deities."[16]

This second remark has sometimes been set down to ignorance. The philosophers, it is said, mistook Jesus and the Resurrection for Oriental deities. To Greeks, nurtured on Aristophanes, who brought Peace, the Clouds, and other abstractions into the theater as women, it would appear that *Resurrection*, about which this Jew had so much to say, was some foreign goddess. Didn't the word *anastasis* belong to the feminine gender? And Iesous, from the sound of his name in Greek, might be a healing god.[17] If the philosophers did reason thus, they must have been indulging in learned foolery at Paul's expense. But whatever their reasoning, they were not so far wrong. They set Paul down simply as another wild-eyed Oriental priest and his religion as a salvation cult of the type long familiar at Athens, where the Adonis rites had been popular among women for at least five hundred years.

There was nothing strange or incomprehensible in the fact that a religious teacher should introduce into his sermon a dis-

cussion of resurrection and the immortality of the soul. That had been done by philosophers and cult-masters for generations. The Epicureans, of course, held that the soul is purely mortal and made of material atoms. Death for them was the end of everything. Where we are, death is not, and where death is, we are not. Why, they asked, should we fear such a shadow? There will be no other self to stand outside our bodies and wail when we are drowned in honey, or laid cold on a slab of marble, when we are buried and crushed under earth or shriveled in the pyre's red flames. But a hope of resurrection was held out to the devotees of Attis, Isis, and Dionysus-Zagreus. And while the Stoics did not firmly believe in resurrection, yet many of them embraced the doctrine of immortality. Both Stoics and Epicureans were accustomed to discuss the question at great length.[18]

Our true home, said the Stoics, is not this earth, but the vast dome of the sky, the eternal habitations of the stars, the universe from which came the soul, that spark of cosmic fire more priceless than all possessions. Perhaps, too, if the tale told by wise men be true, there is a bourne to welcome us, and the friends whom we think to have lost in death have only been sent on ahead. If not, then death is only a painless absorption into the universe. For at the end of certain cycles of existence the universe itself will burn with a consuming fire, or perhaps be overwhelmed in flood, and then be again renewed. Why should not the souls of the wise, after their separation from the body, likewise endure until that general conflagration?[19]

Not only should we scorn to fear death, the natural end of all things, the gentle setting adrift for the common harbor of mankind, but when we see that we are leading restless lives, lives out of harmony with nature, we may wisely take the reins in our own hands and put an end to our existence.[20] At all times we should bow to the will of the Divine and be always ready to say: "Lead me, my father, master of the lofty heavens, wherever thou wouldst have me go. Mine not to falter or to shrink."[21] If such are our will and purpose, the divine light will illumine our every moment and at length lead us to the perfect and heavenly light of the rounded universe.

In Paul's approach to his conception of God there was nothing which the Athenian philosophers could possibly fail to understand. This was all familiar, even trite. The Stoics conceived of the whole universe as being subject to one supreme deity, whether called Zeus or any other name made little difference. To the universal law of this supreme intelligence all things and all men except the wicked, the avaricious, the drunken, the ignorant, yield allegiance. Nothing comes into being without Him; all things bear His impress. The vast orb of the worlds, rolling in space, feels the shock of His avenging lightning and trembles. Wise men acknowledge His sway, for they also are His offspring.[22]

The Stoics attached small importance to popular idol-worship except in so far as it was not debasing and proved a comfort to the average man. Good conduct, they declared, was the best recommendation man could present to the gods, and action like that of the gods much better than the folly of thinking to find deity in an image. To the immortals of popular mythology, mere frivolous folk, dangling their feet over the celestial battlements and drinking nectar in the interstices of the world, Epicureans whimsically assigned a place, but an unimportant one. What part could thieves, liars, and adulterers have in the life of a wise man? Chance, said they, a fortuitous concourse of atoms infinitely varied, accounted for the creation of the world and everything in it. There is, they held, no plan or purpose in the cosmos which points to the existence of one god. The belief that the gods intervene in things human leads only to superstition, to tales of torture in hell, to childish romances of heroes and Elysian Fields.

Thus, had he known or cared to use the terminology of the schools, had he been willing to throw aside his Jewish cloak and make what the philosophers considered an adequate approach,[23] Paul would have found both Stoics and Epicureans, whatever their individual beliefs, quite able, quite ready, to discuss with him the nature of God and immortality. He would have discovered that in their own fashion they had quite as little use as he for popular idol-worship.

Moreover, Paul might have learned, dependence on God was for a Stoic even more important in life than in death. Some mem-

bers of the sect still clung to an old-fashioned notion rather like what certain Christians still call "complete sanctification." According to their belief one who obeys with all his conscience the dictates of the Good, of the universal reason, and who strives with all his might to fulfill the purpose appointed to him in the cosmos, the rôle assigned by God to each man,[24] may at length become a perfect Sage, incapable of anything wrong or evil. But the greater part embraced a doctrine more akin to Paul's notion of the strenuous life in Christ Jesus. They held the view just now being so eloquently set forth in Rome by Seneca, who had two years ago returned from exile in Corsica to become the tutor of young Nero.

We are all, as Seneca puts it, pilgrims in quest of the good. This earth is not our permanent dwelling-place, but only an inn where we tarry, so to speak, overnight. In our progress toward virtue we should realize that everywhere men are stretching out to us imploring hands. Lives are being ruined; men are in despair. It is our duty, therefore, not to live shut up in an ivory tower, but to tell men of the true philosophy of life, which is to live according to "Nature," the will of the universal god made manifest in the whole world. Such a life is not, at least relatively, impossible, for each man has implanted in his breast at birth a spark of the divine fire which animates the entire universe, a germ of the supreme reason which, when duly developed, is called "conscience," the "Holy Spirit" within us, and enjoins upon us what we should or should not do.

Living at best is not a matter for lazy and delicate souls. It is not a dance, but a battle with the forces of folly and evil which dash about us like an army, like the waves of the sea. Life is a stern fight in which we have taken a gladiator's oath that we will endure fire, sword, death rather than desert the cause of virtue. Throughout this conflict we are aided by the thought that men are, or should be, one vast brotherhood, parts of one universal body; the conviction that men and women, freemen and slaves (nay, not slaves, but fellow slaves), should all live on equal terms in this universe, which is a commonwealth of gods and men, di-

vinely governed and possessing a common law by virtue of the reason which men share with God.

We are further assisted in the fight if we take some man who commands our complete respect as a guardian and patron saint. We should act as if our ideal man, and above all as if God, were in the midst of our daily life, hearing all we say, beholding all we do, even knowing all we think. When we fully realize our duty to the ideal and our relation to the universe as parts of an universal brotherhood, we must be convinced that no man really lives who is not to the fullest extent used by others.

This, naturally, is the will of God, for He is the Father of us all, both slave and free, male and female, and has given us in common the good things necessary for our existence. We should not, however, be dependent on our fellow beings. The thoroughly wise man carries inside his own skin all the instruments of happiness. Nothing is more foolish than enslavement to material things, which in truth are merely the gifts of unreasoning Fortune.

Nature demands only rough covering for our bodies, a rude shelter from the cold, and enough food to satisfy hunger. All things else are but the gifts of a flattering Fortune, that siren who lures us on in order to hurl us over the precipice, and these gifts the wise man, the Son of the Universal Father, will view with suspicion. Self-sufficient, not controlled by the insanity of greed for outward things, obedient to the dictates of conscience, to the universal law of God and the Good, the sage will scorn the pleasures of wastrels, who live backwards, who turn night into day, who fall into the madness of drunkenness, lust, and avarice, who fawn like little dogs upon the hand of Fortune when she bestows her scraps of wealth and fame and pleasure. In the end the sage, who has scorned alike the arrows and gifts of Fortune and has learned the secret of self-sufficiency, will not fear death. Every day we die a little; the works of mortal man have been doomed to mortality and in the midst of things which are destined to death we live. . . .

In this fashion, Paul would have found, the nobler Stoics met the struggle of existence, in this strain they answered the problem of man's destiny. Some of them, it is true, so rigidly endeavored to

suppress all natural emotions in their pursuit of the Good that they became cold and unfeeling and withdrew into an ivory tower. But the better ones were genuine human beings, affectionate alike to animals and all helpless creatures, to deformed and unpromising children, to ignorant and vicious slaves. They brought, on the whole, a new note of kindliness and sympathy into the world where Paul lived and preached.

The Epicurean philosophy of elegant individualism was of course foreign to Paul's point of view and had no influence on his teaching. For their part the followers of Epicurus held that pleasure is the greatest good in life. They professed to be much amused at the Stoics, who considered that it was often better to endure than to inflict pain. The high Epicureans, it is true, defined pleasure not so much in terms of physical enjoyment as of a calm life, illuminated by wisdom and devoted especially to science, that almost-goddess who leads us in our quest for truth far beyond the flaming ramparts of this narrow world and renders us masters even of Fate. But the Epicurean scientist was not likely often to descend from his ivory tower and render assistance to ordinary mankind. He was far more likely to sit complacently in the fortresses of wisdom, looking down with pity on mankind as they strove blindly, ignorantly, for riches and pleasures and power. . . .

All these things, for approval or disapproval, Paul might have learned concerning the pagan philosophies had he taken the trouble to discuss them at length with their representatives at Athens. But Paul had originally small patience with science and "worldly wisdom." He had even less after his humiliating attempt to deal with them on this occasion. Still bitter from the experience, he declares to the Corinthians that God will destroy the wisdom of the wise.[25] He would perhaps have sympathized with Lucian's ironic picture of a group of Sceptics, stalled halfway on the road to hell because they could not make up their minds whether there was such a place.[26] Paul was too impatient to suspend judgment, too sure of himself ever to feel more than occasional doubts. Paul was a Yes-Yes, No-No, man, not a perhaps-and-probably scientist.[27] To have, to be sure of the absolute truth

now, was a matter of life and death to him. And just because he was so strong a yes-man, his religion triumphed over the leisurely perhaps of paganism.

Certain features of Stoicism did trickle into Paul's consciousness, whether through the back door of the University of Tarsus or during the course of his education and travels, it is hard to say. Unconsciously, I suppose, he absorbed the doctrines of this sect which were congenial to him as he absorbed the vital idea underlying the mystery religions. Paul was a gleaner who would have been the first to deny his gleanings. That *self-sufficiency* (through Christ!) was a fundamental virtue, that the wise man should follow the dictates of *conscience*, should obey the universal law of the Good as manifest bodily in Christ he could clearly see. His own world brotherhood was in effect another Stoic cosmopolis, founded on the Stoic traditions of *esprit de corps*, honor, decorum, and self-respect.[28] Regarding the sufferings of his own life, Paul could heartily agree that the sage must learn wisdom through trials. He could perhaps admire the fortitude of Stoic philosophers who valued the tunic, the tent of the body so little that they would stand steadfast before fire and prison and death, constant though the orbed world might fall.

Good enough philosophies, would probably be Paul's final judgment, for men as rich and powerful as Seneca, but poor comfort for an ignorant peasant, burdened with debt and taxes, working in another man's vineyard at a few cents' wage a day to support a huge family who slept with him at night in a one-room apartment more like a dog-kennel than a human habitation. In all these systems Paul must have felt one emotion supremely lacking: a vital, personal, deathless devotion to a half-divine, half-human being who could in Himself gather up all the threads of philosophy, weaving them into a garment of glorious life. Of such a man Seneca's patron saint and guardian, his Holy Spirit, was but a pale echo.

The philosophers must have sensed Paul's calm assumption of superiority. In fact, I presume they found his whole attitude unbearable. During his formal speech on Mars' Hill Luke makes Paul refer quite courteously to the Athenian idols as "objects of

devotion." But I suspect that in private dispute Paul would sooner or later drop his philosophic pose and let his audience see what he really felt: that they were all sinners because they worshiped dumb idols—Athene, regnant before the Parthenon with bronze spear, Pan, Dionysus, Zeus, and all the rest. Truly, the philosophers would reflect, a most illiberal man.

But more than anything they resented his ignorance of philosophical jargon and his pretensions to learning. When he came to talk about "the times of ignorance" and the true way of life, I can fancy the graybeards smiling superciliously. So? Socrates ignorant? Zeno and Epicurus ignorant? And you, you little Jew who smell of goat's hair, you earnest little man with the flashing eyes and hooked nose, you consider yourself wiser than they? You think you alone have found the true way of life, which so many sages have admitted themselves unable to discover? You think yourself a philosopher? Why, you're nothing better than a *spermologos*, a snapper-up of seeds from the mystery-carts and the booths of our philosophy, a charlatan, a dilettante full of barely-comprehended, second-hand information. "What," they asked themselves, scornfully—"what in the world is this seed-pecker driving at?"[29]

But to Paul they said with deep irony, "Can we understand this novel teaching you *speak* about? What you are introducing has a *foreign* sound to our ears." Had Paul been sensitive to the nuances of Attic Greek, he might have divined the philosophers' mood, seeing that the words they used for "speak" and "foreign" could just as easily be rendered "chatter" and "outlandish."[30] But he fell quite unsuspectingly in with their hoax and followed them willingly when they led him to Mars' Hill, the Areopagus, the nearest prominent place which would accommodate a crowd.

CHAPTER XXII

AN UNKNOWN GOD

LEGEND RELATES THAT MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE Paul's visit to their city the Athenians were attacked by a pestilence which, in spite of constant sacrifices to all the deities then known, continued with unabated force. As a last resort the Athenians summoned a famous prophet and poet, the Cretan Rip van Winkle, Epimenides.[1] He procured a flock of sheep, some black, some white, drove them to the Hill of Ares, and there allowed them to wander wherever they desired. In the place where each lay down he directed his attendants to offer sacrifice to the fitting deity. From that time forth nameless altars were frequently erected throughout the ancient world to "an unknown god" or "unknown gods," a formula which seemed perfectly natural to the perhaps-saying mind of Paul's pagan contemporaries.[2]

On such an altar, with such an inscription, Paul's eyes had fallen as he walked about Athens. And with a reference to it he begins his speech on Ares' Hill. There, hard by the Stone of Outrage, where defendants in murder cases before the Areopagitic Council were long ago accustomed to face their prosecutors talking from the Stone of Ruthlessness, Paul took his stand. The ancient court, which once had decided trials for murder and exercised a limited supervision over religious matters, was not now in session, if indeed it still continued to meet.[3] Even in classical times a charge of religious heresy involving the public welfare would not have come before the Areopagus. And Paul was no Socrates on trial for introducing strange deities. Yet he faced his audience, composed of laymen and philosophers, foreigners and natives who spent their time in doing nothing

but listen to the latest novelty, as if he were actually on trial and thus began:

"Gentlemen of Athens, on every hand I see evidence that you are a most religious people . . ." They allowed him to proceed quietly enough as he began with the conventional orator's formula and threw in besides a compliment which they relished, though the sight surely was one to convulse the statue of Athena on the Acropolis far above them: a bald-headed, bandy-legged Jew talking religion and philosophy to the descendants of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle. They listened courteously when Paul alluded to the altar of an unknown god which he had seen, and went on to identify their deity with a universal Creator who made heaven and earth and all things therein, a God who did not, he said, in the least resemble images of gold or silver or stone, the products of human invention.

Patiently enough they listened while Paul explained that this God gave life and breath and all things to men, that He fixed the boundaries and destinies of nations throughout the earth . . .

True, some of the novelty-seekers were yawning now. This was trite; this was not new. Why didn't the man come to his real subject? Perhaps he would reach it in a moment. They would reserve judgment . . .

". . . meaning them to grope after Him and perchance find Him," said the earnest Jewish voice whose Cilician accent fell so oddly on Athenian ears, "though He is not far from each one of us, . . . for as some of your own poets have said, 'We also are His offspring . . .'"

So, thought the philosophers, he's been picking up tags from Cleanthes' *Hymn to Zeus*. Or maybe he heard somebody reciting Aratus' poem on astronomy.[4] But any good impression Paul may have made by this he ruined in his very next remarks.

"While in the past God overlooked these times of ignorance, now He commands all men everywhere to repent because He has fixed a day on which He is going to judge the whole world in righteousness by a man whom He has designated for this purpose. And He has given a proof of this to all by raising him from the dead . . ."

So this was the novel teaching! The impudence of the man! Athens ignorant indeed! Talking to *them* about repentance like any dirty market-place Cynic. Nothing new—just the old rubbish over again, dead men rising bodily from the grave to be judged by some foreign diety or other. Iesous and that foreign trollop Resurrection, a scandal in any respectable school of philosophy! This farce has gone far enough. . . .

Some hissed and booed and hurled insults at Paul. His speech was drowned abruptly in a torrent of loud mockery and abuse.[5] The more polite among the Athenians and resident foreigners, though woefully disappointed at this amateurish exhibition (it was not even a good show), stifled a yawn and said: "We'll hear you on this subject some other time."

Thus Paul would have left the Hill of Ares, descended by the Cave of the Furies, and perhaps have retired in utter humiliation to his lodgings, had not a few of the audience joined him. There were Dionysius, a member of the Areopagitic Council, a woman called Damalis or Damaris, and certain other converts left unnamed. Horace mentions a Damalis ("The Heifer") who was famous for her ability to hold her liquor,[6] and it is probable that Paul's convert, too, was one of those yellow-wigged, short-tunicked "three-o'-clockers"[7] who swarmed the streets when the baths opened in the afternoon, and that she had accompanied the crowd to Ares' Hill, hoping only to pick up a few customers. Persons like Damalis were often given nicknames. They were known, for example, as "Fly" and "Abyss" from their sticking qualities and their greed for money. It is not beyond probability that "Damalis" was only a *nom de guerre.*

The mystery cults seem always to have been at once Paul's greatest help and greatest hindrance. At Athens, specifically, we have to reckon with the chance that among Paul's converts there were a few who had been initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, the noblest of cults, which gave to its devotees "sweeter hopes regarding the end of life and for all eternity."[8] Into these rites as into the Christian church Greeks and barbarians, men and women, free and slave, were admitted without distinction.[9] Only the impious and the wicked were warned to keep far away when

the herald made his proclamation at the solemn conclave which opened initiation.[10] For members of this cult there would be nothing strange in much that Paul preached, as a brief account of the ceremonies will show.

In the middle of September, about a month after Paul preached at Athens, candidates were assembled for preliminary instructions. The next day each person carried a mystery pig to the nearest salt water, where he baptized both the pig and himself. This ritual ablution and the sprinkling with blood from the slain beast which followed, the devout regarded as securing for them regeneration and remission of sins.[11] But the really impressive pageantry began five days later, on the 19th of September, with a procession. Starting from Athens in the morning, it arrived at Eleusis, some twenty miles northward, about midnight under the flare of torches.[12]

What took place afterward in the Initiation Hall was a passion-drama, representing each step in the woe and final gladness of the earth-goddess Demeter, from the time when her daughter Persephone was carried away by Pluto, god of the underworld, until the two were reunited in Hades with a joy tempered only by the knowledge that Persephone, having eaten of a pomegranate there, could thenceforth spend but half the year on earth.[13] In every scene of this pageant, which portrayed so clearly the fate of man, half mortal and half immortal, destined to be sown in death like the grain and blossom into immortality, the worshipers were made to feel at one with the sorrowing goddess. A gong was sounded when Persephone cried for help.[14] Torches held high, the initiates joined in mimic search for Demeter's missing daughter.[15] And at the end, as Demeter had done long before, they broke their fast of sadness in a memorial meal, drinking a potion of meal and water, mint-flavored, and eating cereal from a sacred chest.[16] Through fear and terror, through darkness and wandering, the worshipers came to light and joyous dances in a holy meadow.[17]

Next there followed, perhaps, a ceremony symbolizing the marriage of Zeus and Demeter and the birth of a holy child, Brimo-Iacchus (Dionysus).[18] To the minds of the devout this

typified their own spiritual birth and transfiguration, their marriage with the divine. During the next degree, open only to those who the year before had gone through their initial ceremonies, communicants were allowed to contemplate in reverent silence an array of sacred objects. Chief among these was a wheat-stock, the visible embodiment of that hope which Demeter held out to all her faithful.[19]

Whether Paul's converts came to him from the synagogue, from the ranks of Demeter's votaries, or adherents of lesser gods, he must have been overjoyed to see them. One can picture his relief as these determined persons thrust their way through a jeering crowd and engaged him in conversation. There was, then, some balm even in Athens for his wounded pride. Paul, like every other fundamentalist evangelizer, imagined during exalted moments that he was almost God as well as Christ in person. His teachings were God's teachings, Christ's doctrine, and as such ought to command respect. When they did not, he was likely to become a volcano of wrath or a dying geyser of thwarted vanity.

CHAPTER XXIII

BENEATH THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

PAUL DID NOT TARRY LONG IN ATHENS TO EDIFY AND ORGANIZE HIS new converts. He was apparently anxious to leave a city which had for him such unpleasant memories. In a letter to the Corinthians he says that he came to them "in weakness and fear and great trembling."[1] This has sometimes been held to mean that, shortly after his sermon on Mars' Hill Paul was seized with an attack of his old enemy, malaria. But the weakness, fear, and trembling which he describes were obviously *sequelæ* of that unlucky speech. The laughter at Athens had deeply wounded Paul's pride. For once his self-confidence was shaken.

Probably in his haste to be off Paul caught a small vessel in Piræus harbor, about four or five miles southwest of Athens, and sailed direct to Cenchreæ, one of the two ports of Corinth. The way by land was more interesting, for it led by Eleusis and conducted one at various points through charming mountain resorts and spas overlooking the sea. But it was also more tiresome and perhaps not without danger. The day had long since passed when Procrustes, the giant of Eleusis, skillfully trimmed off his guests or stretched them out to fit his iron bed. But lesser descendants of this meticulous gentleman still haunted the road.

The memory of his humiliation beneath the great promontory of the Acropolis, whose cold marble temples seemed now curiously prophetic of the people's temper, remained like a stake within Paul's heart for many days. He was determined to preach nothing but Christ and Him crucified. No more religious philosophy! He came to Corinth determined that he would forget all "human wisdom" and rely for his success solely on the emotional appeal of Christ which had won so many converts in the past. Corinth was in truth much better suited to the preachings of an

Oriental Gospel than the coldly intellectual city of Athens. The one was Aimee McPherson's Los Angeles, the other, the New-Yorker's New York. If Paul could have known that within five hundred years Justinian would close the schools of philosophy, that in the sixth century the Parthenon would be dedicated to the Virgin, and that some sixteen hundred years after his time, while in use as a magazine for Turkish powder, it would be blown up by Christian cannon balls, he might not have felt so downhearted. As it was, he seemed to have failed dismally.

Corinth was a commercial city, like Tarsus and Philippi and Thessalonica. Originally famous as a rich center of culture, one of the focal points from which the dithyramb and subsequently Greek drama radiated, exporting purple carpets and objects of bronze which were famous throughout the civilized world, Corinth had latterly become a "boom town," full of rich merchants and drunken sailors, swaggering jockeys, heavy-muscled gladiators, perfumed prostitutes.

In 146 B.C. Corinth had been sacked by the Roman General Mummius. Most of her treasures were either destroyed or carried away. Soldiers played at dice on the beautiful paintings which had adorned her art galleries. The very site of the city, founded according to legend, by Sisyphus the Detective (the same one who rolled his stone forever up a hill in Hades),[2] and known before the time of Homer for the invention of ships and the practice of navigation, was allowed to lie waste until in 44 B.C. the very year of his assassination, Julius Cæsar made Corinth a Roman colony.[3]

The new prosperity of Corinth dates from that year. The old arts of painting and sculpture were smothered under the incubus of business. Not only was Corinth the new capital of the Roman province of Achaia, but she was fortunately situated to command all trade coming from the east to Rome. The southernmost promontory of Greece, Cape Malea, was so dangerous that, as an old proverb put it, "When you round Malea, forget you ever had a home."[4] Hence most vessels bound from Asia to Rome headed up the gulf to Cenchreæ and were dragged on rollers across the

Isthmus to Lechæum, the northern harbor of Corinth. Ships bound for Asia came in to Lechæum and reversed the process.

Thus Corinth came to be, above all, a city for week-end debauchery. "Not every man can take a trip to Corinth," says Horace, quoting an old saw.[5] It was a place where sailors could squander all their pay on one terrific drunk before sailing west or east, a happy hunting-ground for soothsayers, givers of games, missionaries, prostitutes. As Paul neared the end of his seven-mile walk from Cenchreæ to Old Corinth and entered the suburb Craneion, he could see by the road a monument to Lais, most famous of all the golden harlots of Greece, and on it a lioness with a ram in her forepaws. Near Lais rested Diogenes of the Tub, the famous Cynic philosopher, wisdom by the side of folly, though if rumor be true, dirty Diogenes had enjoyed the favors of Lais while he was still alive and snarling in his jar.[6] And glittering on the huge hill of Acro-Corinth behind the city, nearly two thousand feet in air, Paul could see the temple of Oriental Aphrodite, which served as headquarters for a thousand prostitutes.[7]

Two hours' walk brought Paul out of the narrow valley leading between high mountain ridges from Cenchreæ, and within the walls which, surrounding Old Corinth, ran parallel as far as the northern harbor of Lechæum. The idols which had so bewildered and irritated Paul in Athens surrounded him also in Corinth. As he passed through the market-place he saw the sanctuary of Ephesian Artemis, images of Dionysus in wood and gold, red-faced images cut from the very tree where Pentheus hid to watch the mysteries of Bacchant women reveling with his mother Agave, a temple of the goddess Fortune, bronze Apollos, Aphrodite, Hermes, Zeus Cthonius and Zeus Hypsistus (God of Hell and Heaven), and a commodious sanctuary devoted to all the gods. In the very middle of the mart stood a great bronze Athene with the Muses wrought in relief on its pedestal.

Sacred also to the Muses was the fountain Peirene, center of social relaxation in the market-place. It was said to have been created by a blow from the hoof of the winged horse, Pegasus, stamping on the rock Acro-Corinth far above the city. During historic times its waters were always conveyed by subterranean

channels to an ornate marble reservoir in the market-place of the lower town. An open paved court with a basin, surrounded by a promenade and seats, furnished an admirable lounging-place during the heat of September, when Paul arrived. There, no doubt, he would find graybeard elders playing at draughts just as they did in Euripides' day.[8] Perhaps very near to it was "The Synagogue of the Hebrews" (an inscription for its doorway has been found there in modern times), where Paul preached shortly after his arrival.

In this welter of idols Paul not only found a Jewish synagogue, but also he had the luck to come across two Jews of his own profession, Aquila, a native of Pontus, and his wife, Priscilla, who had been banished from Rome a short time before by the general edict of Claudius.[9] Lingering perhaps in the synagogue after the service was done, or strolling in the promenade of the fountain Peirene, he accosted the pair, took an instant liking to them, and finally went to live in their home. Together the three wove their goat's-hair cloth and fashioned it into tents; together they discussed the Scriptures.

Every Sabbath Paul argued with Jews and Gentiles in the synagogue, trying to persuade them that Christ *is* the Messiah promised by the Old Testament Scriptures. As usual he had more success with Gentiles than with Jews. We may, therefore, turn first to pagan Corinth and reserve for later treatment the unhappy outcome of Paul's ministry among his own countrymen.

The Gentiles here, as Paul soon discovered, were a curiously changeable lot, much given to pleasure and superstition, yet demanding in their religion not only a definite satisfaction of the senses, but a high spiritual quality as well. The rites of Isis and Osiris, apparently brought to Corinth from Egypt by sailors at an early period, met almost all these needs. Their statues, which Paul could not fail to mark at the entrance to Cenchreæ harbor would warn him at once how strong was the influence of Egypt in Corinth.

Paul arrived not long before the season when mystics of Isis celebrated their great festival, the passion and resurrection of Osiris, which each year took place from October 28th to the

opening days of November.[10] Every person who expected to be initiated must first undergo a ten-day fast, abstaining meanwhile from the pleasures of meat, wine, and sex.[11] Secluded in the cloisters of the sanctuary, he awaited his "call" which often came in a vision on the night of the tenth day. The next morning after the call there followed preliminary instruction and baptism. The candidate was now ready for initiation proper. As in so many other cults the heart of the "mystery" here was a passion drama, foreshadowing the immortality of the soul. The most important part was played by the candidate, who himself became Osiris, cruelly slain, found, and brought to life by his sister, his wife, Isis.

In the first scene Osiris is shown reigning peacefully as king of Egypt, giver of agriculture and laws, founder of the worship of the gods. Then begins the candidate's descent to the bounds of death. Set-Typhon, the wicked brother of Osiris, plots against him. Craftily he slays Osiris, puts him in a chest, and throws him into the River Nile. The coffin is committed to the waters. Amid shrill lamentations from the celebrants Isis comes in, searching, searching vainly for what seems an endless age. At length she finds the body cast up and lodged in a tree at Byblus on the coast of Phœnicia. But her joy is short-lived. Set steals the body and cuts it into fourteen pieces, which he scatters far and wide. Isis enters once more and begins to look for the fragments. One by one she finds them, last of all the virile member which long eludes her search.

Now Isis calls in her son Horus with other helpers. Member by member the body of Osiris is brought back to life, born again to eternal immortality. Joyfully the worshipers chant their triumph song over the body of the god, miraculously restored, "We have found him. We rejoice together." The candidate, who is Osiris thus raised, having gone through all the elements, meets the goddess Isis face to face. He sees the sun shining in the midnight of death; he presents himself to the gods and adores them. On the next morning he will take his stand before the image of Isis in her temple. There, dressed in fine flowered linen, swathed in a cloak covered with symbolic figures, he will receive a lighted

torch; a garland of flowers and white-rayed palms will be placed on his head. He will be born anew, the living representation of the sun-god himself.

But it was not alone the yearly festival of the Egyptian gods which brought converts into Christianity and drew them likewise away from it. The adoration of the holy Nile Water and of Lady Isis, celebrated each morning in a sanctuary among trees on the slope of Acro-Corinth, was also a potent factor. No other pagan religion exhibited so close an approach to the ritual of the daily mass.

As dawn glimmers on the columns of Aphrodite's temple up above, the priest sounds his call to prayer—out and out over the town in the valley through the opened doors of the sanctuary. The faithful have assembled when down the steps comes a priest, tonsured, dressed in sober white, holding an urn of Nile water in both hands. A choir directed by another priest strikes up the morning hymn, to which an orchestra of flutes and harps plays soft accompaniment. The worshipers, crowned with lotus and palm, advance to kiss the feet and robes of Madonna Isis, who is now brought forth.

The goddess' vestment is of white linen with vernal tints of yellow, rose, and flame—the semblance of stars and moon in midmonth splendor embroidered there. From under her left arm a black cloak extends over the right shoulder. In her right hand she has a brass rattle, in her left a cup, shaped like a boat, with an asp raising his head and swelling his throat, on the handle. On her head she wears a crown with a border of flowers and fruits, adorned now with fresh garlands, which the priests, who comb the goddess' hair in pantomime, have placed there before her coming-forth. Sometimes, instead of rattle and cup, the goddess may be seen holding the infant Horus, child of her love and son of Osiris, on whom she gazes tenderly, bending down her halo-crowned head, Isis who was the madonna of the pagans long before Mary's name was ever spoken in the Christian church.

Nearer come the communicants to kiss the hem of her garment, her hands, her feet. They are sprinkled one by one, these

devout souls, with holy water from the Nile. Jubilant, they add their voices to the song of the choir, singing a pæan of victory over death and the grave, giving thanks to Isis and Osiris for life beyond this world, for the Nile that is the "water of life," waving their palm branches in joy before the smoking altars. Then, after the hymn, the sacrifice of fruit and flowers, after the adoration of Isis and the holy water of the Nile, they join in prayer:

"O thou holy and abiding savior of the human race, ever abundant in loving-kindness to mortals, thou bestowest the sweet affection of a mother on the woes of wretched men. Nor day nor any night, no not a moment even of time goes by, without the bounty of thy blessing. Nay, on sea and land thou protectest men. Thou scatterest the storms of life and in saving kindness holdest forth thy right hand, by which thou dost unravel even Fate's entangled and inextricable web. Fortune's tempests thou dost assuage; the harmful courses of the stars thou dost alleviate. The powers above adore thee; thee the gods below do hold in reverence. Thou makest the earth to turn, thou lightenest the sun; thou rulest the world; thou treadest hell's abysm underfoot. To thee the stars respond, by thee the seasons return, the gods rejoice, and all the elements are held in servitude. At thy nod winds blow, clouds nourish the earth, seeds swell, and buds put forth. The birds in heaven ranging, the wild beasts upon the mountains wandering, the serpents that lurk upon earth and the monsters that swim in the sea's depths do bow in awe before thy majesty.

"But as for me, my nature lacks the skill to speak thy praise. I am too poor in worldly goods to offer thee sufficient sacrifice. No eloquence of mine could tell the thoughts which thy majesty inspires, no, not if I had a thousand mouths and tongues as many and my lips unwearied could move for ever and ever. Poor though I am, I offer thee now all that sincere devotion may give. Thy face divine and power most holy I will keep eternally in the secret places of my heart."[12]

The congregation is now dismissed, though many of them perhaps remain for meditation and prayer until the hour of two

in the afternoon, when, with similar ceremonies, the goddess' statue is covered and taken within the shrine.

Did Paul, like Clement of Alexandria, dwell in detail on the folly of such religions, which had as their sacred objects navel-cakes and fennel-stalks, phalli rigid and movable, religions which worshiped reptiles, birds, and beasts—weasels, cats, and crocodiles, doves, mice, fish, and sheep? Did he, like Clement, exclaim: "Come, thou frenzy-stricken one. Cast off thy head-dress. Cast off thy fawnskin. Return to soberness. . . . In our revels are no Bacchant maids . . . distributing the raw flesh, but the beautiful lambs, daughters of God, who declare the solemn rites of the Word before a sober company. . . . O truly sacred mysteries! O pure light! In the blaze of the torches I have a vision of heaven and of God. . . . If thou too wilt be initiated, thou shalt dance with angels round the unbegotten and imperishable and only true God, the Word joining with us in our hymn of praise."[13]

We cannot know whether Paul spoke thus of any cult. We cannot, in fact, tell how he dealt with ordinary pagans when in Pisidian Antioch and in Corinth he quit the synagogue out of disgust and turned directly to the Gentiles. Perhaps with all the fervor of his soul he merely preached Christ crucified, Christ raised from the dead, and let God care for the issue. And well might he preach with fervor in Corinth, for a true devotee of Isis could probably see nothing tangible in Christ which the Egyptian did not also give. What could Christ, the man, know of woman's sufferings? Could he take the place of Mater Dolorosa, Isis? In no wise, until the worship of Mary came to bolster up his masculine god-head.[14]

Goddess of the moon, the stars, and all elements, ruler of heaven and earth and the lamentable silences of hell, giver of love and laws to men, the divine one who causes parents to love their children and men to couple with women in wedlock, lover of the good and afflicter of the wicked, goddess of a thousand names—Juno, Minerva, Bellona, and others without number[15]—Isis commanded the respect, obedience, and adoration of Corinthians in all ranks of life. After one fashion or another Paul must

deal with her if he expected to win and keep his Gentile converts.

Though the problem of Paul's exact technique in his personal ministry is almost insoluble, due partly to the fact that his extant letters are not private epistles, but more or less formal manifestos, one thing is clear, that from the time when he preached in Corinth and wrote to the church there, hints began to creep into his epistles that he was more conscious than before of cult terminology. More and more he doubtless discovered that, in order to present his Gospel effectively to the Gentiles, he must use the consecrated words with which they were familiar. He must show them that the resurrection was a "mystery" far superior to the dramas with which in paganism they had nurtured their hopes of immortality.[16]

Lower in the scale than cult votaries, but no less a problem to Paul,[17] were those who sought powerful medicine among the witches and soothsayers of Corinth. Persons at a loss where to seek could always find willing guides. Kinky-haired Ethiopian slaves, when they had done polishing boots, serving wine, or dancing the wild dances and singing the plaintive songs of their native country, stood ready to lead the superstitious to hovels in remote corners of the city where mumbling crones practiced the arts of white and black magic.[18]

Poisoners and makers of drugs, witches who by common repute stole children from their cradles as they slept of nights, untended by careless nurses, these wrinkled dames had been known to bury a young lad in the ground and let him slowly starve so that they might make of his liver and heart a potion for lovelessness.[19] If not this, said rumor, then they sucked the blood of infants, yes, and of grown persons. Even the bravest man had reason to cower when the witches came riding by at night, hooting like the harsh-voiced owl from which they got their name.[20] Whether they lived in hovels or, as was often asserted, in tombs, subsisting on offal and brackish water and the flesh of corpses, these hags were a constant allurement and yet a terror to the superstitious.

Among all the hobgoblins with which ancient man peopled his days and nights, by far the most dangerous sort were the half-

dead, the vampires. From such a bugbear Apollonius of Tyana is said to have rescued a young man of Corinth, at about the same period when Paul was preaching in the city. This youth, a promising athlete and more recently a student of philosophy, had met a luscious and lascivious Oriental woman as he walked alone on the road to Cenchreæ. "Come to my house this evening," the apparition said, "and while I sing you shall have wine such as you never drank before. There will be no rival to annoy you. And in our beauty we two shall live together."

Apollonius heard of the incident and warned his disciple, Menippus, but in vain. The day set for the wedding came. Apollonius presented himself at the wedding breakfast, where he was introduced to the bride. Without further ado Apollonius accused her, but she lightly dismissed his words, remarking that philosophers always talk nonsense. Then under Apollonius' tongue-lashing the whole retinue of wine-bearers and cooks, the rich display of wine and food, the vessels of gold and silver, vanished. Weeping, the Phœnician vampire cringed before him and at last admitted that she was fattening up Menippus in order to devour him, since she used to feed upon the pure, strong flesh and blood of beautiful young men.[21]

This, in the minds of Paul's superstitious converts, was no imaginary danger. The thing which happened to Menippus might have befallen any young man. One could, they thought, never be too careful in guarding against monsters of that kind. Any suicide or, in fact, any corpse lacking proper burial might return to haunt and feed on the living. And to protect their houses against the visits of these hags the Corinthians doubtless resorted, like other pagans, to bunches of garlic or fastened branches of buckthorn to their doors and windows.[22]

CHAPTER XXIV

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

WHILE THE FESTIVAL OF ISIS WAS IN PROGRESS, WHILE PAUL WAS striving with the stubbornness of the Jews and the superstition of their pagan neighbors, Silas and Timothy returned from Macedonia.[1] They brought disheartening news. In the first place the Gentile converts in Thessalonica were being bitterly persecuted by Paul's own countrymen. They had for the most part stood fast, but their confidence had been just a little shaken by slanders then current regarding the character of Paul: he was a mere cheat, a cunning charlatan appealing out of his own immense vanity to their superstition, an impure prophet who loafed himself and taught others to do the same.[2]

Further, there was a doctrinal question which could not be left unanswered and which was closely connected with the charges brought against Paul. Many Christians in Thessalonica, responsive to Paul's ardent evangelism, had concluded that, since the Second Coming of Christ was imminent, they need work no longer. Accordingly, they sauntered about the market-place, despising those who did keep busy. Some went around in a state of wild excitement, expecting any morning to behold the red flare of Judgment on the sky, conning the Scriptures for proof that this day, this very day, would see the end of the world.

Other converts had drifted into their old pagan habits of lust and drunkenness and idol-worship. The taverns and hot-drink counters and mystery-grottos had once more claimed their former customers. What does it matter, Paul's disciples were probably asking, whether we are good or bad? The fashion of this present world is passing away and everything in it (had not Paul himself said so?). The Day of Judgment will possibly come—and then

again perhaps it will not. In any case, why not enjoy ourselves while we can?

To a small degree the situation at Thessalonica resembled that in Russia during the black year 1666. Then lunatics went about preaching that the end of the world was near and that only by self-destruction could God's wrath be averted and salvation secured. Whole areas were fenced off and scores of fanatics perished in flames of pitch and bitumen. Those who escaped were thrown, blackened and scorched, back into the bubbling mass. Daily the winter sky was illumined by a red glow. Wolves pulled choice bits out of dying fires. Dense clouds of greasy smoke hung everywhere, curling up from the gruesome banquets of Christ.

A similar madness broke out there in the winter of 1896-97 when the monk Falaley preached death as the only means of salvation. Half-crazed by his threats, shrieking out, "The Antichrist is coming," eighty-four persons assembled by the River Perevozinska to pray. After an orgy of prayer and fasting they covered themselves with brambles and brushwood to which fire was immediately laid. One woman escaped to warn the police, but very few survived.

These are only selected instances of the gross excesses to which the insane doctrine of the Second Coming, a superstition thrust upon the world largely by fanatical followers of Paul, has given rise in modern times. The minor nuisance of timid, gray-haired women distributing handbills to warn shop and pool-room and bar that the end of the world will come on a given date is familiar to every community in America. . . .

To check these unexpected developments by the application of a little common sense, mingled with moral advice, and to comfort the hearts of his persecuted disciples, Paul prepared to write a letter answering their missive of complaint and query which Silas and Timothy had evidently brought him on their return. By his own statement this solution did not satisfy him. More than once he wanted to pay a personal visit to Macedonia, but he was prevented by "Satan" (perhaps the hostility of Jews in northern Greece), not to mention his own busy career of tent-making and preaching at Corinth.[3]

Timothy, who seems originally to have joined Paul and Silas in the capacity of baggage-carrier, scribe, and baptizer, would now be sent to the market for papyrus. This material was made from the pith of a reed. Carefully-cut strips were laid one upon another at right angles, soaked in water, and hammered smooth with a wooden mallet. After being dried, bleached, scraped, and trimmed the paper was sold in sheets measuring about five by nine to eleven inches (in height), at a price that ranged from six to twenty-five cents each.

Armed with papyrus, Timothy took his pointed and cleft reed pen, his ink made of soot and resinous gums, along with a circular lead for line-ruling, and was ready to receive dictation. The apostle's tempestuous, leaping style made transcription difficult, no doubt, and erasures frequent. But erasure was an easy matter, for the ink used was rather like water-color and could be washed off with a sponge even after it had been allowed to dry.

It has been calculated that the second epistle to the Thessalonians would require a roll about fifteen inches in length, divided into five columns, measuring from two to three inches in width. The present, or first, epistle could probably be contained in two full-sized sheets pasted together and totaling about twenty-two inches in length. The whole, when finished, was rolled up, fastened with thread, and sealed with a wax capsule. The address was written on the back, only one side being used for the letter itself. And since the formal dedication of Paul's epistles is always to the churches or brethren at such and such a place, any inscription on the back would be quite brief. Perhaps it merely gave the name of a prominent Christian to whom the letter must be handed.

In general, Paul's epistles follow rather closely the style of ancient letters on papyrus discovered at Oxyrhynchus and elsewhere in Egypt.[4] These contain a formal greeting, thanksgiving, and prayer for the health and safety of their recipient, and then, toward the close, another salutation and a formula of farewell. Further, if the letter has been dictated to a scribe, the author usually adds a word at the last in his own handwriting, whether a mere signature or a more extended greeting, as in the

case of Paul's "trade-mark," which concludes every one of his epistles except Romans and I Thessalonians and implies that pseudo-Pauline documents were in circulation during his entire ministry. II Thessalonians, for instance, comes to a close thus: "The salutation is in my own hand—Paul's. This is a mark of identification in every letter. I write as follows: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

Timothy was somewhat aided in following Paul's rapid sentences by the fact that he did not have to insert numerous marks of punctuation. Scribes of this period joined one word closely to another. They employed dots, but only to separate doubtful locutions. Last syllables of common words were freely contracted and left out. Occasionally, in addition to the dots above the line which separated words, a slight space was left to indicate a break in thought. Paragraphs could also be marked out by a short, horizontal line below the relevant words.

Paul's dialect is the common Greek of his day, with an admixture of colloquialisms and Hebraisms (from the Old Testament). Yet a definite tone of authority sets it apart from the usual language of the extant papyri. If we expect to get the full savor of this authoritative, abrupt, occasionally disorganized style, we must remember, above all, the apostle's Benjamite temper. Then, too, we must bear in mind that his epistles were usually not written at one stretch, but dictated in various moods during intervals of work. Lastly we should recall that they answer questions broached in letters from the different congregations, none of which has come down to us.

Minute analysis of Paul's thought and a full commentary on each of his works do not lie within the scope of this book. But the first letter to the church at Thessalonica, aside from its interest as Paul's earliest extant composition, is in structure and fluctuating mood so characteristic of all his epistles that it seems to call for detailed treatment.

The opening is typical. Paul and Silvanus and Timothy send to the church at Thessalonica in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ a salutation of grace and peace. Then Paul continues in his own proper person.

Always in my prayers I thank God for your active faith, your loving labor, and enduring hope. Through my gospel, which was preached with the full power and assurance of the Holy Spirit, you have become beloved brothers chosen by God. Because you imitated me and the Lord, enduring great persecution joyfully in the Holy Spirit, you have set an example to churches all over Macedonia and as far away as Corinth and Achaia. From you the Gospel has been broadcast everywhere. People come up to me of their own free will in every place I visit and tell me how you turned away from idols to serve a living God. . . .

All this, Paul implies, the brethren must remember that they owe to him and him alone. . . . You know that my preaching at Thessalonica was not unfruitful, in spite of the fact that I had come from Philippi under the strain of insult and outrage. While I was with you, I showed myself thoroughly fit to be intrusted with the Gospel. I never stooped to vice or flattery or cunning. I was so little anxious to win personal distinction, so eager in my brooding affection for you to preach only the Gospel of God, that, like a faithful nurse, I would have given you my very soul if I could. Rather than stand on my dignity, rather than be a burden on any one of you I worked night and day for my living the whole time that I was in Thessalonica. No man can accuse me of impurity, insincerity, pride, or idleness. God and yourselves must bear witness that I dealt with you like a father, encouraging, admonishing, atempting in every way to keep you straight on the Christian path.

Because you accepted my words as divine, not human, I thank God without ceasing. And those words have proved divinely effective, for you are imitating me once again in that you undergo calmly persecution from the Jews, as the churches in Judæa have done before you. . . .

After a bitter curse against his enemies and theirs, Paul proceeds further to flatter and encourage his disciples: . . . Separated from you, knowing the trouble you are in, I feel as if I were an orphaned child. I long beyond measure, with an overwhelming desire, to see you face to face. For who else than you are my hope and joy and crown of my boasting before the Lord

Jesus in the day of his appearing? More than once I would have visited you, had not Satan prevented. So, when I could endure the separation no longer, I brought myself to remain in Athens alone and sent Timothy to Macedonia to find out if your faith was really as strong as I thought. And when he returned with the good news of your love and loyalty under persecution, I was overjoyed.

Now you must continue to stand fast. Remember that persecution is the lot of Christians which we must all expect. Stand fast, for your loyalty is my life. How can I ever thank God enough for the joy which you make me feel? Night and day I beseech Him fervently that I may see your faces once more and supply what is lacking in your faith.

The thought of what his church *might* be inspires Paul to a love-intoxicated prayer: "May our very God and Father and our Lord Jesus make straight my road to you. The Lord fulfill and enrich your love for one another and for all men (as my own love for you), so that your hearts may be strengthened and made blameness in holiness before our God and Father at the Coming of our Lord Jesus with all his holy ones."

After this prayer, Paul descends to earth for a few incisive moral warnings. His disciples must live chaste, honorable, quiet, industrious lives. Next he soars again to discuss the resurrection of the dead and the punishment of the wicked, comes slowly down into the lower air of this present life, and repeats his precepts slightly altered, then concludes with a benediction and farewell of truly classic calm.

The style here, as I have already observed, is characteristic of the man, hovering between suicidal depression and moments of triumph in the highest heaven, one hour fighting off the fear of death and the next contemplating salvation beyond the grave with Christ Jesus, one moment asserting his humility, another declaring himself to be the mouthpiece of God and claiming his rights with an insistence that often approaches querulous complaint.

A number of verses in this letter suggest vividly the pagan background against which Paul's disciples moved or indicate

comparison with the philosophic, the religious thought and terminology of the period. Christians, Paul says, should not only lead a clean, industrious, abounding life and help others to do the same, but they should also view death in a different way from pagans. Christians should not grieve for those who have fallen asleep before the Second Coming of the Lord as if they were Gentiles without hope.

One finds oneself instinctively amplifying the picture. Whether they be poor men, whose relatives are dumped into a cheap pine box and hurried by night outside the city walls to the common dumping-grounds with the carcasses of animals and the bleaching bones of friendless slaves, whether they be workingmen who may expect their Funeral Society to provide them with union pall-bearers and a colored urn in the common "dove-cote," or whether, finally, they be rich men who can afford all the honors of a funeral oration and actors wearing the masks of distinguished ancestors as the corpse is carried on its couch to the high-heaped funeral pyre—no matter what may be their condition in life, they should not believe that everything is ended when the name of the deceased is three times called and no response comes, when the glowing ashes have been extinguished with wine and the bones wrapped in a cloth for drying.

But the hope which the Christians have of a resurrection, Paul continues, is no excuse for laxity. On the contrary, they should be constantly on the watch, for the Day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night or sudden birth pangs to a pregnant woman. But Christians are not sons of the night. They are sons of the light and of the day. Under cover of darkness men are wicked and drunken. Christians, being sons of the day, should not sleep as others do, but keep watch and be sober.

Paul here uses language that had perhaps been familiar to his pagan converts long before they ever heard of Christ. The documents of the so-called Hermetic sect appear in their present composite form to date from the second, or at latest the third, century A.D. But parts of them are evidently pre-Christian. The doctrine which they set forth may be summarized as follows: Regeneration comes to man through the Word of Revelation,

heralded by the Heaven Man, Hermes, who descends to enlighten Asclepius and his own son, Tat, and then goes back again to Paradise, or the Eighth Heaven. Only by the aid of this Word may one attain spiritual enlightenment and regeneration, conquer Fate, and at length ascend to Paradise.

Hermetic literature is full of doxologies written in a thoroughly Pauline tone, expressions of praise and thanks to God for the unspeakable gifts of light, truth, joy, rest, and salvation which He bestows upon men. God is the light of the life of man. To man He reveals himself completely; He wills to know and be known. From man God accepts reasonable (spiritual) sacrifices.[5] Man can say, "I know thee, Hermes, and thou knowest me." Those who refuse God are drunken, lost in the sleep of error and ignorance. They become sober only when they consent to know God and share immortality.[6]

The Roman philosopher Seneca also has some scathing words on the "light-dodgers," young fools who spend the night in wine and revelry and sleep all day, who drink on an empty stomach and take hot toddies to get up a sweat in the baths. Those who have sworn allegiance to the hours of darkness, says Seneca, have worse complexions than anæmic invalids. They are flabby with dropsy. They are living carrion. But worst of all such men have *darkness* within their very *souls*.[7]

Exhorting his disciples to be wakeful and sober, Paul tells them that they must wear faith and love as a breastplate and as a helmet the hope of salvation. Elsewhere Paul adds to this equipment the loinbelt of truth, the solid boots of the gospel of peace, the sword of God's word, and the shield of faith which can stop the flaming arrows of Satan, those pitch-tipped darts which in ancient times set even cities on fire. He makes the picture complete when he urges Timothy to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."[8]

The figure was common enough in ancient religion and philosophy. Followers of Bacchus, Isis, and Mithra were called "soldiers" and took a military oath to defend their god.[9] One degree of initiation into the mysteries of Mithra, as we have already seen in the chapter on Tarsus, was called "Soldier." And the

Mithraists regarded it as their duty to fight against sin and wage war for righteousness. Armies live on roots and offal to win a kingdom for another, says Seneca, and should we not leave off winning riches and endure poverty to gain an everlasting prize of liberty and freedom of mind?

The rigorous life of a Roman soldier might with peculiar fitness be compared to that of a Stoic philosopher, a devoted cult member, a Christian in the first century. The ordinary private received only forty dollars a year in actual wages. He subsisted mainly on wheat or barley porridge, coarse bread (ground in handmills by the soldier himself when he had got his monthly dole of a bushel of wheat), salt, and vinegar wine (the sour drink which was offered Christ upon the cross). Vegetables he had sometimes, and occasionally a little bacon and salt pork, though he grumbled if too much meat were served.

Thrice a month he was seasoned by forced marches of twenty miles each. Daily he was drilled in running, jumping, swimming, handling the pike and sword and shield. When he was not actually fighting he had to construct roads, bridges, and walls. His regular pack (which he carried in addition to shield, pike, and sword, and which included food for sixteen days, as well as eating- and drinking-vessels secured on a forked stick) weighed forty-five pounds. His enlistment was normally for twenty years, and he might then be discharged from the army at the age of thirty-eight, but frequently (as always in the case of Christian "soldiers") enlistment was for life. If a legionnaire proved insubordinate, a centurion would more than likely break a gnarled vine-stock over his back; if he disgraced himself by turning tail to the foe, he might be stoned or clubbed to death. . . .

This double picture of long service and rigid discipline was what Paul had in mind when he advised his converts to be good soldiers. One recalls just here that the well-known description of life as a warfare in Seneca's essay *On Clemency* is quoted from Athenodorus, president of the University of Tarsus. But the comparison would occur almost without thought to a man of the first century, especially to Paul, who grew up in Tarsus near the frontier, where troops were always maintained, on a trade route

over which many legions of Roman soldiers passed each year, bound for Syria and the East.

The first epistle to the church at Thessalonica closes with a prayer and greetings: "May the very God of peace consecrate you in unblemished holiness, with no part missing. May your spirit and soul and body be kept blameless at the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He who is calling you and He will also do as I have said. Brothers, pray for me. Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss.[10] I *conjure* you by the name of the Lord that you read this epistle to all the brethren. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

Paul's letter would have to be sent by private courier, in all likelihood Timothy, for while Augustus had on the Persian model organized an elaborate postal system, this was for official messages only. When Timothy arrived, the officers of the church would be expected to get their flock together and read the missive before them publicly. Paul sometimes had good reason to *conjure* his collaborators to do their duty in this respect. Many of his most scorching letters were designed for public presentation; and some of his disciples at Corinth, later on, probably felt like dropping them into the waste-basket. For all we know, they may have.

If Timothy set out with this letter in the winter of 51 A.D., he could not possibly bring back news for several weeks. When he did return, he brought no comfort to Paul, fretting in Corinth. The persecution to which his disciples were being subjected was, if possible, worse than before. Within the church the same fanatics were preaching that the Day of Christ had already come and were exhibiting letters which purported to contain exactly this message from Paul. The chronic loafers and congenital sinners, who felt that Judgment had arrived with no damage done, continued blissfully at their old ways.

In view of the situation, one expects Paul to proclaim his self-assumed authority more boldly than ever. Regarded thus, the second epistle is disappointing. Without any inspired fits of apostolic anger, it covers familiar ground and on the whole does not equal the first letter in sustained force. II Thessalonians

need not delay us long. We have already discussed at some length its central message, Paul's contention that Christ will not come until the "restraining force" is removed and the Man of Sin has arisen. The crop of spurious letters which flourished at Thessalonica seems to have irritated Paul more than anything else and, as I have said before, he concludes II Thessalonians with a characteristic "trade-mark."

CHAPTER XXV

GALLIO CARED FOR NONE OF THESE THINGS

WHILE THIS CORRESPONDENCE WAS BEING EXCHANGED, PAUL WAS having no placid ministry in Corinth. When he continued to advance the doctrine that Jesus *must* be the Messiah, the Jews contradicted and abused him publicly and began to call Christ low names, just as they had done at Pisidian Antioch. Paul knew that arguing with a mob was not only useless, but dangerous. He therefore took the loose folds of his garments and shook them (typical gesture of the Oriental to disclaim responsibility or rid himself of pollution), saying: "Your blood be upon your own heads. I am clean of all blame. From now on I will go to the Gentiles." With this he changed the scene of his operations and entered the house of a God-fearer, Titus Justus, adjoining the synagogue.[1]

Though he had converted not only Titus, but also Crispus, one of the rulers of the synagogue, who permitted himself, with his entire household, to be baptized by Paul's own hands, the apostle was plunged in the depths of gloom. The schism at Thessalonica, the open scorn for his authority, and now the blow to his pride before the whole synagogue as well as the danger of physical violence from another mob, combined to bring upon him one of his recurrent fits of depression.

But this was soon followed by a triumphant mood; fresh strength bubbled up from the mystic fountain. He thought that in a vision the Lord spoke to him and said: "Have no fear, Paul, but speak out and do not keep silent. For I am with you and no one shall lay hands upon you to do you harm. I have many people in this city."[2]

The house of Titus Justus, apparently a Roman citizen in comfortable circumstances, was pleasant after the cramped quar-

ters of Priscilla and Aquila, a quiet place for meditation after the noise of the tent-makers' loft. Furthermore, money had come from Philippi again.[3] Comfortable and for the time being financially independent, Paul became thoroughly absorbed in his work.

Through a vestibule one entered the first room of Titus' house, the *atrium*, where a water-tank beneath a hole in the roof, through which rain could enter, gave pleasant coolness to the air. Next, if this dwelling followed the usual Roman plan, one came to the master's study with its desk and great iron strong-box, bolted down securely to the cement floor. On either side of the *atrium* were sleeping- and dining-rooms. Beyond the *tablinum*, or study, was the third and most delightful part of the house, an open court, where fountains played, puppies frisked about in the grass, and flowers grew between colonnades on either side.

Winter had now set in and Paul would probably not preach in the court, as in milder weather he could have done, while his listeners sat about in the colonnades or on benches in the grass plot by the fountain. Instead converts and interested persons who came to hear him passed through the vestibule, guarded by its chained dog in mosaic on the wall or a real watch-dog tended by a porter, and took their seats on benches in the *atrium*. All the statues of the gods which would normally have decorated this hall, perhaps even the figures of deceased members of the household, had been removed, for Jewish prejudice against such images was inveterate. If the custom of later Christianity prevailed, the Eucharist was celebrated in a dining-room off the hall, where couches were provided and worshipers could recline at ease.

Side by side with the respectable Crispus and Titus Justus, on the same bench with Stephanas and the affluent Gaius, host of Paul and of the whole church,[4] sat men and women who had once been the lowest of the low, but now, as Paul himself puts it, had been cleansed by baptism, consecrated, and acquitted of their sins in the name of Christ.[5] There sat slinking thieves with scarred faces and shifty eyes, notorious drunkards, prostitutes

from the streets or the temple of Aphrodite on Acro-Corinth, town adulterers and curly-headed boy favorites, regenerated for the moment by Paul's dynamic preaching. Not many persons of education, not many of noble birth or high position, were called to membership in the church at Corinth.[6]

Nearly a year of uninterrupted and peaceful preaching to congregations such as these had gone by when, about the 1st of July, 52 A.D., the new proconsul of Achaia came into office.[7] His full name was Lucius Junius Annæus Gallio. He was the adopted son of the rhetorician, L. Junius Gallio, and brother by birth to Lucius Annæus Seneca, the famous rhetorician, playwright, philosopher, and tutor of Nero. Seneca testifies that, although he was truthful beyond reproach, Gallio was also tactful and courteous to everyone.[8]

But the Jews of Corinth turned his sweetness into gall, for Gallio, like most upright Romans, had a bitter hatred of injustice (even where Jews were concerned), and like all Roman officials he refused to have anything to do with what he regarded as strictly religious disputes. Gallio has been held up in college chapels and Sunday-school classrooms from time immemorial as a horrible example of callous indifference. But politicians and officeholders nowadays might well take a lesson from this Roman. He had just come into office. He had every reason to conciliate the foreign population and save trouble in future by winning their favor at the outset. Yet he took only the slightest notice of the whole disturbance when the Jews of Corinth, having mobbed Paul, dragged him before the tribunal and began yelling: "This fellow persuades people to worship God in a fashion contrary to the Law."

Gallio was perfectly calm. His answer was edged with irony and shows, either that the Jews had more opportunity to explain their charge than Luke's brief narrative would indicate, or that Gallio had had some previous experience with brawls of this kind. "Jews," said he, "if it were a case of civil misdemeanor or wicked crime, I should have some reason for putting up with you. But since this is simply a dispute about a word and names and your own law, see to it yourselves. I refuse to be a judge of

such matters." And with these words he drove them away from his tribunal.

Sosthenes, the ruler of the synagogue, had planned the whole affair very stupidly. He had not even the sense to charge Paul with disturbing the peace or with treason against the Roman government. Some such thought must have crossed the minds of the rabble who had followed Sosthenes, for without further ado they began to drub him before the tribunal. Gallio looked on with indifference. He had followed Roman policy and satisfied his own sense of justice. What matter if a mob of howling Jews administered a thrashing to a magistrate who so richly deserved one?

This episode probably took place in August 52 A.D., shortly after Gallio's accession. Paul stayed on until the opening of navigation in 53 A.D., and then departed for Ephesus and Jerusalem. For, according to Acts, Paul remained in Corinth altogether a year and six months. . . .[9]

The day is the 5th of March. Sailors and landlubbers, noblemen and greengrocers, tonsured priests of Isis in white robes, and a mixed throng of men, women, children, and dogs prepare to observe the yearly ceremony of the *navigium Isidis*, the launching of the Isis ship which officially opens the season for navigation. The sun rises golden. The frost of night vanishes. Birds chirp to Lady Isis, mother of the stars, parent of times and seasons, mistress of all the world. Trees move softly in the breeze. Rosebuds are opening. Shrubs are flowering. The Gulf of Corinth, bluer than the sky, is quiet, no longer disturbed by roaring winds or obscured by storm clouds. Amid a riotous confusion of shouting leaders, neighing horses, and barking dogs the procession is organized inside the walls of Corinth and begins a leisurely progress to the harbor at Cenchreæ.

Those at the head are gotten up in various carnival costumes. One, wearing a sword-belt, plays the soldier. Another is attired as a woman in silken robe and gold-broidered socks. Here is a gladiator with greaves, shield, helmet, and spear; there a magistrate in purple with lictors to clear his path; a grave philosopher with mantle, staff, and beard long as a goat's; a hunter of birds

with reeds and lime; a fisherman with hooks. But the chief delights of the crowd are yet to follow: a tame bear, dressed matronwise and carried on a stool; an ape who sports a bride's cap and woven yellow veil atop his grinning face, dangles a golden cup in his hand like Phrygian Ganymede, cupbearer to the gods; a ludicrous old man in the guise of Bellerophon, and an ass after him, having wings glued to its back like Pegasus.

In and out, plucking at garments, pulling ludicrous faces, dancing, roaring jests and insults, these comic characters move among a crowd which lines the path and spills over into it. Now and again, as people overflow their bounds and hinder the advance of the goddess in her own peculiar pomp of saving majesty, lictors shout: "Way for the goddess! Make way for the goddess!"

Far back Lady Isis can be seen. A hush falls. White-robed women, begarlanded, file by, strewing flowers along the way. Some hold mirrors reversed that flash the goddess face to face with them who follow behind her and adore. Ivory comb in hand, still others gently caress the air as if to tend and adorn the goddess' royal locks. Drop by drop on every street the last group sprinkle unguents and genial balsam.

Still they come, a great crowd of both sexes. Oil-lamps, candles, torches flicker along through the soft light of springtime, borne by worshipers to honor the heavenly stars' own child. Over and over again a fair company of chosen youth strike up a prelude to the mighty mysteries of Isis. Their voices float away down the road and a band of flute-players, busily piping, swing into view.

Now the way is all aglitter as a tremendous throng of initiates, male and female, young and old, dressed every one alike in pure white linen, march solemnly through the human gantlet on either side. The heads of the women gleam with ointment beneath limpid veils; the tonsured crowns of the men flash like terrene stars as they shake their shrill rattles of silver, gold, and bronze.

The chief priests of Isis, next in line, wear surplices drawn tightly about the waist and hanging down to the ground. Their duty it is to bear the most sacred relics of Isis: a bright lamp with a golden bowl; sacrificial pots; a tree of the life-giving palm

with golden leaves, and a Mercury's wand which conducts the ghostly legions of the dead to Hades (where Osiris has now at length brought light and salvation); a left hand deformed and open, signifying justice; a golden breast giving forth milk; a vessel for wine; a winnowing-fan with sprays of gold—symbol of the female element in nature.

Before a staring crowd the gods come now on foot in human semblance: Anubis-Hermes, he of the black-gold face and dog's head, Anubis having a wand uplifted in his left and a green palm-branch in his right hand; the Isis cow, leaning gravely upon the shoulder of her guide. In her all devotees behold the bride of Apis, sacred bull whose back is marked with an eagle, black bull under whose tongue a beetle-knot must be found, and on whose side a white crescent must shine, divine bull, embodying the immortal generative power of the never-dying Osiris, ever renewed in the incarnation of his sacred animal.

One priest holds an ark containing intimate secrets of their glorious religion, lingam and yoni, the symbols of fertility. Another, thrice-happy man, carries in his own bosom the reverend image of highest godhead, not a thing of human or animal shape, but a figured golden chalice on whose handle rises horrent a swelling asp. Finally comes the high priest himself, who bears only a sacred rattle and a garland of roses.

With festal shouts they draw near the sea. Here a toy boat lies waiting. Its sail is of white linen on which are inscribed certain magic letters that insure safety and prosperity in the new season when ships will travel the ocean once more. The mast is of pine, great and tall, and has a shining top. The poop, covered with plates of gold, is formed like the neck of a goose. The body, made from citron wood, is beautiful to look upon.

This vessel, compact of citron and pine and linen, the priest consecrates and purifies with a torch, an egg, and sulphur, dedicating all to the name of Isis. The people now take winnowing fans, brimful of odorous spices, and pour milk upon the waves. Laden down by gifts and votive offerings, the ship is released. Soon it is only a speck in the ocean distance.

Slowly, ceremoniously, in perfect order, the whole procession

returns to the temple of Isis. There the priest mounts a high pulpit and opens the sacred book, from which he reads the prayer appointed for this occasion. He invokes blessings upon the Emperor, the Senate, the order of Roman knights and all the Roman people, upon the ships and men that sail the sea under the puissant protection of Rome. Having done, he announces in Greek *"Ploiaphesia."* Which is to say, ships may now depart.

The people greet his words with a mighty roar. They fill their arms with garlands, with leafy branches; they troop away from the temple, at its threshold kissing the feet of the silver goddess who watches over them on land and sea. . . .[10]

Paul must have waited somewhat impatiently for the ceremony which would open navigation. Corinth in spring was a veritable nursery of malaria. The proconsul Gallio, at one time during his stay in Corinth, contracted this disease and left the place immediately for a sea-voyage, blaming not so much his own weakness as the wretched, uncertain climate.[11] If Paul really did, as some have supposed, fall prey again to malaria, he would have in Phœbe, a deaconess of the church at Cenchreæ, a most considerate nurse. At any rate, he mentions her with warm regard in his letter to the Romans, written about four years after his first visit to Corinth, "Phœbe, who has succored me, and many others."[12]

But Luke makes no concessions to our curiosity. He merely says that Paul, having stayed on with the brethren for a considerable number of days, said good-by to them and sailed for Syria with Priscilla and Aquila. However, Luke does add in passing that at Cenchreæ Paul shaved his head, since he had a vow. This incidental detail fits in well with the assumption that Paul had an attack of malaria at Corinth. According to ancient Nazarite custom a Jew afflicted by sickness or any sort of trouble not only abstained from wine and let his hair grow for a certain period, but also, when he recovered, made a peace offering in the Temple at Jerusalem and burnt his shorn hair on the altar. Jews living some distance from the Holy City usually shaved

their heads, as did Paul, before setting out for Jerusalem, and performed the remainder of the ceremony at the Temple.[13]

Threading her way through the Cyclades, scattered like autumn leaves on the sea, Paul's boat, almost never out of sight of land, came quickly into the crowded harbor of Ephesus, some four miles from the deep ocean. A forest of masts lay rocking there, masts of ships bearing gold and silver and pearls, fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet, all thyine wood, ivory and precious vessels of brass and gold, wheat and beasts and chariots and the souls of slave-men, destined for the common market.[14]

Paul and his companions went ashore, and through a triple gate passed into a street sixty feet wide and nearly half a mile long, which led uptown to the theater, where a riot was later to occur that forced the apostle himself out of Ephesus. They paused for only a short visit with the Christians there, since Paul was eager to discharge his vow at Jerusalem. However, at their insistence, he promised them to return for a longer stay, if it were God's will. Paul was careful now to make such promises with a proviso; he felt when he wrote to the church at Thessalonica that his life was in danger, and this feeling would naturally be intensified as he approached Jerusalem, the seat of orthodoxy.[15]

Sailing from Ephesus, he disembarked at Cæsarea, went overland to Jerusalem, and, having saluted the church and fulfilled his obligation in the Temple, returned to Syrian Antioch for a prolonged visit. Thus Paul terminated his second missionary trip in the same city from which he had begun his first.[16]

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HOME OF MAGIC

BEFORE HE RETURNED TO EPHESUS, THE FIRST STOP ON HIS THIRD missionary expedition, Paul doubtless expected to spend at Syrian Antioch an indefinite period, quietly recuperating. But the visit was neither so long nor so quiet as he might have wished. During his three-year absence from Galatia a serious defection had taken place. In flat defiance of the Council's decree, Jewish Christians were proclaiming once more that Gentiles who did not become circumcised could not be saved. With astounding fickleness Paul's disciples had deserted him and gone over to the enemy.

The defection itself would have been bad enough. But the thing which chiefly angered Paul was that people of this type should try to blacken his character and impugn his authority. The charges made against Paul were doubtless pretty much the same everywhere and a composite picture of them will not be out of place here. Paul, said his enemies, was a vulgar huckster, a "retailer" of religion, whose only aim was to line his own pockets. Here was no regularly ordained apostle, expecting reasonable pay for his services, but an artful money-grabber who professed to live by his trade and then embezzled most of the money he was supposed to be collecting for the poor in Jerusalem. The fellow was doubtless insane, but at the same time shrewd enough to achieve his own ends. What right had this inconsistent fool, who refused to have Titus circumcised and then circumcised Timothy with his own hand, what right had this traitor to Judaism, this smooth-tongued charlatan, to set himself up alongside the pillars of the church? When had *he* ever seen or lived with Christ? Why, just to look at him in the pulpit was enough

to disgust anyone; his delivery was weak and his personal appearance ludicrous.[1]

The arguments for and against circumcision have already been touched upon and need not be summarized here. Nor need we set forth once more the arguments with which Paul persuaded himself and tried to persuade orthodox Jews that Christ is the true Messiah who releases men from the prison-house of the Law, that the Mosaic code is only a slave appointed by God to watch over men during their minority until at last they attain sonship and full inheritance in Christ.[2] What concerns us now is the mood of mingled indignation and pity which animates Paul's letter to the Galatians. Here, as usual, the style reveals the man.

For his misguided disciples Paul has nothing but affectionate amazement and pity. Thus in the opening verses he ends a tight-lipped assertion of his own authority, a veritable blast on the apostolic trumpet—"Paul, an apostle, not from men nor through the agency of any man, but through Jesus Christ and God the Father who raised him from the dead"—with the usual greeting of grace and peace. Loving the Galatians as he does, Paul is amazed at their defection. They must be out of their senses. Surely some one has put the spell of the evil eye upon them.[3] "Children," he cries, "my children, for whom I am once more suffering birth pangs until Christ be formed within you, I wish I could be with you at this very moment and, changing my tone, talk to you gently like a father—I am *so* distressed about you." Then, as if they were actually children, Paul softens his rebuke by telling them the story of Hagar and Sarah.[4]

For his enemies no language is too strong. Like all successful salesmen, like all artists and musicians of the first rank, Paul believed implicitly in his own product. Where we should speak of inspiration, or of inner assurance, where we should say that, having long ago thought out his gospel, Paul was confident of its soundness, *Paul* invoked the idea of personal revelation. God had given the only true Gospel to men through His son, Jesus Christ, who in turn had revealed himself to Paul on the Damascus road. This was the strongest of all assurances that Paul's conception of Christianity must be correct and that of his enemies

wrong. The person who set himself up against Paul was, in effect, opposing Christ. So it is that Paul curses his enemies in terms which a pagan would use to give over the soul and body of a foe to the dæmons of the dead.

"If anyone," says Paul, "even an angel from heaven, preach a different Gospel than that which I preached to you, may he be *anathema*. As I have said before, so now I say again, if anyone preach a different Gospel than the one which you received, may he be *anathema*!"[5] The italicised word signified literally "a thing set up," something offered or devoted to the gods. Pagans desiring to control or annihilate their enemies were accustomed to make a likeness, often of wax, and with appropriate maledictions "devote" it to the powers of destruction.[6] Moreover, the word came to have a special use in the so-called "cursing tablets," which were often buried in some tomb, so that the news of the *anathema* might reach the infernal powers more quickly and the curse take effect more promptly upon one's enemy.[7] Without the usual magical abracadabra, but unmistakably, nevertheless, Paul puts upon those Judaizing teachers who have upset the faith of his churches in Galatia the most terrible spell known to antiquity.

No end is too bad for those villains who have sought thus to undo the whole work of Christ and Paul. They ought themselves to be undone; they deserve to become eunuchs. "I wish," says Paul, with peasant coarseness—"I wish those who shake the foundations of your faith by insisting that you cut off your foreskins would go the limit and cut off their own genitals as well."[8]

Paul closes the epistle with a blessing upon his converts, the formula which signifies that this communication is genuine, "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, brethren." But in the verse immediately preceding he cannot resist one last Parthian shot at his enemies, "From this time forth, let no man give me trouble, for I bear about in my body the brands of Jesus." As Mithraists were branded on the forehead with the sign of their god, as the devotees of Bacchus bore the mark of the ivy leaf, so Paul carried now the brands which marked him as a loyal slave of Christ, even the scars of the

stones that flew at Lystra before the temple of Zeus, the rods that flashed at Philippi.

In this letter, as in his epistles to the Corinthians, Romans, Ephesians, and Colossians, Paul combats heresy by a definite, sharp, and often defiant assertion of his own authority, his right to preach the new Gospel of faith in Christ as a fully-qualified apostle. He defines the new Gospel as a sharing of the promise given to Abraham, a promise shared, not through circumcision and obedence to the Law, but through faith in Christ, a promise which means that in Christ we become free sons instead of minors under ward and guardian, sons who remember that freedom does not mean license, but only liberty to walk with constant joy and peace the loving life of the spirit. . . .

If Paul left Corinth when the season for navigation opened about the 1st of March in 53 A.D., spent Pentecost (May 12th) in Jerusalem, and remained at Antioch only long enough to receive reports and compose his letter to the Galatians, he probably set out on his third mission some time during the summer of the same year. The language of Acts shows that he made a careful tour of inspection through Galatia and Phrygia.[9] Drained of strength though he was by disappointment, persecution, and perhaps illness, too, dangerous as this part of Asia Minor was to a man in his condition, Paul hardly dared do otherwise. If he did not supplement his letter with a personal visit, the Galatian Christians, indignant at his rebukes and deserting him in ever larger numbers, might even neglect the contribution to the poor at Jerusalem which Paul had been zealously organizing since the famine of 46 A.D.[10]

Visiting Derbe, Lystra, Iconium, and Pisidian Antioch, therefore, Paul not only strengthened his disciples in their faith, but made formal arrangements in each community for collecting the relief fund. Every Christian was urged, after the Jewish fashion, to lay by a certain percentage of his income regularly each week. All churches were to select reputable delegates who would convey the collection to Jerusalem. By ordering the work in this manner and by using Titus and Timothy as his agents, Paul

hoped to wipe out the charge of embezzlement which was habitually leveled against him.[11]

Paul's main objective on this trip was not, however, the cities of Galatia and Phrygia, but Ephesus, for he had promised the brethren there that he would return to them, the Lord willing. As the center of political, commercial, and religious life in western Asia Minor, Ephesus offered distinct advantages to a Christian missionary. Here the Roman proconsul had his headquarters; here met the Asiarchs, a body consisting of a high priest and his predecessors in office. These officials, annually appointed, were representatives of the chief provincial cities and exemplified the Roman policy of giving subjects at least a semblance of self-government. Ephesus was the gate of the Orient, the portal to the great Bagdad caravan route, a colorful bazaar where the goods of East and West were piled high in brilliant confusion. But chiefly Ephesus was celebrated as the home of magic and religion. Round her temples revolved each year a dazzling procession of games and festivals. To order these and especially to superintend the worship of the Roman emperor was the Asiarchs' main task.[12]

Among Ephesian festivals perhaps the most spectacular was that of Artemis in May. At this time, some three months before Paul's arrival, various officials of the city came forth in the guise of the great gods, one as Zeus, another as Hermes, the secretary of state (who was later to befriend Paul) as Apollo, twin brother of Artemis (Diana), each man clad in robes of white or of gold tissue, many of them adorned with carbuncles and pearls. But the brightest luminary of Ephesus, the glory of which men chiefly thought when they called her Light of Asia,[13] was the temple of Artemis. We may best visualize this structure of glittering, colored marble if, instead of trudging toward Ephesus from the east on the dusty caravan road with Paul, we disembark at the harbor and from that point begin our preliminary tour of the city.

Leaving the forest of masts, we enter, as Paul had done some months before, through a triple gate and over a quay into a long streets, measuring sixty feet in width and running for a dis-

tance of almost half a mile to the east. This takes us squarely to a fountain in the wall of the city theater. If we look back now, we can still make out quite clearly the outline of the docks and the Cayster River, which leads to the Ægean Sea, four miles away. In order to reach Diana's temple we turn left at the theater, almost at right angles, and proceed northward for about two miles, walking on the way through a market-place where wool is sold under the shadow of a Hall of Song, whose marble walls and red Corinthian pillars stand out sharply beneath the bright sky. . . .

Imagine an edifice of variegated marble, facing east, and reached by a flight of steps ten feet high inside a walled court. Ubiquitous guides will tell us that the Emperor Augustus not only built this court, but also reduced the limit of sanctuary outside it. In the days of Marc Antony fugitives from justice might take refuge within a space covering double the distance of a bow-shot from the temple, and thus including not only the sacred precincts, but part of the city itself. This was found to be too great a convenience for professional criminals, who merely invoked the deity's name to save their own skins, and Augustus was forced to curtail the protected area.

Returning to the temple proper, one finds a structure measuring 425 feet in length by 220 in width. Round it there are 127 columns of Ionic design, each pillar sixty feet in height and each erected by some pious monarch as a memorial of his devotion to Artemis. We enter a colossal doorway, which is the only source of natural light, and see within a blaze of myriad lamps, reflected everywhere upon curious and precious objects. A staircase cunningly wrought from a single Cyprian vine ascends to the cedar roof. The whole interior is profusely ornamented with carved ivory and gems, painting and sculpture. Here is a priceless portrait of Alexander the Great painted by Apelles. There are statues by Scopas and Phidias. Praxiteles himself designed the bas-relief on the great altar which faces us at the rear of the sanctuary.

If we could lower the huge purple curtain which is drawn up from floor to ceiling, except when services are in progress, we

should discover there in the secret shrine a statue of Artemis. Originally a meteorite, the image which "fell from heaven"[14] is now a mummy-like figure carved from material so blackened by age and smoke that one can hardly tell if it is ivory or wood.[15] The feet of the goddess peep out below the casings which swathe her legs and thighs. Above the wrappings are rows of breasts. The goddess' head is topped by a tower-crown, which denotes her sovereignty as mother of all deities. In her hands are a club and a trident, symbols of strength as the breasts are tokens of fecundity. On her crown, girdle, and feet are written the famous Ephesian letters, *"askon kataskion lix tetras damnameneus aisia,"* thought by the superstitious to be wonderfully potent when worn on amulets or used in magic spells and curses.[16] Such is the figure of the goddess as she appears on coins of the reign of Claudius, during which Paul visited Ephesus, coins which the apostle no doubt fingered and carried in his purse.

This splendid temple, which stood in such strong contrast with the primitive figure of the goddess which it housed, was the second which had been erected on the spot. The first one, according to tradition, was burned down by Herostratus, a madman with a hankering for publicity, on the very night when Artemis had to be away in Macedonia as midwife to Alexander the Great's mother.[17] The loss was repaired by the whole province. Kings and subjects vied with one another in giving gold, jewels, and fine cloth from their private stores. Two hundred and twenty years of work, as well as incessant contributions, had gone into the making of the structure which Paul saw.

It is a little hard in modern days, when one stands on the edge of a plowed field and looks into a reedy marsh from which broken fragments of columns protrude, to visualize that departed wealth and glory. The murmur of the reeds recalls but faintly the hum of worshipers' voices, the cries of sacred eunuchs, the buzzing of Artemis' bees, her virgins consecrated to eternal chastity. Only the booming of a bittern somewhere in the marsh brings back the beating of drums and cymbals which once clanged here in honor of Artemis.

The jasper columns with Parian base have been removed to

the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople; the best of the excavated art has been taken to the British Museum. For the rest, one hears only the pipes of shepherds among the ruins, the bleating of sheep, the harsh gutturals of Turks tending their bean-fields. The artisans who created little silver models of the temple and drove Paul from the city because he threatened their trade, are forever dead; there remains only an occasional lad who tries to sell a coin or an image purporting to be "very ancient."

Following the road between the slopes and spurs of Mts. Prion and Coressus, one comes, after a walk of some two miles southward to the ancient theater, where Paul's life was placed in danger and where a pagan secretary defended a Jewish apostle against the charge of blasphemy and sacrilege. Originally a pretentious affair with sixty-six rows of seats divided into three tiers, the theater is now only a pathetic ruin. Fragments of the marble seats about which a furious mob once milled, strew the marble flagging of the orchestra. Pink mallow, wild mustard, red Judas tree, and forget-me-not push their way through the floor where the choruses of classical tragedy once danced. The wings near the entrance, which in their day measured a hundred feet in height, have now practically disappeared. A few melancholy pillars stand alone among the weeds and bushes. . . .

All that has gone. But the city of Ephesus is still, just as in early Christian tradition, consecrated to the apostle John. The little hill near which stand the ruins of Diana's temple is called Ayasoluk (Holy Theologian)[18] and the same name is applied to the modern Turkish village which occupies in part the site of ancient Ephesus. Yet strangely enough it was not John the apostle, but John the Baptist whose influence Paul first encountered in the city.

Some time before Paul's arrival Ephesus was visited by Apollos, a learned Alexandrian Jew, and a powerful expositor of the Old Testament Scriptures, but acquainted only with the baptism of John.[19] Alexandria had for some time been famous for its school of allegorical interpretation. Gentiles under its influence attempted, by rationalizing the crude old nature-myths of early

heathen religion, to fit outworn beliefs to a new pattern of philosophy and thus answer the charges of Jews and others who assailed paganism. On the other hand, by a curious process of allegorizing, Philo the Jew endeavored to reconcile the Old Testament with the tenets of Greek philosophy and more particularly those of Plato. This method fitted admirably the task which Apollos set himself.[20]

As a Christian follower of John the Baptist, Apollos understood his teacher to have predicted that Jesus was the coming Messiah. Apollos was familiar, word for word, with *The Way of God*, a typical collection of passages from the Law and prophets such as Christian teachers used from the earliest times to illustrate the character of the Messiah as fulfilled in Christ.[21] On this basis, and doubtless with frequent appeals to the Alexandrian method of allegory, Apollos taught accurately the facts about Jesus, boldly disputing with the Jews whom he met in the synagogue at Ephesus.

When Priscilla and Aquila heard him there, they observed that, while Apollos was eloquent enough, his information was still somewhat limited and his gospel on the whole rather static. He knew only the baptism of John, a rite which demanded repentance on the ground that the Messiah's kingdom was close at hand and carried with it the forgiveness of sins, but a forgiveness involving no ardent enthusiasm, no gift of the Holy Spirit. In spite of occasional doubt, John apparently recognized that the Messiah had come in the person of Christ, and Apollos must have done so too.[22] Apollos was strong on the prophecies relating to Jesus. What he probably lacked was a specific knowledge regarding the death and resurrection of Christ and the revival which had followed Pentecost. Priscilla and Aquila therefore took him to one side and showed him more precisely what the Way of God signified. Apollos did not remain long in Ephesus to preach his newly-interpreted gospel. He seems to have been the brilliant type of preacher who prefers to move rapidly from place to place rather than a dogged organizer like Paul. In any case, Apollos conceived a sudden desire to visit Achaia. After a letter of introduction had been sent, he was warmly received by

the Christians there and was preaching quite effectively at Corinth when Paul arrived in Ephesus.

Paul came by the northern route, following the valleys of the Lycus and Mæander rivers, perhaps in order to keep clear of the malarial districts below.[23] He had hardly settled down with his old friends Priscilla and Aquila when he discovered distinct traces of Apollos' teaching, or at least of a gospel very similar to that which the Alexandrian first preached. Here in Ephesus was a small group of about twelve men who believed in Jesus, but who, upon being asked if they had received the Holy Spirit, said, "We never so much as *heard* of it." Their baptism, it seemed, had been that of John. Paul immediately preached to them his own Gospel. They had themselves baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus and at once, under the apostle's cogent enthusiasm, began to speak in tongues and prophesy. All of which means that, as usual, Paul *revivalized* where others merely *sermonized.*

Paul's preaching in Ephesus followed about the same course as at Antioch and Corinth. For three months he spoke boldly in the synagogue, trying to persuade people that Jesus was the Messiah and that the kingdom of God had actually come. Always this proved offensive to certain Jews, especially those who regarded Messianism as only an attractive day-dream. Some of them grew hard and stubborn and began to speak scurrilously of Christ and his Way. Paul therefore withdrew his converts and instructed them in the school of Tyrannus.[24] This was thrown open to him from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon, hours corresponding roughly to the period of the siesta when shops were closed and no academic work was in progress.[25] The torch-smudged walls, which from sunrise had reëchoed to the chanting of schoolboys, were now quit of Gentile sounds; and Tyrannus ("Tyrant") would probably do no more work, except perhaps in the cooler hours just before sunset.

Paul had been reared on the stern diet of the Jewish schools, which often ran from sunrise to sunset and even into the night with hardly an interruption, barring only a hasty lunch. This was his best opportunity for utilizing the leisure of his converts.

He himself was willing to earn his living during the early morning hours and at night, in order that he might reserve the siesta period for instruction. This continued daily for about two years, through winter, spring, and the blazing months of summer.[26] The sheer nervous energy of the man is amazing to anyone who has walked the streets of Smyrna or the footpaths of Ephesus when they are overflowed, lifted up by a flooding white sea of heat. Before long his continual, furious work bore fruit. Paul's Ephesian converts spread the news abroad throughout the province, so that "all the inhabitants of Asia, not only Jews but Greeks, heard the word of the Lord."

A man of such unquenchable energy and enthusiasm soon becomes the subject of many a legend. Particularly in the superstitious East any vivid preacher is likely to gain among lazy and impressionable folk the reputation of being a healer. The report began to drift about that there was "virtue" in Paul. Handkerchiefs which he had flung aside, after wiping his face, discarded aprons which he had worn at his work, were snatched up by friends and relatives of the sick and insane, of hypochondriacs and persons possessed of demons. The name of the fire-breathing apostle, the very cloths which he had touched brought health, sanity, and peace to all who were afflicted. "God performed no ordinary miracles through the hands of Paul."[27]

Some of the Jewish exorcists who made the rounds of country and city, casting out demons, happened to be in Ephesus. Observing the powerful hold which the names Jesus and Paul had got on the popular imagination, they proceeded to use this new magic in their incantations. For a time they were successful. But the seven sons of Sceuas, a Jewish high priest, finally encountered a stubborn fellow on whom the usual spell, "I conjure you by the Jesus whom Paul preaches," had no effect. In a half-lucid interval of malicious sanity he shouted out: "I know *Jesus* and I know *Paul*, but who are *you*?" Close-pent within the room where they had attempted to work their magic, the priestly vagabonds were helpless when the patient showed signs of becoming violent. They looked this way and that for a convenient door. Suddenly a fit of insanity distorted the man's face. He leapt upon

the exorcists, stripped off most of their clothes, and sent them rushing out of the house, beaten and bruised.

This was a unique experience for the people of Ephesus. Previously they had been accustomed to hearing the names of deities, Jewish and pagan, mixed in an incomprehensible though effective gibberish without protest from the victim or the gods concerned. Evidently Jesus and Paul belonged in a new category. Their magic could be used by no one except themselves. A deep sense of religious awe fell upon the gullible Ephesians; they hastened to pay obeisance to the teachings of Paul. They magnified the name of the Lord Jesus, Jews and Greeks alike. Conscience-stricken, many believers who had worn and used heathen spells began to confess their misdeeds. A large number also of those who practiced magic arts brought out their scrolls from time to time and burned them publicly. When the value of all these was reckoned up, it was found that about ten thousand dollars' worth of books had been destroyed. . . .

The repertory of ancient magic, which is only hinted at here, was extremely large, and doubtless the superstitious Ephesians had from time to time invoked almost every expedient known to the astrologers, witch doctors, and exorcists of the period. But the most important functions of the beneficent sorcerer, as also of Jesus and his apostles, were to heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out demons.[28] Efficient healing involved, so far as pagans were concerned, a knowledge of various herbs, stones, and fluids. Herbs must be taken up with the proper implement, whether hand or knife, at just the right time, by a person in exactly the right clothing or lack of it, to the accompaniment of appropriate prayers and spells. Thus used, herbs could not only bring or withhold sickness, but stave off hunger and thirst, prevent fatigue on a journey, make dogs stop barking, open barred doors, cause debtors to pay their bills, reveal adulterers, and even put armies to rout.[29]

Among fluids the most potent were saliva and urine. Saliva had other than merely medicinal uses.[30] Spitting in the palm of the hand, it was thought, increased the force of the blow and made the person struck feel no resentment. Expectorating in the fold

of one's garment warded off a curse,[31] and to spit in the right shoe before crossing dangerous places was regarded as a sure preventive of disaster. Herbs, stones, and fluids must all upon occasion be used with spells. These were most often handed down orally, but sometimes, too, they were transcribed in books such as the Ephesians burned.

Raising the dead was no household affair and had to be performed by wonder-workers like Apollonius of Tyana, or, more frequently, witches. The witch stands at night in the copper glow of two fires that blaze by a deep pit. Between the fires lies the dead man. In the excitement of the moment the witch's false hair is all awry; her false teeth clatter as she mumbles outlandish spells to the red moon. From three tripods standing near she takes severally honey, milk, wine, and pours them into the pit. With deft movements now she fashions a man of dough and hurls him, crowned with laurel and fennel, after the magic liquids. Then, like a mad woman, she gashes her arm with a sword, wipes off the blood with laurel, and sprinkles it into the fire. Bending low, she mutters spells into the ear of the dead man, who slowly and with groans rises feebly to speak for a moment the language of the living.[32]

Merely by whispering a secret spell it is said that Apollonius of Tyana, Paul's contemporary, brought a Roman girl back to life when she was being carried out for burial just on the eve of her wedding. The girl's grateful relatives offered Apollonius a huge sum of money, but he refused it, saying that it might better be used as a dowry.[33] Nearly five hundred years before the birth of Paul the Sicilian philosopher Empedocles assured his pupils that they could learn to know all the poisons which banish disease and old age, that they could learn to control wind and weather and even bring back the very dead from Hades.[34]

But the mages who burned their books of spells in Ephesus would more often be called upon to cast out demons than to raise the dead. No form of major ailment was more common in the first century than disassociation. In almost every case where sufferers are brought to Christ for healing, the demon-possessed are very prominent. To use the pathetic words of the frightened

madman who begs Jesus not to torture him, "Legion is my name, for we are many."[35]

Each exorcist, of course, had his particular routine, but the method in general was much the same and involved a hypnotic glance, threatening language, and a highly elaborate incantation, where the garbled names of native and foreign deities were most hideously mixed—the more gods, the better the spell. One ancient formula calls for green olive oil, boiled with mastic and lotus-pith, to be applied as the mage mutters: "Joel, Ossarthiomi, Emori, Theochipsoith, Aeeioyo Joe Eochariphtha. Come out of him!" Another spell directs the person who uses it to blow from head to feet and feet to face of the demon-ridden man.[36] Occasionally the demon was so docile that upon receipt of a sharp letter he would stop pestering his victim. But usually the mage preferred to be on hand and watch the demon leap into a bowl of water kept ready for the purpose, or indicate his departure by knocking down some nearby object.[37]

According to the canonical gospels Christ performed most of the miracles which in antiquity were associated with sorcery. He cures the palsied, the blind, the lame, and the demon-ridden; he stills the winds and waves and raises the dead. He promises, too, that his disciples will be able to speak in tongues, take up serpents or drink deadly poisons without any ill effect, cure the sick, cast out devils, and bring the dead to life.[38] Paul mentions his own unusual ability to speak in tongues, the strange jargon of first-century revivals, and twice alludes to the signs and prodigies which accompanied his preaching.[39] According to Luke, Paul healed a lame man, cast out demons, raised up Eutychus who was thought to be dead, and on the island of Malta was bitten by a serpent without taking any harm.

The Apocryphal Gospels, reflecting popular Christian taste rather than the pruning hand of a discreet church council, heap miracle upon miracle There Jesus becomes a magic-monger even during infancy. One of his diapers which Mary hung out to dry is said to have cured a demon-ridden priest's son; at the application of the sacred cloth evil spirits flew out in the form of crows or crawled out as serpents. His swaddling-clothes flash fire and,

when placed on the head and eyes of a girl who is visited by Satan in the form of a blood-sucking vampire, immediately drive out the monster. Like witches with their brooms and pestles, the infant Jesus makes his clay toys talk and fly. In the Apocryphal Gospels and Acts both Jesus and Paul are definitely accused of being sorcerers. . . .[40]

When Paul's converts burned their books they were in large part merely recognizing him as a superior kind of wizard. One form of magic was exchanged for another. Of course it must have been obvious that Paul was no mere sorcerer. He was first of all a man of irreproachable morals. He expected no pay; he worked wonders without the usual claptrap and only for good purposes. Most important, he had something to offer his converts besides the miracles which drew public attention to his teaching. As Paul had to face the mystery religions on their own ground, so, too, he must work marvels in order to meet pagan competition. But his Ephesian converts were too thoroughly imbued with superstition to recognize the exact differences between Paul's "medicine" and that of his rivals, or to change in a day from impure to pure religion. Their conception of Christianity was necessarily modified by the associations and environment in which they had been reared. To all appearances "the word of the Lord grew and prevailed mightily" in Ephesus.[41] But from Paul's day to this superstitious Christians in that part of the world have always placed far more reliance on medals and scapulars and on the literal "power" of Scriptural texts employed as amulets than on personal faith or exact theology.[42]

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY

LIKE THE CHRISTIANS AT EPHESUS, THE CORINTHIANS WERE SO CLOSE to paganism that they found it hard not to take an occasional nibble at her tassels. In a letter now lost Paul had already warned them not to associate with the immoral.[1] But this initial remonstrance had done very little good. During Paul's absence a spirit of vicious factionalism had permeated the whole church. The Corinthians, it seemed, were utterly incapable of governing themselves. Some, attracted by the pagan learning and rather florid eloquence of Apollos, had drawn away from what they must have considered the blunt, crude teachings of Paul. Others, perhaps embracing the Judaistic doctrine of circumcision, asserted their allegiance to Peter. Still others claimed to get authority directly from Christ. A number remained faithful to Paul.[2] The situation can easily be imagined by anyone who has passed through such a fracas in a small country church. Corinth had doubtless seen the usual snooping, the petty tattling, perhaps actual fisticuffs and legal battles to get possession of the pulpit.

The Corinthians had referred trifling disputes to pagan lawcourts and passed over a scandal in their midst which would make even a Gentile blush.[3] A Christian was living with his father's wife, but the church at Corinth had never even thought of excommunicating him. Moreover, their whole method of conducting worship was a disgrace, an exhibition of individualism run rampant which sprang naturally out of their factiousness. In decently managed churches a psalm was followed by the exposition of Scripture and perhaps a prophecy, an inspirational exhortation. If anyone spoke in tongues, he took his turn and the meaning of what might otherwise have seemed mere gibberish was clearly explained by an interpreter. But in Corinth three or

four persons would leap to their feet at once, mouthing prophecies with such an utter disregard of sense or propriety that a stranger who happened upon them might think he had strayed into a madhouse. Amid the pandemonium Christians could be heard screaming out wildly, "Cursed be Jesus!" Here were women, prophesying unveiled, disheveled, contradicting and abusing men in authority, looking and acting like so many strumpets.[4] No false pagan prophet who shook his head insanely and foamed at the mouth as with labored breathing he fell into the delirium of inspiration, could be farther from the true gift of the Spirit.[5]

The modern reader will probably get an adequate notion of this strange, epileptic gabbling, the product of emotion heightened almost to the point of madness, if he imagines an ancient spell cross-bred with a Dadaist poem. Tongues of this kind were spoken and written up in the newspapers during the Irving Revival, which began on the shores of the Firth of Clyde in March, 1830, and during the Welsh Revival of 1904-06. Both movements were accompanied by so-called healings of the lame and the paralytic and by outbreaks of almost insane enthusiasm. From all one can gather, these tongues were usually an asinine, though occasionally rhythmical and striking, union of echoes from foreign dialects picked up in one quarter or another with stretches of the sheerest nonsense. A negress who once served in a family of my acquaintance used periodically, as spring came on, to be seized with spells of three-day delirium, in which she babbled Greek and Hebrew words. The whole matter was regarded as a complete mystery until it was discovered that she had at one time waited on a professor who habitually walked up and down in his study, chanting long passages of Hebrew and Greek.

But the worst abuse of Christianity, a thing which rendered Paul well-nigh speechless with indignation when he heard of it, was the Corinthian mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper. Even here they exhibited their cliquish tendencies. Each little group went off by itself in a corner of the common meeting-place. And within the groups no one dreamed of sharing what he had brought. The poor went hungry while those who had plenty of

provisions gourmandized and got shamelessly drunk. Paul had told them that the wine of the memorial Supper was the blood, as the bread was the body, of Christ. Rather naturally the Corinthians had fallen into their old ways as devotees of pagan cults. Or, to paraphrase Paul's own words, instead of regarding the love-feast as a symbol of their unity with Christ, they were trying to eat and drink at the Lord's table as if it were the table of pagan gods. And their enemies doubtless said, whether it was true or not, that when the torches guttered out the Corinthians enacted scenes worthy of the basest Dionysiac revelers. In more ways than one it proved disgraceful for women to take an unrestricted part in church services. Small wonder there was an epidemic of sickness and death at Corinth.[6]

These developments had been reported to Paul by the people of Chloe, perhaps a Corinthian woman with connections at Ephesus. And now Stephanas, Fortunatus, and Achaicus were present with a personal communication from the Corinthian church. So far as Paul could make out, there were some in Corinth who had begun to feel misgivings, while others were so convinced of their superior "knowledge" that, if they had any part in the questionnaire which the letter contained they had asked questions with tongue in cheek. The word *gnosis* (knowledge) was much in the air just then, and the movement which was later to be designated as Gnosticism had perhaps begun even at this time formally to develop. All of the Gnostics insisted on the importance of esoteric knowledge as superior to faith in obtaining final salvation. No man, they said, who has not mastered knowledge withheld from the ordinary rabble can hope to experience the light of transfiguration, the ultimate glory, either briefly here or for always in the next world.[7] On ethical doctrine the Gnostics were divided. Some maintained that, since the body is the prison-house of the spirit, since the flesh is not only evil, but temporary as well, the way in which we indulge it, the state in which we live, signifies nothing. Everything, said they, is lawful for the man with "knowledge." Others used the same contention as an argument for asceticism in matters of diet and sex. Since

the flesh is evil, marriage, too, they reasoned, is a sin and celibacy the ideal state.

The slogans of Gnosticism were very much in the minds of Paul's converts, as was evident from the questionnaire which they had just sent him. Is it, they asked, lawful or expedient for a *wise* man to attend feasts in pagan temples or eat meat that has been offered to idols? Should one marry or remain celibate? Ought married couples ever to abstain deliberately from sexual intercourse? Are spiritual unions in which both the lover and his beloved maintain, so to speak, a Platonic relationship desirable? Ought slaves to seek their freedom or couples unhappily married get a divorce? Should women keep silence and veil themselves in the church or ought they to share equally the activities of the other sex? Finally, the Christians at Corinth were concerned to know what was the nature of the body's resurrection.

These questions Paul proceeds to answer in what we know as the first letter to the Corinthians.[8] At times his tone is one of cutting irony, at others, one of gentle reproof. With superb sarcasm he expresses his scorn for men who are guilty of factions, associate with drunkards, idolaters, thieves, and whoremongers, men who pollute the Lord's Supper yet lay claim to superior knowledge. You spiritual? Why, you are mere babes. I fed you on milk, not meat, when I was with you, and what has happened since proves I was right. But you think you have entered your kingdom and left me out in the cold. Would to God you really had done so, that I might share your kingdom with you.

But I am still suffering to win the kingdom. I think that God has exhibited us apostles last of all, he has "showed" us like condemned gladiators, fighting in the arena as a spectacle for angels and men—and for you, one can almost hear Paul add, who look on complacently from the comfortable, padded front rows while we contend with net and trident and heavy armor in the blood-soaked sand. For Christ's sake we suffer, for Christ's sake we are fools. But *you* are *wise*. You prudently avoid all risk. We are weak, but you are strong. You are honored; we are in disrepute. To this very hour we endure hunger and thirst. We go about in rags, half naked. We are kicked and buffeted; we wan-

der about like vagabonds. We endure toil and moil, working with our own hands. Being jeered and insulted, we answer with blessings. Persecuted, we patiently undergo our suffering. Defamed and slandered, we answer with soft words. To this very hour we have been treated as the veriest filth and offscouring, as a scapegoat for the sins of the whole world.[9]

The Christians at Corinth, Paul implies, have not yet learned their first lesson. They must remember that their bodies are temples of the Holy Spirit, their members the members of Christ. How can they realize this when they mar the unity of Christ's body by snarling and wrangling over Apollos and Paul, without obeying either? They ask if slaves ought to seek freedom. Do they not know that all Christians are slaves of Christ, although bought with a price for freedom?[10] Apparently not. Nor do they realize that this freedom has limits. If they did, they would not be asking foolish questions about idols and meat offered to idols, but would abstain without hesitation from anything which might cause a weaker Christian to stumble.

Throughout this passage Paul comes as near as he ever does to an offensive combination of self-pity and outraged egotism. Two verses will set the tone of the whole: "It is the least of my concerns that *I* should be cross-questioned by *you* or by any human court. Why, I do not even cross-question myself."[11] Here, as always, Paul assumes that he is responsible to Christ alone. This, however, is not Paul's last word, nor his gentlest, on the need for preserving discretion in freedom or unity in love, the dominant themes of the whole letter, and we may let him speak next when he is in a kinder mood. . . .

Paul has so often been caricatured for his answers to the questionnaire regarding women and marriage that it seems only just to review them here against the broad historical and his own personal background. One may summarize the whole matter by saying that as a rule women in the first century occupied a subordinate position and that many other religious reformers, without Paul's common sense, had insisted on the virtues of celibacy.

In orthodox Jewish families the father retained, as he still does to a large extent, his ancient patriarchal powers. And Paul

had been reared in the strictest sect of the Jewish religion, a Pharisee. Paul's mother, we may be sure, was not allowed to run about unveiled on the street, nor interrupt the proceedings of the synagogue with long harangues. Paul was brought up in the semi-Oriental town of Tarsus, where *pagan* women went around so heavily veiled that they could neither see nor be seen, and his acquaintance with ancient society elsewhere would not tend to obscure that early picture. In a typical Athenian family of the period wife and daughters were confined almost as strictly as harem inmates. The wife's business was to bear children, to weave and spin with her own hands, to manage her household and superintend the work of her slaves. If she ventured out unveiled and unaccompanied, she was placing herself on the same level with prostitutes. In a Roman household, theoretically at least, the father had power for life and death, not only over his wife, but even over those sons who had not been emancipated by his special consent.

Before criticising Paul because he orders women to keep silence during worship one should recall that respectable women of his period were not, as a rule, well educated and took small part in public life. If they tried to ask an average husband questions about literature or politics, they would be likely to get an Aristophanic reply, "Shut up and sit down." The highly-educated Turkish women, so well described in Pierre Loti's novel, *Disenchanted,* have almost a horror of removing their veils before a stranger, let alone pushing their way into the limelight—an attitude which the ordinary woman of Paul's Tarsus would have shared. She would have called the hussies who took such a bold part in worship at Corinth what many of them doubtless were, nothing but strumpets. But whether at Tarsus, Corinth, or Rome, the liberated ladies whom Juvenal describes as going in for sports and literature were vastly in the minority.

Paul's tone when he comes to this question is just a little deprecatory, not to say humorous. He is conscious that the Spirit of Christ has given him no definite instructions regarding women. He merely states his own opinions. And besides, as Paul says at the end of one conclusive section, if anyone wants to argue the

matter, it can be settled by reference to precedent—or, in fuller words, to general custom among Jews and Gentiles of the Near East.

Paul's teaching on the subject of women and marriage throughout his epistles runs somewhat as follows. Women should not be allowed to teach or in any manner usurp authority over men, since they were created inferior. Woman was made from man (he alludes to the well-known story of Adam's rib), not man from woman. Eve, not Adam, was beguiled by the serpent. Hence the woman proved originally to be a sinner. Therefore she must be subject to man, as man is to Christ and as Christ is to God. She must wear the veil as a symbol of man's authority over her. The woman who prays or prophesies unveiled is no better than a shaven strumpet.[12] Woman's salvation, her function and ornament, lie, not in jewels, but in child-bearing, in charitable works, in a modest and virtuous life. With every detail of this, except the Jewish theology, Paul's conservative Gentile contemporaries would have agreed.

At the same time, husbands ought not to domineer over their wives, but love and cherish them as they would their own bodies. The two should in fact be one flesh. A married couple ought to give one another their just dues sexually, except when by common consent they abstain (as Isis' votaries also did) to devote themselves to a season of prayer. For the woman's body is not her own any more than the husband's is his; both belong to Christ. Marriage as a partnership carries with it a mutual duty.[13] If one has a gift for celibacy, it is better to remain unmarried, or not to marry again after one has lost a partner by death. Yet, when a man cannot control his passions, the common-sense thing is to take a wife. It is better to marry than to burn. Should a Christian vow that he will maintain a spiritual love-affair with a Christian virgin, let him continue the relationship as long as he can keep himself under control. When he sees that he cannot, let them get married. In any case, marriage is no sin. Paul advises those who are strong enough, whether men or women, to remain celibate like himself. For married people, he explains, are too much wrapped up in the cares of this world, too anxious to

please one another, to devote all their time to pleasing Christ. Besides, anyone who gets married is courting trouble. That is the reason why he, Paul, does not "lead around" a wife. Or, as we should say, Paul felt that marriage would interfere with his career.

When both husband and wife are Christians, there should be no divorce; nor, if one of them dies, any second marriage, except to another Christian. If either member is an unbeliever, then divorce is possible, but not recommended unless the peace of the family is at stake. The children of such a union are made holy by the fact that one parent at least is a Christian. The impulse toward divorce should come from the unbeliever.[14]

In view of contemporary opinion and Paul's own eminently sane attitude, considering the fact that pagan sects long before Paul's time had preached that marriage was a sin, remembering that even in our own enlightened age we admit a career as sufficient excuse for refraining from marriage and have not as yet settled the question of divorce, it is supremely ridiculous to hold Paul up as a dreary ascetic unlike anything ever seen before in the world's history, or to dismiss him as a dyspeptic, rheumatic, crabbed old bachelor.[15]. . .

But Paul's heart was not in these endless questions and answers. He was completely dominated, as he felt, by the love of Christ and the hope of Christ's Second Coming. Circumcision? Marriage? Celibacy? What did all these matter compared with the certainty that Christ was soon to appear? Each person might as well remain in his present condition, for when Christ came the universe would be changed. The present distinctions between slave and free, married and unmarried, would fade away. Discouraged, almost disheartened now by the unfaithfulness of his converts, but looking forward to the day when mortality would be swallowed up in immortality, when death and the grave would lose their sting, Paul dwelt always on the love of Christ, which, reflected in his followers, outshines all the other virtues.[16]

Paul's heart is in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, that marvelously touching prose-poem, that living canvas on which the apostle has painted his ideal character, the servant and aris-

tocrat of Love, the character which Christ perfectly exemplified and which Paul, compact of love and irritation, of moody tempers and self-pity, pictures in painful contrast with himself and his quarreling disciples. Nowhere else in the whole of his epistles does Paul so pathetically reveal the lineaments of that white-clad virgin, Agape, after whom he stumbled, naked and with bleeding feet, over the highways of the Roman Empire.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.
Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.
Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.
When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.
For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.
And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FROM EPHESUS TO CORINTH

STEPHANAS, FORTUNATUS, AND ACHAICUS PREPARED TO SET OUT WITH the letter for Corinth. Paul had complete confidence in men like Stephanas. Nevertheless, he preferred to have a personal representative on the ground and had sent Timothy ahead some time before. Apollos, with whom Paul was now on the best of terms, if indeed he had ever been otherwise, was also urged to accompany the rest, but for reasons unknown it seemed advisable that he remain just then at Ephesus. In any case, Paul wished to give Stephanas and Timothy as much support as possible, for those accursed Corinthians who had no love of God might lead even the level-headed ones off on another tangent, especially when they read the sharper portions of his letter.[1]

This, to all appearances, was exactly what happened. Paul had planned to stay on at Ephesus without interruption until Pentecost, perhaps of the year 56 A.D. But now he changed his plans and paid a flying visit to Corinth. It required all the charity at his command to cope with the situation. Gossips were at work again, arrogantly slandering Paul and those who were faithful to him. Little or nothing had been done to restrain those who indulged in sensuality and sexual vice. The whole church was in a factious uproar. Paul could not spare much time on this visit, for, while a door had been opened wide in Ephesus, many were "pushing against it." Therefore, after administering a few salutary tongue-lashings and threats he went quickly back to Ephesus.[2]

By his method Paul played directly into his enemies' hands. Apparently he accomplished most by sheer Jewish persistence. He did not care to put on a pompous front, fly into an apostolic rage, and excommunicate sinners by the score. He preferred to exercise

forbearance as long as possible, bringing his converts into line permanently by force of his somewhat annoying patience and reserving wholesale excommunication as a last resort. When he failed to do anything drastic, his enemies began the same old criticisms, once Paul was out of sight. This fellow, they said, is no true apostle. He does not look, he does not speak or act, like one. He may write bold and powerful letters from a safe distance, but personally he's nothing better than a contemptible coward.[3]

However, they underrated Paul's gifts as a letter-writer. When bad reports kept constantly filtering in to Ephesus, he sat down and dictated to the Corinthians an epistle so caustic that the very act brought distress to his heart and tears to his eyes. This communication has been lost, but we can get a fair notion of its contents from scattered passages in II Corinthians.[4] Whatever the letter's exact wording, it proved extremely effective. The Corinthians were so grieved, as we later learn, so alarmed, that they proceeded relentlessly to separate themselves from the incestuous man and all other undesirable members. Paul did not receive direct news until much later in Troas, when Titus, who had carried the cutting letter to Corinth, came back with a reply. Impatient though he was for immediate information, Paul nevertheless made ready to finish his labors in Ephesus. But events there terminated his visit and sent him on the much-deferred long trip to Macedonia and Corinth sooner than he expected.

Writing to the church at Corinth, Paul had boldly declared that idols mean nothing at all and that pagan gods are only so many demons.[5] Assertions like this were bound also to appear in his preaching and thus be noised about through Ephesus and the province of Asia. His converts deserted the temple of Artemis and tried to persuade others neither to sacrifice victims nor to offer any kind of service to the goddess. The number of pilgrims from Asia visiting the shrine no doubt fell off to a large extent, and the trade of the temple butchers was greatly curtailed.

The situation bade fair to duplicate that which arose when Pliny the Younger was governor in Bithynia and Pontus, some fifty years later. Writing to the Emperor Trajan, Pliny says that

this mischievous Christian superstition is not restricted to cities alone, but has spread through villages and country districts. The result, he continues, has been that up until a short time before temples were deserted everywhere and sacrificial animals went begging.[6]

Now in Ephesus one profession particularly was concerned. The silversmiths, who made small models of the temple and magic-working images of Artemis for the local as well as the tourist trade, had noted a decrease in their business. Demetrius, president of the guild, was convinced that their very existence was at stake. He therefore called a meeting of silversmiths and allied workers, perhaps in the guild-hall, and thus addressed them: "Men, you know our living comes from this trade. You also see and hear that not only in Ephesus but in almost the whole of Asia this fellow Paul has by his persuasiveness seduced a considerable number of people from the faith. He says hand-made gods are no gods at all. Now there is not only this danger, that our trade will come into disrepute, but also that the temple of the great goddess Artemis will be despised and the deity stripped of her glorious majesty, Artemis whom now all Asia and the entire civilized world revere."

Guildsmen had little patience with "scabs." Discovering non-union pallbearers at a funeral, "paid-up members" had been known to throw down the corpse and engage in a free-for-all fight. When the silversmiths heard this double appeal to their religious patriotism and their business sense, they were filled with rage. Quickly a protest parade was organized. Out came the banners which always appeared at festivals of Artemis. Beating drums, clashing cymbals, the workers filed through the streets. As they went they shouted the slogan of their patron saint: "Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!"[7]

Curious bystanders fell in with the procession, and soon the whole city was filled with confusion as the crowd marched about, looking for Paul. But Paul was nowhere in sight. Accordingly the mob laid hands on Gaius and Aristarchus, his traveling companions from Macedonia, and dragged them into the theater. The procession, as labor parades often do, threatened now to

become a riot. The sixty-six rows of seats and all the orchestra circle were filled as if by magic with shouting, cursing Greeks and Orientals. Some climbed to the roofs of near-by houses. Others swarmed up pillars and statues, where they hung at the risk of their necks, to get a view of Gaius and Aristarchus.[8] Some yelled one thing, some another, for the majority had no notion why they had come together.

Paul meantime was not permitted to leave his house. He earnestly desired to appear and confront the mob, but the disciples held him back and some of his friends among the Asiarchs also sent a message, urging him not to risk it.

The Jews, feeling that their national honor and perhaps their lives were at stake, shoved Alexander forward to make a defense. Alexander was a traveling coppersmith,[9] and apparently something of an orator besides, the ideal man to convince a mob of workers that the Jews were in sympathy with the claims of Demetrius. He stepped out and gestured for silence. But when the crowd discovered that he was a Jew, they bellowed for about two hours: "Great is Artemis of the Ephesians! Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!"

Not until the secretary of state appeared did the shouting subside. Like all men who know how to handle a mob, he first cajoled and then threatened them. Was there, he asked, any human being who didn't know that Ephesus acted as keeper of the temple of great Artemis and her statue that fell from heaven? Since this was undeniable, the people ought to keep calm and not do anything rash. What they had already done was dangerous enough.

"You have brought here these men who are neither temple-robbers nor blasphemers of our goddess. If Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen have a charge to make against anybody—well, there are still courts and pro-consuls. Let plaintiff and defendant accuse one another in court. But if you are looking for any further reparation, the case must be brought before the regular legal assembly of citizens. As it is we are liable to a charge of rioting because of what has happened today. There is not a single

excuse we can give for all this confusion." With these words he broke up the gathering.

As soon as the excitement had died down and it was once more safe to venture out of hiding, Paul collected his disciples, gave them a few parting words of encouragement, and set out for Macedonia. He had remained in Ephesus for more than two years, from October 53, perhaps, until January 56 A.D. Claudius, poor foolish Claudius, had eaten his last dish of mushrooms, thanks to an obliging wife. And just two years before Paul left Ephesus, Nero, the artist, had ascended the throne. But of this more later.

In company with Gaius from Derbe, the two Ephesians, Tychicus and Trophimus, Aristarchus of Thessalonica, and Timothy, who had by this time returned from Corinth, Paul secured passage on a little coastwise vessel, such as ran even during the winter, and put in shortly afterwards at the port of Troas. There he expected to find Titus with some kind of reply to the stern letter which had been sent a good many weeks before to Corinth. The personal report of Timothy, received perhaps at Ephesus, was not enough. In spite of his lovable character, Timothy was a bit too acquiescent; he would be inclined to spare Paul's feelings. Only the arrival of Titus, a far more outspoken man, only an official reply from the church itself, would be decisive. Slave of the postman that he was, Paul could hardly live without a constant flow of communication from his disciples.[10]

Paul, then, was in a fever of unrest. Besides, as he himself confesses, the experience at Ephesus had completely unnerved him. He thought for a moment that his last hour had arrived. The strain was almost more than he could bear. Only the fact that he had ceased to rely on himself and trusted now entirely to God, who raises men from the dead, made tolerable those hours when a mob went howling his name through the streets of Ephesus.[11]

Luke does not even mention a stop at Troas. It is Paul himself who gives us such details as we possess. He had come there to preach the gospel. This was his first opportunity for an extensive campaign in the city and it was never Paul's habit to leave a place overnight unless conditions proved hazardous. In this case

a door of opportunity was opened. And, being eager most of all to meet Titus there, he probably did not leave Troas before the summer of 56 A.D. Then, apparently, he gave up hope and pushed on to Macedonia. His procedure there would undoubtedly be the same as on his second missionary tour. Landing at Neapolis, he would stop first at Philippi, perhaps with his friend Lydia.

Conditions in Macedonia looked rather black. During Paul's absence the various churches were always prone to get a little out of control. In Philippi, as at Corinth, sedition had sprung up. Suffering still from his fright at Ephesus and alarmed at Titus' long delay, Paul was almost ready to admit defeat. And then Titus came—with good news. Paul was overjoyed. Now he was the triumphant general once more, sacking every fortress of sin, storming every rampart thrown up against God and himself.[12]

"Thank God," Paul exclaims, "wherever I go, He always leads me in Christ's triumphal procession, diffusing through me the fragrance of His knowledge everywhere!"[13] As a pagan general, returning victorious from the field, marshaled his army on the Ostia Road near Three Fountains outside Rome and swept through the city, preceded by long lines of captives, so Christ was marching through the empire with Paul, a slave at his chariot wheel, the least among his captives. And as the crowd showered down upon the conquering general roses and saffron, so did God through Paul diffuse the perfume of the knowledge of Christ throughout the world. The captives were slain at the base of the Capitoline Hill, which the general ascended to lay his laurel wreath in the lap of Jupiter, Greatest and Best. Thus in the last day, having put all things under his feet, Christ would yield up the palm of victory to God his Father. An oddly prophetic figure, for at Three Fountains, so tradition said, Paul would suffer execution little more than ten years hence and receive the crown of victory which God reserves for all the faithful.[14]

Equally triumphant is the mood which dominates Paul's directions for the gathering of the relief fund. In this part of II Corinthians Paul proves himself almost as much a master of graceful

euphemisms for hard cash as a modern slogan writer. The contribution for the poor in Jerusalem is enthusiastically described as a gracious opportunity, a ministry, a chance for displaying zeal and love and loyalty, a luxury of liberality and single-hearted generosity, a partnership, a sharing, righteousness, a benediction and blessing, a public duty.[15]

Paul's methods in matters of this kind were singularly like those of a sales-manager. He not only liked to keep in touch with his converts by letter and sting them into action with the sharpest kind of missives if they showed any indifference to his organization, but he also liked to send round inspectors occasionally who could report any weakness which his correspondence failed to discover. His approach in this particular case betrays the touch of an experienced money-collector. He veils an actual demand by judicious coaxing and flattery. Skillfully he plays off the Macedonians and Corinthians against one another.

Wretchedly poor and burdened with taxes as they are, the Macedonians have actually begged Paul to let them contribute.[16] Now the Corinthians must not disappoint him. The fund is in a sense their own idea, for they were eager to work on it a year ago. And he has in fact been boasting to the Macedonians that the church in Corinth was ready with its contribution at that time. This example has proved a strong incentive to liberality in Macedonia. The Corinthians are so distinguished for their faith and learning and loyalty to Paul that they simply *must* come off with flying colors on this score also.

Doubtless the Corinthians have attended to everything, but just to be on the safe side and prevent any embarrassment in case laymen from Macedonia should travel with him to Corinth, Paul is dispatching advance agents who will see that the fund is in order. Titus has undertaken the chief responsibility, inasmuch as he was the one who started this work originally among the Corinthians. Along with him will go two other apostles, probably Luke, whom Paul left at Philippi six years before, and an unknown delegate selected to convey the Macedonian contribution.

Paul wants the Corinthians distinctly to understand that he is not issuing orders. The money is not to be extorted from them;

they are to give it generously according to their means. If God has made them rich by the gift of Christ, if Christ for their sake left the riches of heaven and lived in poverty on earth, then surely out of the wealth of their grace they can afford to contribute freely. Thus Paul dismisses the irritating question of money on a high religious note: "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!"[17]

Nowhere else in this epistle does Paul manifest quite the same buoyant self-confidence. He knows that some of the Corinthians have not fully accepted him even yet as an authentic apostle. Behind their protestations he seems to detect a touch of insincerity. You complain, says he, that I have again and again broken my promise to visit Corinth. Well, if I did, it was to spare your feelings. I knew what I should have to do if I came and found matters no better than I left them. He breaks off an exultant passage and pulls himself up sharp with the realization that he is again having to recommend himself. This he ought not to do. The Corinthians should be his best recommendation. They are a letter which he has written on the tablets of the human heart with the Spirit of the living God, the gospel of light and glory in Christ rather than the death and darkness of the Law, a bright treasure which is carried about in the frail clay vase of Paul's own body.[18]

Yet, knowing all this, the Corinthians prefer darkness to light. They expect him to be a sleek, well-fed apostle like those Jewish hypocrites by whom they are constantly being cheated and duped.[19] He must still be recommending himself, for some have been so cruel as to make sport of his very frailty, his body which has become weakened and scarred in their service and that of Christ. This he can bear quietly for the most part. Though the Corinthians may have deserted him in the arena where he fights as a gladiator, yet Christ always comes to his rescue with advice when he is in despair, with assistance when the enemy pursue and are about to cut him off: "I am hard pressed but never cornered, at my wit's end but never entirely at a loss, pursued but never abandoned, knocked down but not killed."[20]

Paul follows the example of Christ by facing poverty, death,

and disgrace every day. "Honor and dishonor, praise and slander, have in turn been my lot. A true man, yet called an impostor, unknown yet well known, dying but still I am alive, chastened but not killed, sorrowing and yet rejoicing, a pauper, yet making many rich, having nothing, yet possessing all things."[21] This fact alone should be a sufficient recommendation. How can the Corinthians fail to recognize him as a genuine apostle when he thus imitates the life of Christ? Such have been his sufferings and he appeals tearfully to the Corinthians for their undivided love: "My heart is open to you. . . . As children say, play fair with me. Open your hearts also. . . . Receive me: I have wronged no one, corrupted no one, robbed no one. I do not say this to condemn you. I have told you before that you are in my heart, whether I die or live. I am being perfectly frank with you. You give me many a reason to boast. You console me completely, so much so that I am overflowing with joy at all the afflictions which I have to bear."[22]

In this manner Paul paves the way for a discussion of the painful letter which he was forced to write from Ephesus. He mentions with gratitude the good results which it produced and launches vigorously into a plea for the charity fund. Then suddenly his devotional mood leaves him. His tone, which throughout has been that of a man somewhat on the defensive, breaks sharply into shrill complaints and threats. The initial sentence begins as an appeal, but introduces a sarcastic, almost hysterical attack on his enemies and a long, boastful account of his claims to authority: "I Paul my very self beg of you by the meekness and sweet reasonableness of Christ. . . ."[23]

Yes, it is Paul, the one who seems so bold when he writes to you and so cowardly when he is present. I intreat you, do not make me use the full power of my confidence when I come. In any case I shall certainly deal with those who say I "walk after the flesh." They will very soon discover that my warfare is spiritual. I shall conquer and bring to summary trial every one who opposes me. This time I am not going to frighten you with a letter merely. I shall act when I come as powerfully as I write. Of course I would not dare to class or compare myself with

those whose sole recommendation comes from themselves. They measure themselves by their own standards, fools that they are! My standard is that of God, thanks to whom I was first to preach the gospel among you. With this I am content. I do not boast of other men's work as my enemies do.

What I am saying may seem foolish to you. But I hope you will bear with me, for I am divinely jealous of you as of a chaste virgin whom I have betrothed to her husband, Christ. And I am afraid someone will seduce you. At any rate you *bear* it well enough when one of those "peerless apostles" takes your money for preaching eloquently a false gospel. I may be no orator, but at least you can always understand what I am talking about. Perhaps I did you wrong in *robbing* other churches of a salary so that I could minister to you without charge. But no, it was because I loved you. I was willing to abase myself if you could only be lifted up. I was proud of what I did then and I shall continue to be so. These false apostles, these crooked workers, these agents of Satan shall never stop my boasting in Corinth.

Since many brag of their fleshly record, I can do the same, though not now in the rôle of an inspired apostle. This is foolish, no doubt. But I think you might stand it, for you are so wise that you gladly put up with fools, men who make slaves of you, rob you, eat you out of house and home, take you in by their pompous pretensions, and then turn round and slap you in the face. What a disgrace that I could not do things like that! I was too weak! Well, let them boast. I can match them word for word.

"Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they descendants of Abraham? So am I. Are they ministers of Christ? I am more so (what madness to talk like this!) In labors, in scourgings, in prisons I have served and suffered unspeakably more than they. Many a time I have faced death. Five times the Jews gave me thirty-nine stripes. Three times the Romans beat me with rods. Once I was stoned; three times shipwrecked, I spent a night and a day adrift on the deep. I have traveled far and wide. I have often been in danger from rivers and robbers, from Jews and Gentiles; often imperiled in the city, in the wilderness, on the sea, and among false brethren. Often have I toiled

and moiled through many a sleepless night, hungry and thirsty, fasting often in cold and nakedness. Besides all this there is my pressing, daily anxiety for everyone in the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak with him? Who is made to stumble and I do not flame with indignation? Weak? Yes, I am, and if I must boast I will boast of my weakness. The God and Father of the Lord Jesus (blessed be He throughout all ages) knows that I am not lying. . . ."

Paul then describes as an instance of strength made perfect in weakness what happened to him at Damascus twenty-three years before, when he who had approached the city as an arrogant persecutor was afterwards obliged to escape the sentinels of King Aretas in a basket let down through a window of the city wall.[24] Then follows an account of the "stake in the flesh," a humiliating sequel to the trance which had raised him to the third heaven and shown him unspeakable secrets.[25] With this he is done "playing the fool." He was reluctant to boast thus in the first place, but the Corinthians forced him to it by refusing the recommendation which he deserved.

And why did they consider him so inferior, such a "nobody"? He did all the miracles one expects from a genuine apostle. Perhaps he disappointed, perhaps he *wronged* them in that, like a good father, he scorned to benumb and burden his children with heavy expenses. Let them think so, if they like. In any case on this third visit he expects to spend his money and himself on their behalf as he has always done.[26] But for all this they need not fancy they can impose upon him. If he finds the same quarrelsome and lustful spirit about which he warned them on his second visit, if the Corinthians have not mended their ways, they will soon discover that the Christ he preaches is a Christ of power. Each case will be brought to trial and decided on the testimony of two or three witnesses. His authority has been given him for building up, but if necessary he will tear down. It is not Paul now who will be under inspection and scrutiny, like a soldier applying for enlistment, an orator of doubtful citizenship attempting to speak in the assembly, or a magistrate whose qualifications for office are as yet unproved. He has already been

passed on and approved by Christ. The Corinthians are the ones who will have to test themselves and see if they are legal tender by the Christian standard.[27]

That Paul describes a trance as one of the high points in his religious experience, that he singles it out when justifying his authority and whole manner of life, is highly significant. The passage in question, at once frank and reticent, stamps him as a fervent though practical-minded mystic. His conversion had exhibited the usual mystic traits of sudden illumination, passivity, and obedience to the divine voice, followed by a right-about-face and bliss ineffable. Like Joan of Arc he heard guiding voices and saw visions all his life long. But stronger evidence than voices for the deep character of Paul's mysticism, stronger than the witness of his flight through the three spheres of Jewish mythology to the Paradise of the Divine is his Christ-philosophy. More important than his self-professed ability to speak with tongues and perform miracles is Paul's mystic devotion to Christ.

He has meditated profoundly on the sufferings of Christ as represented in the *Cross*.[28] This word for Paul was the key-note in that orison of quiet which mystics seek, that there may come about a lapse and intermittence of the bodily powers, when the soul rests in God's goodness and ascends at last to Him, flying alone to the Alone. Through discipline of the body and self-surrender he yields himself with heartfelt faith unencumbered to the Christ of his own creating, not the human Jesus of Nazareth, but the spiritual Christ who gives the final glory of salvation in the next world and in this, strength for work, strength to face insults, persecution, and death every day.[29]

Like other mystics, living with his eyes fixed on the unseen, Paul sometimes longs to leave the body and be at home with Christ. For he knows that if his earthly tent is blown away by the winds of death, struck and seen no more in the morning by the camp fires, he will have another tabernacle not made with hands, unlike the tents in his own loft, eternal in the heavens. So it is that he groans, not desiring to have his soul left naked and shivering without its earthly dress, but yearning rather for an

immortal garment which will swallow up and enfold the mortal in everlasting life. He had rather be exiled from the body and present with the Lord than be at home here in the flesh.[30]

Yet even so, content for the moment with the "first installment" of the Spirit, the pledge of that change which will soon invest his fleshly body with immortal raiment, he continues on in life.[31] He is content like Christ to be a scapegoat for the sins of all mankind.[32] Through the death and resurrection of his master Paul has died to the world; he has risen from the mystic death of baptism to a new life with new loyalties.[33] Paul is *in* Christ spiritually and almost sexually, as Christ also is *in* Paul.[34] But unlike hysterical, over-sexed, passive mystics, Paul shows himself to be essentially practical and dynamic. His mystic tendencies in no way unfit him for the task of organizing and governing the church. He regards with more than a little suspicion those who let miraculous and mystic powers get out of control.[35]

In Philippi, then, Paul probably met Titus and wrote to the church at Corinth a defense of himself as mystic and apostle. Titus returned to deliver the letter and supervise the relief fund. Paul himself passed on through the districts of Macedonia, preaching as he went and acquiring on the way two additional companions, Secundus of Thessalonica and Sopater of Berœa.[36] Whether Paul went by ship or by land to Corinth we do not know. But allowing, as before, about six months for a leisurely trip through Macedonia, one concludes that it was at least December of the year 56 A.D. when he finally arrived in that city.

During a stay of three months in the house of Gaius, Paul completed a thorough exposition of his doctrine regarding Christ and the Law.[37] For this he had already written a species of first draft in his missive to the Galatians. The so-called Epistle to the Romans is in reality an encyclical, or, as we should say, a form letter, intended to be read not only at Rome, but also in churches throughout Asia and Galatia.[38] Autobiographic and doctrinal elements in this communication have been fully discussed elsewhere.[39] But one note concerning the tone of Paul's thought will be in order here.

The epistle to the Romans has often been held to identify Paul with a grim, Calvinistic brand of predestination. True enough, Paul speaks of God as a potter who can make some vessels fitted for destruction and others designed for mercy.[40] He declares that God has known and determined beforehand what persons will be selected for acquittal from their sins and final conformation to the likeness of Christ.[41] But nothing could be farther from hard-jowled Calvinism than Paul's flushed and triumphant adoration of Christ throughout this letter. Nothing could be more remote from one who consigns span-long infants to the floor of hell than Paul's divine lover whom he feels he has been predestined to serve even before the world began. God is for Paul a stern judge who will try the world through Christ. But He is also a lenient father who has acquitted Paul from every sin committed during youth and young manhood under the Law. God is, so to speak, the greater caster and stage-manager for the world spectacle who has summoned Paul from among a group of extras to play a glorious part in saving the whole universe.

Stripped of its legalistic Jewish background, stripped of its first-century paraphernalia of quasi-magic baptism, eucharist, suffering, dying, and rising Savior-God, Paul's teaching amounts in Romans as elsewhere simply to this: The problem of evil, which because of hereditary influence affects each one of us, can only be solved if we concentrate on perfection as exemplified in the one perfect being, Christ. The brotherhood of humanity will only be achieved when men imitate Christ by serving and suffering for one another.

Ironically enough, Paul counsels the Christians at Rome to obey the higher authorities, since these are ministers of God, a terror not to good men, but to the wicked.[42] When Paul wrote thus in 56 A.D. Nero had not yet completed the first "five golden years" of his reign. He was still merely the amusing showman and amateur artist, who captivated the fancy of the whole empire, rather than the bloody ringmaster who used Christians for torches and burned Rome as an atmospheric background for a harp solo.

Not yet had Nero abandoned his first wife, Octavia, for a low-born wench, not yet had he taken a second legal wife, Poppæa, and kicked her to death while she was pregnant. The murders of his mother, Agrippina, and of Burrus, his trusted lieutenant, were still in the future. Seneca had not yet refused to justify the death of Agrippina and thereupon resigned from his position as prime minister. Ten years must elapse before Seneca opens his veins in a warm bath and dies discoursing on the immortality of the soul. Eleven years must pass by before Nero signs Paul's death warrant.

Paul had determined, Luke tells us, while he was still at Ephesus, to visit Jerusalem and afterwards Rome. As if in conformity with this plan Luke's narrative gathers speed after the riot in Ephesus and rushes straight ahead to the final chapters. But the lifetime of Nero covers almost the whole of Paul's recorded career, since he was born just four years after the apostle's conversion. The doings and character of this emperor who, according to firm Christian tradition, was responsible for Paul's death, are so interesting, if not intrinsically important, that we may interrupt our own narrative briefly here to discuss them.

Interchapter

THE SERVANT OF GOD

Nero was the son of Domitius Ahenobarbus (Bronze Beard), and Agrippina, daughter of that Germanicus whom Tiberius adopted and is said to have poisoned.[1] When Nero was born on December 15th, 37 A.D., just nineteen years before Paul visited Corinth, perhaps no one except his mother expected him ever to ascend the throne. But Agrippina was ambitious. She saw to it that her son was carefully educated in both the Greek and the Latin tongue. From his twelfth year Nero had as tutor the philosopher and rhetorician, Seneca, who had been recalled from exile in Corsica for that very purpose. Further, Agrippina, having lost her first husband by death and a second by divorce, inveigled her

uncle Claudius into the net of matrimony and persuaded him as emperor to adopt Nero rather than acknowledge Britannicus, his son by a former wife, Messalina.

After Claudius had eaten Agrippina's mushrooms and digested them in hell, it was understood that Britannicus would take his place. But Agrippina had Nero carried out in a covered chariot before applauding crowds and later procured the death of Britannicus. Thanks to the kindly influence of Burrus, commander of the palace guards, and the somewhat cynical moderation of Seneca, Nero trod at first the path of virtue. He discouraged spies and informers. He refused to allow the Senate and the people to set up his statue in silver and gold. He courted the favor of the Senate almost as carefully as Augustus, his famous ancestor, had done.

If Nero had the habit of prowling the streets at night in cowl and rough cloak; if he beat harmless citizens, stabbed them, and threw them into the sewer; if with his gang of roisterers he broke into shops and carried away whatever pleased him for sale at public auctions in the palace; if he had any hankering to tour the provinces with an androgyne clothed in bride's tunic and veil —he concealed these tendencies pretty thoroughly during the early years of his reign.

Burrus and Seneca, assisted by that marvelously efficient corps of Greek secretaries without whom the Roman government could at no time have run smoothly, held the reins on Nero and controlled the empire. Nero was free to devote himself to music and chariot-racing, harmless pastimes which endeared him to the great first-century mob. Before everything else Nero was the amateur artist, the exhibitionist and showman. He had no more than a bearable voice, but he took his art quite seriously. He invited the famous lyre-player and singer, Terpnus, to give him lessons. Faithfully he practiced scales lying on his back with a lead weight placed on his chest—to develop the lungs. He took emetics and enemas regularly and excluded from his diet all food injurious to the voice.

Nothing, not even an earthquake, could stop Nero from singing. Once he gave a performance on several consecutive days

when it seemed as if the theater might be shaken down any moment. Insatiate of applause, he could not keep away from the scene of his triumph, but dined in the orchestra with a claque and offered, after he had wet his whistle, to troll them out something good and loud. Clad only in drawers, he would play the waiter to his friends at some low tavern, entertaining them while he hustled on the sausages with snatches of popular music.

The people, too, were expected to take his art seriously. When Nero contracted a slight cold just before a singing-contest, the people flocked to the temples to pray for his instant recovery and success. After the first flush of Nero's boyish goodness had died away, informers were everywhere. It was no longer safe to express one's real opinion of his weak and husky voice. When he sang one of his favorite parts, appearing as a goddess whose mask portrayed usually the face of his current mistress, Nero expected instantaneous applause. If it was not forthcoming, the emperor would sink down on one knee and ask for it in the best vaudeville style. In order to avoid a frigid reception he maintained in Rome a claque of Alexandrians, notable for the roof-tile noises they could make with hollowed hands, as well as a contingent of noble and plebeian native sons numbering in all about five thousand.

When Nero sang all exits were closed. No one might leave even for the most intimate reasons. The overindulgent suffered agonies and women gave birth to children within the barred theater. A few hardy persons sometimes escaped the ordeal by leaping down from their seats and being carried out as dead. In Greece prizes were usually sent to Nero in advance. If the honors had not been awarded and the judges did not look receptive, Nero would advance to the front of the stage and say: "Of course Fate has the issue in her hands, but being men of wisdom and experience, you will doubtless take matters *out* of her hands." Nero announced his own victories and, after making sure that the images of rival artists had been thrown down from their pedestals, superintended the erection of his own statues in prominent places.

The great mob have always liked to see their rulers put on a

good show. They dote on seeing the chief executive kiss brats, catch fish, and wear ridiculous sombreros. Nero was always good for an exhibition. For a long time men had dreamed of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. Julius Cæsar played with the notion, but Nero threw up the first dirt with a golden pick and carried it away in a basket on his shoulder. On such occasions Nero usually had a florid speech ready, but refused to deliver it. His vocal teacher stood by, urging him to hold a handkerchief before his mouth and spare that "lovely voice."

The plebs who cried for exhibitions everywhere, and at Rome especially for bread and games, were not disappointed in Nero. During his school days he had been reproved by his teacher for whispering about the death of a jockey who wore the green colors, but had got off by stoutly insisting that he was discussing the passage in which Homer relates how Hector was dragged after the chariot of Achilles. As emperor, Nero had a passion for chariot-racing, gladiatorial combats, and the more spectacular kinds of drama. He himself once attempted to drive a ten-horse team at the Olympic games. But after being thrown out of the car, he quit the course, since he was sure to receive the prize anyway.

At Rome, Nero gave the most sumptuous games that had ever been witnessed. Noblemen were forced to fight gladiators in the arena; a knight rode an elephant down a tight rope. A piece called "Fire" was presented under Nero's auspices and at the end actual buildings were burned, players and spectators rushing into the blaze for souvenirs. Pasiphae, daughter of Minos, was brought onto the stage in a wooden heifer, so that the bull might, as legend related, cohabit with her and become father of the Minotaur. Scenes in ancient drama which called for the burning of a hero on a funeral pyre off-stage were vividly enacted full-stage with real criminals in the leading rôles. When the wax melted from his wings as he flew too near the sun, Icarus, son of Dædalus, as Nero presented the myth, really fell and splattered the audience with gore.

Nero's spendthrift ways in private life made the Romans gasp. He played dice at twenty thousand dollars a point. He spent two hundred thousand dollars on roses for a single banquet. He fished

with a golden net manipulated by purple and scarlet cords. Without his retinue of a thousand carriages, drawn by silver-shod mules and attended by jewel-decked courtiers and couriers, he seldom traveled. Upon his return from Greece he caused various towns on the route to throw down their walls and admit him as an Olympic victor. As white horses drew Nero along the highway a claque of many thousands applauded the artist-athlete, clad in a purple robe and Greek cloak with bright stars, grasping a diadem in his right hand and on his head wearing an Olympic crown. Everywhere he passed victims were slain and the streets sprinkled with perfume. Song-birds, ribbons, and confections were showered upon him as he came back, a triumphant hero.[2]

His greatest single act of extravagance as emperor rather than as amateur showman was to build a great house, sweeping across the Sacred Way from the Palatine to a neighboring hill. In the vestibule was a statue of the emperor one hundred and twenty feet high. The grounds contained a colonnade a mile long as well as a pond like a sea, on whose shores stood buildings, fields, vineyards, and woodlands in miniature. The palace dining-rooms, which were decorated with gold and mother-of-pearl, had fretted ceilings of ivory whose panels opened to shower down flowers and bathe the guests with precious scents. "At last I am beginning to live," said Nero when at length he was installed in the Golden House.

There were others who thought that he was ready to die, particularly when they heard that his favorite indoor diversion was to clothe himself as a wild animal and rush with brute roars upon his male and female favorites. A certain Roman gentleman, learning that Nero was on the way through Greece with his boy-wife Sporus, exclaimed, "Would that Nero's father had had a wife like that!"

But so long as Nero remained amusing or merely disgusting his life was safe. And he was only the former when Paul visited Corinth. His megalomania was not to culminate until ten years later in the triumphant tour of Greece and the building of the Golden House. When he turned into a monster as well as a megalomaniac, he was soon put out of the way.

CHAPTER XXIX

I GO BOUND TO JERUSALEM

ONE COPY OF THE CIRCULAR LETTER, PROBABLY THAT WHICH WENT to Rome, was intrusted to Phœbe, a member of the church at Cenchreæ. She is given at any rate a definite note of introduction in our text.[1] The other two would be carried direct by Paul and his company, who prepared about the 1st of March, 57 A.D., to leave Corinth. Paul had intended originally to go by ship the shortest way to Jerusalem. He could thus visit some of his churches and still arrive at the capital in time to present the poor fund during the hilarious festival of Pentecost. But a sudden discovery made him revise his plans. Twice before he had been informed of a Jewish plot against his life just in time to escape, once when he was let down the wall of Damascus in a basket and again shortly after his conversion, at Jerusalem.

Behind this third plot there were other forces than mere religious bigotry at work. The extreme Zealot wing of the orthodox Jewish faction doubtless regarded his position on Roman officials and particularly tax-collectors as outright treason. They were even then sowing the seeds of that revolt against Rome which was in a few years to end with the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. Physical violence was the only argument which they considered worth using on unbelievers. Paul perhaps had this incipient revolt in mind when he counseled his converts everywhere to pay their taxes, keep the peace, and respect the ordinance of secular authorities as the decree of God.[2]

But the religionists as well as the bolshevik patriots had good grounds for complaint against Paul. Judaism was purely a national sect, to which no one could belong without going through the rite of circumcision which naturalized him as a Jew. Anyone who like Paul minimized the importance of circumcision was

both a political and a religious renegade. This proved hard enough for the orthodox to swallow. But when Paul came out and in so many words called the human son of a peasant carpenter "God blessed forever"[3]—well, that was the extreme limit of Jewish endurance.

Finally the Jews had a shrewd eye to business. They professed to hate idols, but, as the Ephesus incident shows, they were not unwilling to compromise with Gentile artisans who felt that business was being undermined by Paul's preaching.

Whatever the reasons in detail, the fact was quite obvious; for years the Sanhedrin through its spies had been keeping track of Paul. The opportunity had not yet come for the gangsters in their pay to rid the world of this arrant little traitor, but it was being constantly sought. The plan in Corinth was apparently this: a group of assassins would secrete themselves on the ship which carried Paul and murder him on the way to Jerusalem, as pirates once threw Arion, the ancient tenor and poet, into the sea.[4] But no dolphin was going to swim up and benevolently rescue Paul from drowning. His throat would be neatly cut by one of those sharp daggers which the *sicarii* carried up their sleeves before ever his body splashed into the night-dark water.

The Sanhedrin and the Zealots had spies, but so did the Christians, and, as on two former occasions, they reported to Paul what they had heard whispered in the markets and on the fringes of synagogue meetings. Paul therefore stole out of Corinth, accompanied only by Luke, and took a ship sailing for Philippi instead of one bound for Syria.[5] In Philippi he celebrated the Passover and spent the days of unleavened bread. Five days afterwards he disembarked at Troas. This for Luke is the beginning of Paul's "passion" and he is careful to mark the progress of days as nowhere else in his narrative.

At Troas they found waiting Paul's other traveling companions, who had sailed directly here from Corinth. From Monday, April 19th, to Sunday, April the 25th, they remained in Troas, renewing acquaintance with the disciples and perhaps looking for a suitable ship to carry them down the coast.

On the evening of Sunday the disciples met for the communal

meal which preceded the Lord's Supper. The building in which they assembled was probably one of those three-story tenements ("islands" occupying an entire block) which Roman satirists are so fond of describing. It was a flimsy, weaving structure of wood, built round a central well or court, so close to apartments across the street that wags in the top story maintained they could lean out and shake hands with their neighbors. Ordinarily the third floor was cut up into a number of miserable flea-bitten little rooms fit only for a poet whose sole possessions were a dwarf-size cot, a statuette, and some books. But the room in which the Christians came together was large and softly illuminated, as if for a festal banquet, with many guttering candles and smoking oil-lamps.[6]

Paul was bound at heart by a presentiment of coming disaster and perhaps death. In every city through which he passed, that solemn inner voice which he called the Spirit warned him that he was going to bonds and trials in Jerusalem.[7] He spoke on this occasion at Troas, no doubt, concerning the trials and death of Jesus, on the meaning of the Lord's Supper, and with mounting earnestness which carried him on till midnight, about the tribulations that Christians must endure to prove worthy of final entrance beyond death into the kingdom of life.[8]

The April night was warm. The wine of Asia was potent. And a young man named Eutychus had taken up his post in a window to escape the press of the room and catch the wandering currents of the breeze. As in the *Odyssey*,[9] young Elpenor, a man of no great valiance or steadiness of head, fell down from Circe's roof, where he had gone to sleep off the heaviness of wine, so Eutychus went a-nodding and at last, borne down by deep sleep, hurtled from the third story to the court below.[10]

With shrieks and lamentations the disciples rushed to where he was lying, still and motionless. They raised him; he fell back inert. They thought him dead.

Then Paul, like a second Elisha, threw himself upon the body and embraced it. With an imperious wave of his hand he silenced the disciples, saying: "Don't lament and make a disturbance. The

life is still in him."[11] And to their great relief they took Eutychus away fully revived.

When they had climbed the outside stairs again to their meeting-place, Paul presided over the administration of the Lord's Supper. Then, after conversing with them till dawn, he set out for Assos on foot. While the apostle, wrapt in thoughts of death and the life beyond, strode over the twenty miles that lay between Troas and Assos, by his own desire making the journey thus, the remainder of the party sailed around Cape Lectum and met him at the latter city.

On Tuesday they came to Mitylene, the chief harbor of the island of Lesbos. Wednesday they anchored off Chios, the next day put over to Samos, and on Friday disembarked at Miletus. Thus far Paul had chosen the island path and avoided time-wasting stops on the main coast. Possibly his vessel carried island cargo, or perhaps out of the small store of funds supplied him by the Macedonians Paul had chartered a ship for private use and could in this way pick his own route. In any case he determined to sail past Ephesus. The hatred occasioned by the silversmiths' riot there had not yet died down. It was Jews from Asia who finally caused his arrest in the Temple at Jerusalem. He could not, however, refrain from saluting the elders of the church at Ephesus, who would carry news of him to all his converts in Asia.[12]

For this reason Paul determined to summon them by messenger a distance of twenty miles by land and ten by sea over the bay of the Mæander River, from Priene to Miletus. The elders of Ephesus, when they were told that Paul was anxious to reach Jerusalem by the Day of Pentecost, would set out in hot haste, returning at once with Paul's messenger. Hence, if the boat put in at Miletus some time on Friday afternoon, both messenger and elders would probably return late the next day.

The elders of Ephesus were men who had known Paul during the days when he despaired of his very life. They had listened to him in the school of Tyrannus. They had perhaps stood on the outskirts of the shouting mob in the theater. Bakers, cobblers, weavers, greengrocers, or small manufacturers, with perhaps here

and there a petty official, they dropped their work on the instant and came to bid farewell to the man whose courage and dogged devotion had endeared him to their hearts. The scene which followed their arrival is of itself enough to disprove the notion that Paul was nothing but a tyrannical, captious, moody trouble-maker, incapable of inspiring love in any church.

When they had come, Paul thus addressed them: "You know what sort of man I proved myself to be during the whole time I was in Asia, how I slaved for the Lord in all humility, with many a tear and trial which came to me through the plots of the Jews. You know that I never shrank from declaring to you anything that was for your good or from teaching you both in public and in your own houses. I testified both to Jews and to Greeks concerning repentance before God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And now I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem. I do not know what will befall me there, except that in every city I visit the Holy Spirit keeps testifying that bonds and tribulations await me. But I set all that at naught. I do not hold my life dear if only I can finish my course in joy and accomplish the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus to give testimony for the Gospel of the grace of God. I know that you will never see my face again, all of you among whom I went about preaching the kingdom of God. Wherefore I testify to you on this day that I am clean from the blood of all men, for I never shrank from declaring to you the whole will of God.

"Take heed, therefore, to yourselves and to all the flock, over which the Holy Spirit has appointed you guardians. Shepherd the church of God, which He purchased with the blood of His Own. Shepherd it, I say, for I know that after I am gone grievous wolves will enter among you, not sparing the flock. And there will rise up from among yourselves men speaking perversities to draw away the disciples after them. Therefore watch, remembering that for three years night and day I never ceased with tears to admonish each one of you.

"And now, brethren, I commend you as a treasure to the keeping of God and the word of His grace, which is able to build

you up and give you an inheritance among all the saints. No man's silver or gold or raiment have I ever coveted. You yourselves know that my own and my companions' needs were served by the labor of these *hands*. Yes, by my example I showed you that, thus laboring, you ought to help the weak, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' "

When he had spoken these words, he knelt down with them all on the sand and prayed. As they gazed at his thread-scarred hands, at the marks of stone and lash on his face and body, they wept bitterly and they fell on his neck and kissed him with the holy kiss of farewell, grieving most of all because he had said that they would never see his face again.

The apostle and his companions tore themselves away with difficulty from the Ephesian elders, who escorted them to the ship, and set a straight course to the island of Cos. No time now to disembark, even if they were curious, and view the shrine of Hippocrates, father of medicine, or the tree under which he is fabled to have taught. Paul follows the leading of his Heavenly Physician past the harbor of Rhodes with its shining Colossus in ruins,[13] to the end of the ship's run in Lycian Patara. The all-day breeze from the north and the strong west wind with which they were now running had carried them from Troas to Patara in a little more than a week.

In the great harbor of Patara they found another ship which was crossing over to Phœnicia. They sighted Cyprus and left it to the west. They then steered east and south to Syria and Tyre, where the vessel discharged her cargo. While waiting for the ship to unload, Paul with his retinue remained seven days in Tyre, and took advantage of the interval to look up Christians there. Once again, this time through the mouths of Tyrian prophets, the Spirit warned Paul not to go up to Jerusalem. But he was unyielding. His friends could only accompany him with their wives and children to the sea-strand, where they commended him in prayer to the hands of God and bade him farewell.

When they had saluted the Tyrians with a holy kiss, Paul's dele-

gation boarded ship and went on to Ptolemais. Here they remained one day with disciples and then took a vessel which would carry them on down the coast to their final port, Cæsarea. This city was the home of Philip, the evangelist, whom we last saw running by the chariot of the Ethiopian eunuch and preaching to the Jews of Samaria. Now Philip had four daughters who prophesied, Cassandras who had chosen the better or perhaps the unescapable lot of virginity. They, too, doubtless, repeated the warnings of the Spirit, but neither they nor Agabus, who came down at this time from Jerusalem, could shake Paul's determination.

In Antioch, eleven years before, Agabus had wakened Christians there to the danger of famine and Paul had been one of the delegates sent with a contribution to Jerusalem. Now, when Paul's life was at stake, he could accomplish nothing. He took Paul's girdle and bound him with a dramatic flourish hand and foot. Then he uttered these oracular words: "Thus saith the Holy Spirit: The man whose girdle this is shall thus be bound in Jerusalem by the Jews and delivered over to the hands of the Gentiles." When Paul's company and the disciples of Cæsarea heard this, they begged and pleaded with the apostle not to go on to Jerusalem. But Paul said: "What do you mean by weeping and breaking my heart like this? I am ready not only to be bound, but even to die in Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." His friends saw that they could not persuade him and so gave in, saying only, "The *Lord's* will be done."

After a visit of some days' duration in Cæsarea, Paul and his party packed up their personal baggage, set in order their contribution for the relief fund, which included, no doubt, grain and rounds of dried fruit as well as money, and began the sixty-mile trip overland to Jerusalem. They were accompanied by Cæsarean disciples as far as the house of Mnason, a Cypriote Christian of long standing. Here they paused, perhaps overnight, to rest themselves and the little fidgeting pack-mules. In the morning they continued their journey and entered the walls of Jerusalem just in time to celebrate Pentecost, which this year fell on May 28th.[14]

CHAPTER XXX

I APPEAL TO CÆSAR

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST WAS A SEASON OF UNRESTRAINED MIRTH and revelry.[1] During the promiscuous tippling which celebrated the completion of the corn harvest, riots were likely to break out among the Jews. Paul's presence was doubtless noted by the market-place loungers, as was that of any pilgrim coming in with a large retinue. None of his enemies recognized him as he drew up with a shouting of muleteers and a tinkling of mule bells, but the danger was always present.

Paul was perfectly well aware of this, yet he must have been somewhat taken aback at the kindly-cold reception he got from James and the church at Jerusalem. He was, of course, given an opportunity to pour out the money of the contribution in clinking heaps, to place the sacks of grain and rounds of fruit on display. And he was offered a chance to tell before the Christian assembly what God had done among the Gentiles through his ministry during the four years that had intervened since his last visit to Jerusalem.

But no sooner was this done than officials of the church took him to one side and said: "Brother, you see how many thousands of believers there are among the Jews and all of them zealous observers of the Law. Now they have been informed that you teach all Jews who live among Gentiles to revolt from Moses, telling them not to circumcise their children or follow our ancestral customs. What will be the result of this? Why, a *mob* will form, for they will be sure to hear that you have arrived. So do what we tell you: We have four men among us who are under a vow. Take them, purify yourself along with them, and bear their expenses, so that they may have their heads shaved and everyone may know that there is nothing in what they have heard

about you, but that, on the contrary, you guard your conduct according to the Law."

They added, of course, that the believing Gentiles were under no obligation to do anything of the sort, since it had been ordained after the Council on Circumcision that such disciples need only avoid blood, flesh of strangled animals, food offered to idols, and sexual vice. But in a rather condescending way they made it quite plain to Paul that if he wished to keep their favor he must pay from his own small store for the various animals required of those taking the Nazarite vow.

Paul saw that it would be useless to argue the point. He had, it is true, never urged the Jews to neglect the outward ceremonies of the Temple or the minor observances of the Law, but he realized that many had drawn that conclusion from his teaching. Privately he must have seen little use in these ceremonies, except as a courteous concession to ancestral belief. No salvation could come from them, certainly such mummery would never save his life if the angry Jews from Asia were determined to have it.

Nevertheless, he underwent the preliminary purification with his four companions and gave formal notice in the Temple of the time when sacrifice at the end of the week's purification might be offered. The seven days were almost over. The time was almost at hand when the men under Nazarite vow could shave their heads and burn their hair on the fire under the peace-offering—they could almost taste the wine from which they had been forced to abstain during their vow. Paul himself had apparently gone into the House of the Nazarites in a corner of the Temple's Inner Court to make arrangements for lambs and rams to be used in the burnt-, sin-, and peace-offerings.

By chance some Jews from Asia spied him. Here was the man who had escaped justice at Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, Thessalonica, Corinth. Here he was, the villain, polluting God's Temple in company with Trophimus, an Ephesian Greek (they had seen Paul with Trophimus in the city and thought that he had been taken into the Temple as well). Immediately they ran up and laid hands on Paul, shouting, as they did so, to other worshipers inside the court: "Help, men of Israel, help! Here's the

fellow who teaches everyone everywhere against the People and the Law and this Place. Yes, and he has even brought Greeks into the Temple and defiled this holy Place!"

The rumor is passed on. It flies out beyond the great altar, into the Court of Women, into the Court of Gentiles, into the cloisters, into the teeming streets. The whole city is thrown into festival confusion. People come running together. Paul is seized and dragged past the altar of mercy, through the Court of Women, eastward outside the Beautiful Gate into the Court of Gentiles. Quickly the ponderous brazen portal is shut. Now the victim cannot take refuge at any altar. There can be no human sacrifice inside the Sanctuary—but outside, who knows?

Yelling, knocking one another down in their mad eagerness to get at Paul, the mob tear his garments, try to break his limbs, gouge his eyes out, scratch and bite his flesh. Just above, where a turret 120 feet high marks the lookout tower of the Castle Antonia, paces a Roman sentry with a spear. He hears the frenzied shouts below and gives the riot call. Out come the guards when the captain gets his report: "All Jerusalem is in an uproar!" Down the double stairway to the court they clatter, hob-nailed boots grinding on marble. They hustle the shrieking, hook-nosed, flesh-scenting Jewish vultures aside with their spear butts. Those nearest Paul leave off beating him. Soldiers under command of Captain Lysias and his lieutenants control the situation.

Lysias acted first and asked questions afterwards. At once he had Paul bound with chains to the wrists of two soldiers. Then he said: "Who is he? What has he done?" Some yelled one thing and some another. Not being able to get a satisfactory answer on account of the din, Lysias ordered Paul carried between two soldiers up the stairs and into the barracks. On the heels of the guard followed Paul's enemies, robbed of their prey, but still shouting till they were hoarse: "Kill him! Kill him!"

Just at the top of the stairs, when they were about to cross the great landing and enter the barracks, Paul said in Greek to the captain, "May I have a word with you?"

"*You* know Greek!" exclaimed the astonished officer. "So you aren't the Egyptian who got the mob of four thousand dagger-men

together some time ago and led them out into the wilderness?" The mistake was natural enough. Looking at the apostle's lean face and bald head, bronzed by the Asian sun, Lysias took him for that sham Egyptian prophet who had led a mob of some thirty thousand to the Mount of Olives with the understanding that he would make the walls of Jerusalem fall flat.[2] This Egyptian had disappeared after the procurator Felix massacred most of his forces. Lysias assumed that he had now come back and that the crowd were taking a long-deferred revenge.

But Paul said: "I am a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city. I beg you, let me speak to the people." Torn and bleeding as he was, exhausted with the struggle, Paul had still the strength of his pride in Tarsus. Having received permission, Paul gestured to them for silence with that characteristic wave of his hand which Luke loves to note. When the mob heard him talking in Aramaic, their own tongue, they kept quiet. Paul told without interruption the story of his education under Gamaliel, his persecution of the church, how he held the garments of those who stoned Stephen, how he was converted on the road to Damascus, how he saw Jesus the Nazarene, received his sight at the hands of Ananias, and finally during a trance in the Temple was told to leave Jerusalem and preach to the *Gentiles* —

With that last hateful word the brown faces in a swirl of blue and red and yellow robes below became paler than boxwood. Hundreds of Jews, squinting up into the sun-white air, shook their brown fists before the gold and marble background of the Sanctuary. They threw into the air dust trampled on by thousands of worshipers. They tore their garments. They flung off their gaudy turbans and cried: "*Away* from the earth with such a villain! He is not fit to live!"

The exertion of this speech, into which, despite his weakness, Paul had thrown himself with forgetful zeal, had brought him almost to the point of collapse. Lysias shouted an order to his men. They picked the little Jew up and took him into the barracks, planning to question him under the scourge. Attendants had already strapped him down to the whipping-post when Paul

said to a near-by lieutenant, "Is it legal for you to scourge a Roman citizen without trial?"

Hastily his subordinate reported to Lysias: "Look out what you do. This man is a Roman citizen." The captain went to Paul and said, "Tell me, are *you* a Roman citizen?" Paul replied in the affirmative. Sceptically Lysias, with a shrewd glance, no doubt, at Paul's ragged garments: "Well, *I* had to put out a lot of *money* for *my* citizenship." "And I," retorted the apostle, "was *born* a Roman citizen."

This was astonishing news. A Roman—and Lysias had bound him to the whipping-post. Well, he *did* look like an Egyptian dagger-man. In any event one couldn't let him go. It wasn't politic to insult these dirty Jews. The whole argument seemed to be about religion. Why not call a meeting of the Sanhedrin tomorrow? Let Paul talk to them.[3a]

Meantime, having reached this decision, Lysias unbound the apostle and let him spend a comparatively peaceful night. But when Paul met the Sanhedrin next day in the Hall of Hewn Stone at the southern fringe of the Inner Court, he was in no peaceful mood. His wounds ached dreadfully. The injustice of his treatment infuriated him. Taking no trouble to offer a formal defense, Paul looked at the circle of priests and said, curtly: "Brothers" [not as was customary, Elders of Israel and Rulers of the People]—"brothers, I have lived as a citizen in all good conscience toward God to this very day."

Astounding impudence! The High Priest Ananias commanded a policeman standing near by to smite Paul on the mouth. Paul flared up: "God will smite you, you whitewashed wall! Do you *dare* sit there as my legal judge and contrary to the Law command me to be struck?" The audience gasped. Mud walls and unsightly latrines had to be whitewashed. Tombs were so treated to warn men against defiling themselves by contact with the dead. "Would you," they cried, "insult God's high priest?"

With mordant sarcasm Paul replied: "Brethren, I did not *know* that he *was* the high priest. For it is written, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of a ruler of thy people.' "[3]

Then a thought flashed through Paul's quick brain. Why not

get off by provoking a riot among the members of the Sanhedrin? Surely the Pharisees and Sadducees still quarreled just as bitterly as they used to when he was in college over the doctrine of immortality. So he shouted out: "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of Pharisees, and I am being judged concerning the hope of the resurrection from the dead!"

Instantly the Sanhedrin was split into two factions. Pharisees and Sadducees began to shriek their rival doctrines regarding angels, spirits, and the resurrection. You'd harm a Pharisee, would you, you Sadducee infidel? Take *that* and *that*. Some of the Pharisee scribes yelled down their opponents long enough to scream: "We find no fault in this man. If a spirit or angel has spoken to him, . . ." The rest of the sentence was lost in a fresh uproar.

Lysias must have been amused as well as disgusted. But he feared that in the *mêlée* of Hebrew curses and flying fists Paul would be torn apart, pulled as he was from one side to the other, over the yellow-cushioned divan and into the lamps full of hot oil. So he ordered the guard to come down from the castle, take Paul away, and bring him into barracks.

The following night, as Paul languished in prison, he thought the Lord stood by his side and said: "Be of good courage, Paul. For as you have testified for me in Jerusalem, so must you also bear witness in Rome." Well for Paul that he could see such a comforting vision. Soon after dawn more than forty Jewish assassins met and took all together an awful oath: "May God damn our souls and bodies if we eat or drink until we have killed Paul." Then they went to the high priest and elders of the Jews and asked them to have Paul brought down from the fortress on the pretext of further questioning. When the traitor did come down . . .

But the son of Paul's sister got wind of the plot (it is not impossible that he overheard the conspirators talking in his own father's house, since he reported the oath word for word). He ran at once to the barracks and informed his uncle. Paul summoned one of the lieutenants and said: "Take this young man to the captain. He has some news for him."

In his best military style the lieutenant gravely escorted Paul's

nephew to Lysias, saluted, and said: "The prisoner Paul called me and asked me to take this young man to you. He said he had something to tell you." With gracious kindness Lysias took the lad, who must have been shivering in his sandals, and led him to one side. "Now what is it you have to report?"

"The Jews have agreed that tomorrow they will ask you to bring Paul before the Sanhedrin, since they want to question him more closely. But don't you believe them"—the young voice broke and then continued—"for they are lying in wait for him, more than forty men who have put themselves under a curse not to eat or drink until they kill him. And now they are ready, expecting your promise."

This clearly was a case for higher military authority. Lysias was, after all, only a chiliarch, commanding about one thousand soldiers, or roughly the sixth part of a legion. Hence he charged Paul's nephew not to repeat a word of their conversation and called two of his lieutenants. "Prepare two hundred soldiers to go as far as Cæsarea and seventy horsemen and two hundred spearmen, ready to leave at nine o'clock tonight. And provide beasts of burden to carry Paul safely through to Felix, the governor." Then he wrote the following letter to the procurator, Felix:

Claudius Lysias to His Excellency the Governor Felix: greeting. This man had been seized by the Jews and was about to be murdered by them when I came up with the guard and rescued him. Having learned that he was a Roman citizen and desiring to discover on what charge they accused him, I brought him down to their Sanhedrin. There I found that he was merely charged on disputes relating to their Law, but not under any accusation worthy of death or imprisonment. Then I was informed that a plot would be laid against him by the Jews, and so I am sending him to you at once. I have told his accusers that they must prefer charges against him before you. Farewell.

In full force the bodyguard took Paul as far as Antipatris. Next day the infantry returned, leaving cavalry alone to conduct him through comparatively safe territory to Cæsarea. When they reached the palace they turned their prisoner and the letter over

to Felix, who at once asked, "What province are you from?" Upon learning that Paul hailed from Cilicia, the procurator said: "I will take up your case as soon as your accusers arrive from Jerusalem." Meantime he ordered the apostle to be kept under guard in the prison cells of his palace, which had formerly been the official residence of Herod the Great.

Paul had scant time for rest and meditation, small peace of mind, at any rate, for the place was haunted by unhappy memories. This was the spot from which, long ago, Herod, in hopes of finding the Christ child, had, according to Christian tradition, sent forth an order to slay all male children up to the age of two years. Five days later Ananias and the elders of the people came down from Jerusalem. This time they had with them a professional advocate named (in Roman style) Tertullus. Affecting all the fulsome airs of court rhetoric, Tertullus thus brought charge against Paul:

"Your Excellency, having enjoyed through you unbroken peace and realizing that through your protecting care this nation has been greatly benefited in every way and everywhere, we acknowledge all this with deep gratitude. Not to weary you with a long harangue, I beseech you of your clemency to grant us a brief hearing in this case.

"We have found this man to be a perfect plague. He stirs up sedition among Jews all over the world. He is the ringleader of the Nazarene sect. When he tried to profane the Temple, we seized him and would have tried him according to our Law. But the Captain Lysias came in strong force and, taking him out of our hands, commanded his accusers to come to you. Now by examining the prisoner you will be able to ascertain all the reasons why we accuse him."

The Jews confirmed Tertullus' charges and at a nod from the governor Paul made his defense. He matched the fulsome preamble of Tertullus by declaring that he was most happy to defend himself before an administrator and judge, seasoned by so many years of experience with the Jewish nation. He pointed out very plausibly that, as Felix could discover upon brief inquiry, he, Paul, came up to Jerusalem only twelve days ago, merely to worship. The Jews never found him arguing in the Temple or start-

ing a riot in the synagogues or in the city. They simply could not present proof of their charges.

He admitted freely to worshiping the ancestral God of the Jews after the fashion of the so-called Nazarene sect, but asserted also that he believed in the Law and the Prophets and cherished the hope therein expressed of a resurrection for both the good and the wicked. All this he could maintain with a clear conscience before God and men.

Now the actual occasion of his visit to Jerusalem, made after an absence of several years, was to bring a charitable contribution to the members of his own nation. He was presenting this contribution and making offerings when discovered in the Temple. He had purified himself. He was not guilty of profanation or involved in any mob or riot. The whole trouble had been caused by Jews from Asia. And these men, if they had any charges to bring, would certainly have appeared before Felix. They had in all conscience little enough to say when Paul was tried before the Sanhedrin. The only fault Paul's accusers could possibly find with him was that during the trial he had said he believed in the resurrection of the dead. On this statement let him he judged now.

There Paul had his Jewish enemies on the hip. At the same time he had made the very contention which officially would please Felix, "I have not disturbed the peace."

Felix, who had been in office since 52 A.D., was a freedman of Antonia, mother of the Emperor Claudius, and a brother of the millionaire freedman Pallas, Claudius' wanton confidant. He had obtained his present position through Pallas' influence and had proceeded to justify his appointment by the cruelty with which he killed off bandits, though there were those who said that he shared the spoils of these roving outlaws. He had been married three times: once to a lady unknown, once to a granddaughter of Antony and Cleopatra, and lastly to Drusilla, daughter of the Jewish King Agrippa I and sister of Agrippa II.[4]

Thanks to his Jewish wife, Felix was pretty well informed regarding Judaism and its sects. He would therefore be able to judge fairly when Tertullus, representing the Jewish leaders

present, charged Paul and the Nazarenes with stirring up sedition throughout the empire. But this aspect of the case concerned Felix very little. As a Roman official he was concerned above all else for the preservation of civil order. Paul had asserted, and his claim was not successfully disputed, that he did not disturb the peace in Jerusalem. Hence the verdict must be, "Charge suspended."

But the true reason why Felix put off judging Paul's case (his pretext being that he wished to wait until Lysias arrived from Jerusalem) was that he scented a bribe. He had discovered that Paul possessed a small hoard of cash, and doubtless for this reason allowed him "free custody." The guards were not to prevent Paul's friends from visiting him and making him comfortable. Besides, the feminine as well as the racial curiosity of Drusilla must have been piqued by reports concerning this outlandish countryman of hers. Popular belief credited him with the same kind of powers as the mage Simon, who had connived with Felix to lure her away from her first husband, Azizus, king of Emesa. Life was sometimes rather boring for a beautiful woman in the provinces, and Drusilla was not averse to seeing a new show. She was present, at any rate, when the apostle came in for a second formal conference.

But Paul made things rather uncomfortable for Felix and his third wife, even as John the Baptist had done for an earlier Jewish potentate.[5] He reasoned concerning morals (the ethics of divorce, perhaps) and self-control and the judgment to come. Felix grew alarmed and said: "For the present you are dismissed. When I get a chance, I shall call you back."

Shortly afterwards Felix became involved in an affair over which he had real cause to be alarmed, though he treated it at the time with complete insouciance. Hostility had always run high between the Greeks and the Jews of Cæsarea, each faction claiming the city as its own. Now a free-for-all fight broke out in the market-place. His Greek friends were getting decidedly the worst of it when Felix turned out the guard. Ordered to scatter, the Jews did not immediately obey. A small pogrom followed, in the course of which a good many Jewish houses were plun-

dered. The Jews lodged a formal complaint with Nero. Felix had not so much influence at court now as in the days of Claudius.[6] He was soon ordered to return and stand trial.

Despite a number of informal conferences with Paul, Felix still owned an itching palm when he was recalled by Nero, and Porcius Festus was installed as procurator of Judæa about the 1st of July, 59 A.D. Balked of a bribe, Felix left Paul in prison with the hope that thus he might gain favor among the Jews.

It seemed probable that Festus, being a new official, would pass sentence at once in order to make a good first impression. Therefore, when the procurator came down to Jerusalem three days after his installation at Cæsarea, the high priest and chief men of the Jews lost no time in presenting their charges. Having made representations, the Jewish leaders requested that Paul be summoned. But Festus divined that they would try to lay ambush for Paul on the road and directed them to prefer accusations at Cæsarea, (whither he himself was soon to return).[7]

Eleven days afterwards Festus haled Paul before his tribunal to stand examination. Once more the leaders of the Sanhedrin made many serious charges which they were unable to prove. Once more Paul maintained that he had done no wrong against the Law, the Temple, or Cæsar. But, wishing to curry favor with the Jews, Festus turned to Paul and said: "Are you willing to go up to Jerusalem and let me try you there on these charges?"

To the surprise of everyone, Paul replied: "I am standing before Cæsar's tribunal, where I ought to be judged. I have not wronged the Jews in any way and you know it very well. If I am guilty and have done anything deserving death, I will not refuse to die. But if there is nothing in the charges which they bring against me, no one can give me up to them. *I appeal to Cæsar.*"

Festus held a short consultation with his legal advisers and with the Jewish delegates, to whom he explained that as a Roman citizen Paul had a perfect right to appeal to Nero. His Excellency was overwhelmed with regret, but—nothing could be done. Festus now turned to Paul again and said: "You have appealed to Cæsar. To Cæsar you shall go."

The delegates of the Sanhedrin withdrew, muttering. The

omen of their black looks was bad. Two years later Festus died in despair on the gridiron of Judæa, which Felix had heated to a fiery glow with hatred and faction. Meantime there were forty other Jews just as unhappy as the members of the Sandhedrin. Those poor devils who had sworn not to eat or drink until they killed Paul must have perished unless absolved from their vow by a set of elastic consciences or a special priestly dispensation.

After a few days Festus received an official call from His Puppet Majesty Herod Agrippa II, great-grandson of that Herod who sought the life of the child Jesus, son of Herod Agrippa I who perished of worms, king himself of Batanæa, Trachonitis, Gaulanitis, Abilene, and (by Nero's grace) a generous portion of Galilee and Peræa. Agrippa brought along his sister Berenice, with whom at the time he was living in incest. Both were a stench in the nostrils of really strict Jews.

Effeminate, foppish, licentious, treacherous, so his enemies said, Agrippa was a bad example of an imitation Roman. A few years after his call on Festus, the Jewish king joined forces with Titus in taking Jerusalem. This was perhaps natural enough, considering that he owed his present position to the Romans. Besides, there was a more intimate reason. Berenice had become the mistress of Titus and perhaps loved him to the very end. The situation of this royal pair was in a sense the tragedy or comedy, depending on one's viewpoint, of every Jew then in high place. Though despised by patriotic Hebrews, Agrippa and his sister were faithful after their fashion to the ancestral religion.[8]

The Herod Agrippas paid a lengthy visit and Festus took advantage of the opportunity to lay his problem before experts. He explained, as best he could, the circumstances of the case, declaring that to the Jews who sought judgment against Paul he had replied: "It is not customary with the Romans to give up any man until the accused has a chance to face his accusers and make proper defense." The Jews, continued Festus, had not offered any indictment such as he expected. They brought up only some disputations about their own religion (superstition) and a certain Jesus, presumably dead, but according to Paul

alive. The prisoner, having refused to stand trial in Jerusalem, was at his own request being held for a hearing before Nero.

Agrippa, who fancied himself somewhat of an authority on orthodox Judaism, became interested. "I'd like to hear this man myself." "Tomorrow," said Festus, "you shall hear him."

The stage was well set for the comedy next day. Paul entered into an audience-hall brilliant with the armor and weapons of the kingly retinue, the red cloaks of Roman soldiers, the purple of Agrippa, and the Oriental finery of the chief men of Cæsarea, ruffled now and then as a breeze from the sea drifted in. Tall eunuchs, swaying fans of feather and palm-leaf, stood beside the impromptu throne on which sat milady Berenice, waving off the flies from her smart body.

Paul was led before the tribunal and stood waiting in chains. Festus made a short speech of introduction. The distinguished audience stared at Paul as if he had been some strange kind of trained animal. "King Agrippa and all you gentlemen present here, you behold before you the man regarding whom the entire group of Jews in Jerusalem and here also have conferred with me. They noisily insist that he is not fit to live any longer. But so far as I have been able to comprehend the matter, he has not done anything deserving of death. So, since he himself appealed to Cæsar, I decided to send him. However, I have nothing specific to write Our Lord [deep obeisance from the crowd] concerning him, so I have brought him out here before you all and particularly before you, King Agrippa, in order that when you have cross-examined him I may have something to write. For it seems to me irrational to dispatch a prisoner to Cæsar without specifying the charges against him."

The frank discomfiture of a bluff soldier who "didn't have anything to write" must have appealed to Agrippa's sense of humor. He said to Paul, "You have permission to speak for yourself."

Stretching forth his hand to secure attention, Paul spoke in sum as follows: "I esteem myself fortunate indeed to make my defense before one so well acquainted with Jewish customs and disputations. Therefore I ask, King Agrippa, that you will listen

to me patiently. . . ." The Jews themselves, who knew him of old, could testify, if they were willing, that as a young man at Jerusalem he had lived according to the tenets of the strictest sect of Judaism, the Pharisees. And this sect, as King Agrippa knows, is distinguished for its belief in the coming Messiah.

Today Paul is on trial for this same belief. Only now he has found that the promise made to the patriarchs, for which the twelve tribes still wait and which they hope to have fulfilled by serving God day and night in their priestly routine at the Temple, this messianic promise has actually been brought to pass in Jesus the Nazarene. After alluding briefly to the period when he persecuted the followers of Jesus and setting forth the conditions of his conversion, Paul comes back again to the point which he is certain will impress Agrippa. From that day on the Damascus road to this hour he has by God's help preached nothing but the messianic promise fulfilled, uttering never a word but what the prophets predicted would come to pass—namely, that the expected Messiah would suffer and that He would be the first to rise from the dead and herald the dawn of hope to the People and to the Gentiles. Yet because of Paul's belief that this well-known Pharisaic hope has at last been fulfilled, the Jews want to put him to death.

Almost at the outset of his impassioned plea Paul had turned straight to Agrippa and asked, "Why should you think it incredible that God raises the dead?" Most of the argument that followed had gone completely over the head of Porcius Festus. But so much at least he could get through his simple soldier brain and he pondered it as Paul went on: This wildly earnest Jew believed that dead men could come to life! Unable to contain himself any longer when the speech was done, Festus called out in a parade-ground voice: "You are *mad,* Paul. Too much book-learning is driving you mad."[9] The procurator could doubtless give witness that in his cell the apostle was always calling for books to read—the floor was littered with them.[10]

"Your Excellency," said Paul, "I am not mad. I am speaking the language of truth and sanity. King Agrippa knows it. That I can boldly affirm. I don't believe for a minute that the truth

has escaped his notice, for these events of which I speak did not take place in a corner. King Agrippa, do you believe the prophets? I *know* you believe."

Agrippa wasn't used to having crazy prophets shake their fingers in his face. Paul's evangelistic fury, which had led Festus to think him insane, was a bit disconcerting and not a little annoying to the royal fop. Over there was Berenice, no doubt laughing at him or yawning quite openly. A dirty prophet was no novelty. Why the reeds and caves of the Jordan were full of them. Irritated and at the same time slightly amused, Agrippa said, "In a *short* while you'd have me believe I'm a Christian."

"Short or long," said Paul, "I would to God that not only you but all those that hear me this day might become just what I am—saving these chains."

Agrippa had had enough evangelism for one day. The show was over. His Majesty along with Festus and Berenice, arose and retired for conference. Both Agrippa and Festus agreed that Paul had done nothing which deserved death or imprisonment. "Yes," said Agrippa, as they passed out of the hall before rows of soldiers stiff at attention, "this man might have been released if he had not appealed to Cæsar."[11]

CHAPTER XXXI

I MUST SEE ROME

AGRIPPA AND BERENICE HAD RETURNED TO THE INCESTUOUS IDLENESS of palace life in Cæsarea Philippi and the month of August, 59 A.D., was well along when Paul was brought blinking out once more into the broad light of the harbor. With him came Luke and Aristarchus of Thessalonica, who were to accompany him in the capacities of physician and servant. By their side cringed a huddle of prisoners, perhaps among them condemned criminals being shipped to Rome as beast-fighters.

The whole group was in charge of Julius, a lieutenant of the Augustan Regiment, soldiers who since the time of Augustus had been specially delegated to escort grain supplies to border troops, capture robbers in the provinces, transport political prisoners to Rome, and in general serve as imperial messengers. Since there was a standing army of only three hundred and twenty thousand to mount guard over a frequently rebellious population of between fifty and one hundred millions, the number of men on details of this kind could not have been large.

Julius and his strange assortment of protegées took passage first on an Adramyttian freighter, which was scheduled to make a coasting voyage along the fringe of Asia Minor to its destination in Mysia (near Troas). The initial port of call was Sidon on the Phœnician coast. When they landed here, Julius gave the first indication of that friendship which he was to show Paul throughout the voyage. Traveling in a flat-bottomed scow of this kind was not pleasant at best. The bunks, if there were any, would be small and dirty. The stench of sailors, unwashed prisoners, beasts, and cargo, cooped together in good Mediterranean fashion, would be almost unbearable in the heat of August. The best way out was probably to sleep on deck. The fact that Paul

by special arrangement had been permitted two attendants, as if he were a Roman prisoner of high rank, doubtless impressed Julius. He saw no harm in allowing a man of this type to escape temporarily the filthy boat-deck and visit friends in Sidon. Thus Paul could obtain whatever was necessary in the way of bedding, clothes, or medicine.

From July 11th to September 14th the Etesian winds blow steadily in this quarter of the Mediterranean. Upon leaving Sidon, therefore, the barge did not strike straight out into the sea, but limped along by the coast of Cilicia until she dropped anchor in Lycian Myra. This part of the voyage, from Sidon onward, thus consumed fifteen days.

From Myra the Adramyttian boat would continue on a little west and then northward along the coast of Asia Minor. If Julius was to reach Rome without loss of time or actual mutiny, he must hasten things. Accordingly he looked about in Myra, a harbor famous for cross-sea traffic, until he found a grain-ship bound from Alexandria to Rome.

When Julius and his company had come on board, the vessel carried a total of 276 passengers. There were here, no doubt, pious men and women of Isis' faith who had voyaged to Egypt for holy Nile water, tourists who had desecrated the then smooth marble facings of the pyramids with banal inscriptions ("You haven't seen anything until you've seen *these*"); merchants fresh with gold dust and ivory and tortoise shell from the country of the Troglodytes; buyers of pearls from the Persian Gulf; dealers in Indian byssus, Chinese silk, and fine papyrus from Alexandria; tame cats and performing crocodiles; wanton little curly-pated sing-song boys, skilled in ribald Alexandrian abuse; negroes imported to drive away ennui from rich Romans by the plaintive melodies and intoxicating dances of their home country; roisterers, weary of Rome, who had stolen off for a while to sample the famous barley-beer and houseboats of Canopus on the Nile, those floating Egyptian hotels which were equipped not only with women and bedrooms, but with full orchestras as well. Perhaps at the grain-ship's rail stood a cautious medical student, carrying home a few specimens of human limbs such

as were now given budding doctors for study in Alexandria's famous university.

Not so large as the famous Isis was this grain-ship which moved out of the harbor of Myra. She could boast no length of a hundred and eighty feet, no breadth of forty-five. The hold in which she carried grain from Egypt to the clamorous plebs of Rome would hardly measure forty-three feet, as did that of the *Isis*.[1] Yet, though she was smaller than a really luxurious yacht, she was infinitely preferable to the cramped, lame-duck coaster on which Julius and his company had traveled from Cæsarea to Myra.

Given a straight run and favoring winds, fast mail-boats could make the distance between Alexandria and Italian Puteoli in twelve days. But the vessel on which Julius found passage was, after all, a freighter, though she did carry 276 passengers. According to the fashion of ancient ships, she had only two sails, one on the great mainmast and the other a small affair on the prow. Moreover, as she fared out from Myra, she would have to buck the head-on western and northern winds.

So, with the help of land currents, she took a northerly route for 140 miles, past Patara in Lycia, under the protection of the coast, until she came over against the island of Cnidus. The direct course lay straight west through the southern fringe of Cyclades, past the island of Venus (Cythera), and thence on to Rome by way of Malta. But the wind, which even under the shelter of the coast as far as Cnidus, had been contrary, now became more violent in the open sea, and the grain-ship was forced to drop south and west toward the island of Crete. Skirting the southern coast, she came over against Cape Salmone and finally arrived with great difficulty at Fair Havens near the Cretan town of Lasæa.

Distinct signs of winter weather were now beginning to appear. Navigation was already a dangerous business. Paul had not for nothing gone through three shipwrecks already. He could see again the plumes of spray rising to a sudden lurch of three doomed ships. Plumes that reflected the sunlight in water swathing the decks. The sound of rending timbers. Weird, mourning

sibilance as the sea opened into a pit with green, glittering sides. Green, glittering slopes rushing in on one another, meeting with a rush of boiling foam as the ship disappeared. All this Paul could see and hear and remember as if it were yesterday. He had not forgotten with what feelings he threaded his way on a plank among the casks and heads bobbing about near the giant bubbles which marked a vessel's death, or perhaps in a tiny skiff had to spend alone a night and a day drifting before he was rescued.[2]

Speaking as one who had gone through three shipwrecks (*one* makes an old-timer according to sailors) and drifted for a day and a night on the deep, Paul said: "Men, I see that if this voyage is continued, it will be with hazard and great loss, not only to the cargo and the ship, but also to our lives."

The owner apparently was one of those merchants who think of nothing but cargoes and bills of lading and fighting in the market-place over prices. He was a man who fairly lived in the hold of his ship.[3] He was anxious for a quick delivery of the cargo: lives were depending on the grain supply and his own reputation as a business man had to be taken into consideration.[4] The captain agreed with the owner, and Julius allowed the two of them to overrule Paul's advice.

Thus, although the fast of the Atonement, which fell this year on October 5th, was over and the winter season setting in, the officers decided to make for Phœnix, a harbor lying west-northwest on the coast of Crete. This port faced southwest-northwest and seemed ideal for their purpose. Perhaps fair weather would ensue after a time, and favoring breezes which would enable them to continue their voyage with a minimum of delay. Certainly the landlocked harbor of Phœnix was better winter quarters than the cramped, boisterous Fair Havens—too small and dull a place for the taste of either sailors or passengers.

Just as they had weighed anchor and were coasting along, a gentle southern breeze sprang up which seemed like a palpable refutation of Paul's pessimistic advice. But the ship had hardly sheered round the rocks of Cape Matala when a tempestuous northeaster came banging down against her, headed as she was to the northwest and Phœnix.

Snatched away by the blast Euroclydon as if in the hands of a Titan, the ship lunged off her course. The bells, placed on bow and stern to warn off sea animals, rang wildly as the wind swung the vessel around and sent her flapping and creaking toward the island of Clauda, some thirty miles west-southwest. The sailor on guard in the lifeboat, towing behind, bellowed an alarm through spray that almost swamped him.

Fortunately, when they reached Clauda and temporary shelter, the crew were able to drag the dinghy on board and bring the ship around, so that the two eyes on her front faced the wind more squarely. With her decks often awash, the grain in the ship's hold would soon swell and help the slashing wind to spring timbers all along the line. Ropes were therefore passed under the keel and secured to the hull. The heavy mainsail was lowered, for, had the ship gone ahead of the wind under full canvas, she would soon have grounded on the Syrtis quicksands, some 350 miles away off the African coast.

As it was they drifted westward under a small storm sail only. The waves grew higher and higher. Animals ran with almost human cries from side to side, or lay supine, rolled and pitched about with the bogging, bucking ship. Passengers who were not lying dumb with seasickness or wishing themselves over and over again dead, assisted the crew on the third day to lighten the ship further by dumping out everything they could lay their hands on; furniture, clothing, stray animals, even money and treasure, which seemed worse than useless now, went overboard to enrich the sea.

Neither sun nor stars had appeared during the howling days of tempest. The black ship was one with the dark sea and sky. Now it seemed that all hope of safety was gone, and the passengers did not much care. They were sick, soaked through, hungry, in despair. No fires for cooking or heat were possible. For many days, indeed, they had had no heart for eating. Perhaps even the stores of warming wine had been breached and fouled. What were pearls or silk or gold or even Alexandrian sing-song boys to them now?

Then Paul stood in the midst of the discouraged huddle and

said: "Men, you ought to have listened to me and never left Fair Havens. As it is, you have fairly earned this disaster and loss. But now I advise you to take courage. Not a single soul among you will be lost—only the ship. For last night an angel of the God whom I serve stood by my side, saying, 'Fear not, Paul; you must stand before Cæsar. And behold, God has graciously granted to you the lives of your fellow passengers.' And so, men, you must cheer up, for I believe it will turn out just as God told me. However, we are to run aground on an island."

The passengers might have thrown Paul overboard for this I-told-you-so speech, but they did not. His vital presence and authority cheered them. He was evidently an old-timer. He had been through all this before and knew what he was talking about.

Paul was right. About midnight on the fourteenth night of the storm the sailors heard a new note over the howl of wind and slap of waves—the sharp hiss and deep boom of breakers on a shore. Without compass or chronometer, without accurate map or means of taking a precise observation, there was no telling where they were. It seemed to the land-lubbers on board (and to Luke, too) that they were merely being driven to and fro, perhaps in the Adriatic, perhaps off the dreaded African coast.

"Take soundings!" roared the officer in command. Down went the heavy, leaded line a hundred and twenty feet. After a little interval: "Sound again!" "Aye, aye, sir." Ninety feet! They were surely approaching the coast, perhaps rocky reefs that would dash the ship to pieces, breakers that would swamp all hands on board. Out splashed four anchors from the stern. The heavy ship groaned around, head to land. The passengers waited restlessly, stared for minutes on end into the heaving blackness flecked with spray, and prayed for daylight to come. They plagued the crew, no doubt, with their constant: "Where are we? Do you think we have any chance?"

The sailors, thinking that the vessel was doomed, managed to slip away on the pretext that they were going to cast out anchors from the bow, and stealthily began to lower the lifeboat. Paul suspected a trick. He warned Julius that unless the

sailors stood by there was no chance of the passengers escaping death, since, with a short-handed and unskilled crew the vessel could not be properly beached. Julius gave a hasty order to his men, who, after a short squabble with the sailors, cut the ropes of the lifeboat and let her fall into the water.

Meantime, while they were waiting for day to come, Paul urged the passengers to take food. He reminded them that it was fourteen days since they had eaten. He assured them that not a hair of their heads would be harmed. Then, as an example, he took a loaf and, after the familiar Jewish blessing, began himself to eat. All were encouraged and took nourishment. With renewed strength every man fell to and helped to lighten the boat by throwing out grain.

Thus in activity the night passed quickly away. When day came they could not see the mainland, but perceived a bay ahead with a wide beach on which they proposed, if they could, to drive the ship. The anchors were cut away and left in the sea. At the same time they released the two paddles which served as rudders (drawn up before by lashings while the ship drifted), hoisted the foresail to the breeze, and made for shore.

The ship probably drew some eighteen feet of water and, falling into shallow cross-seas, ran aground in the mud, where the prow stuck and could not be budged. The stern was being pounded to pieces by chopping waves. A rain of wheat was pouring out into the bay. Some of the soldiers, afraid the prisoners might swim away and escape on the mainland, wanted to kill them all, since jailers and soldiers were answerable for their charges with their own lives. But Julius, desiring to save Paul, balked their plan. He shouted orders: "Those who can swim, jump off first. The others take planks and wreckage from the ship." The sea was soon full of animals, of struggling, paddling humanity. And thus it came about that all were saved.[5]

The islanders, who had been watching the ship break up, came running down and led the refugees to a fire which had been built.[6] Some of them spoke the old Phœnician dialect of the original settlers, but some spoke Common Greek and soon made it plain that this was the island of Malta. To the ears of Luke the

interspersed notes of Phœnician seemed to mark them as "barbarians," though Malta had been in the Roman province of Sicily since 218 B.C.

Officers, privates, able-bodied seamen, condemned criminals, and the dour-faced owner of the ship stood with Christians, spreading out hands to a good fire, while the cold rain of November jumped to the whip-cracking Maltan winds. From time to time the more energetic gathered kindling and heavier brush from near-by thickets. Not even the chill of two weeks' storm or a swim in icy water, laced by winter rain, could quench the unquenchable Paul. He joined the others in their work and was about to lay a bundle of fagots on the fire. Suddenly a viper, warmed from its winter torpor, crawled out and sank its fangs in his hand.

When the barbarians saw the beast hanging there, they said to one another: "Surely this man is a murderer. He has escaped from the sea, but Justice refuses to let him live." And for a long time after Paul had calmly shaken the creature off into the fire they waited for him to swell up or drop down dead. But nothing happened. The apostle was apparently none the worse for his experience. Then they changed their tune and whispered, "He's a god."

To this day in southern Italy there are persons called *Sanpaulari*, who by virtue of being born on St. Paul's night (24-25 January) can, according to popular belief, kill poisonous beasts with their spittle. In these regions Paul is regarded as a great mage and is thus addressed: "Saint Paul, thou worker of wonder, kill this beast, which is hostile to God. And preserve me, for I am a son of Maria." A great mage the Maltans certainly considered Paul, and the notoriety which he thus obtained brought him to the attention of the governor, Poplius, who entertained the apostle with Luke and Aristarchus on his estates near by for three days.

Now it so happened that Poplius's father was in bed with a severe attack of dysentery and fever. And Paul cured him, says Luke, by prayer and laying on of hands. Paul himself makes no secret elsewhere of his magnetic touch, of his ability to perform

miracles and prodigies. To heal, to eat poison or take up serpents without harm, to perform feats of levitation, to call the dead back to life, were all part of the theatrical apparatus of every ancient missionary or pagan mage.[7] But Paul made no special point of his supposed miraculous gifts. He conceived it his first duty to preach the moral gospel of Christ.

In this particular case the resulting publicity was unpleasant and fatiguing. The house of Poplius was beset with hordes of islanders, afflicted with various weaknesses, all of which Paul is said to have healed. A curious local story relates that, hearing Paul's vociferous ministrations, natives jumped into their boats and came to attend him from all parts of the island. Were that legend true, Paul's thorn in the flesh was surely not a weak voice. But although the islanders were pleased, Poplius, I think, must have been distinctly annoyed.

Whatever the cause, we are informed by Luke that Paul remained with Poplius only three days. After that he probably withdrew to rooms or a rented house, as was usual with persons passing a winter *en voyage*.[8] His store of money left over from Corinth and Cæsarea could be used for this, since it was augmented by presents of provisions and cash both now and at his departure, three months later.

The earliest date at which general navigation could begin was February 8th.[9] About this time Julius secured passage on an Alexandrian grain-ship which had wintered at Malta. On her figurehead she carried images of Castor and Pollux, Helen of Troy's heroic brethren, who were thought to preserve sailors in storms at sea. Perhaps she was a sister vessel to the one which in Augustus' time transported twelve hundred persons along with a huge obelisk and a full cargo of paper, niter, pepper, linen, and four hundred thousand bushels of grain from Egypt to Ostia.[10]

Heading northward, the Castor and Pollux reached Syracuse. Three days, perforce, were spent there while she waited for a stubborn wind. Probably not many of the free passengers would care to risk being left behind in order to visit the sights of the neighborhood: a statue of Archimedes, who with the burning-

glass and screw of his invention stood shading his eyes and looking off toward the city; quarries, where Athenians, captured in the ill-fated Sicilian war of 413 B.C., had been cruelly tortured long ago.

Suddenly the wind sprang up from the northwest and, tacking round, the vessel continued on to Rhegium. Beyond, Scylla no longer reached out on the right to snatch sailors up in her maw, and on the left Charybdis no longer sucked ships down, but Aetna, nurse year-long of biting snow, still watched over the harbor as the grain-vessel waited in Rhegium another day for a speeding breeze from the south. At last it came. Within twenty-four hours she had opened Capri and left that island behind. The crowds, waiting in Puteoli harbor for mail and, most of all, grain from Egypt, set up a roar as they recognized the Alexandrian freighter by her unfurled topsail.[11]

Egyptian sailors drop anchor and make everything shipshape to the tune of immemorial chanties and yo-heave-hos, then hasten on shore at once to offer up thanks for a safe voyage in the temple of Isis. Pagan survivors of the ship which crashed on Malta express their gratitude by hanging up in the goddess' shrine little votive tablets along with the very garments they wore when saved.[12] Here also some obtain cheap pictures which show them swimming in a blue sea away from a foundered vessel. These and bits of the wreck they sell to curious crowds. Old sailors sit on the temple steps and spin tall yarns of third waves and hairbreadth rescues. When this entertainment palls, tourists can visit the temple-museum (protected by a genuine basilisk's skin, warranted to keep off spiders as easily as birds) and inspect the curiosities on display: gorilla pelts, whale's skeletons, horns of Indian ants, souvenirs brought in by sailors and travelers from all over the world.

Through the polyglot markets surrounding harbor and temple one may wander for hours, seeing always something new. Puteoli serves as a clearing-house for wares procured by enterprising merchants who with their interpreters follow the Roman army everywhere. This is the happy hunting-ground of Greek and Syrian "dealers in transmarine goods of all kinds," men who will

seize any excuse to raise the price—a daughter needing dowry, a house that must be built—barterers whose very life is business.[13] In this city Damascus, Tyre, and Berytus have branch factories. Here Cnidus, Rhodes, Thasus, and Pergamum dispose of their hall-marked pottery.

Beaver's cod, tow, ebony, silk of Cos, saffron from Cilicia, flowers of the Black Sea, raisin wine from Crete and Samos, pepper and myrrh, drugs for doctors and pipe-smokers sent out of the Far East—everything can be found at Puteoli. Gaul sends here yellow hair for ladies who want a blond wig; the Baltic, amber for beads, and balls to cool perspiring palms. Epicures may buy on the spot fish sauces produced in Cartagena, Antibes, and Byzantium. Fast horses from Gaul, Parthia, and Arabia are tethered for inspection at the markets of Puteoli side by side with Africa's grinning apes and slaves.

At the port of Puteoli one may rub shoulders with the whole world: pandars with troupes of courtesans from Corinth and Antioch on the Orontes; flute-players from Heliopolis; athletes from Ascalon; jockeys from Laodicea; actors from Teos and Tyre and Berytus; soldiers from the Far East home on furlough; grumpy Cynic philosophers just out of Asia Minor with staff and begging wallet; Grecian sophists coming to praise Rome and collect her cash; Roman noblemen about to embark on a voyage which will cure their migraine, bladder trouble, lunacy, or what not; Roman citizens from remote towns on their way to claim in the capitol the tax-exemptions and other privileges due fathers of three children; embassies bound for Rome to present congratulations, condolences, or perhaps petitions requesting some imperial favor.[14]

Straight through the markets, disregarding hawkers who vend bits of glass adorned with pictures of Puteoli, thrusting aside shipwrecked beggars and pandars, eager now only to reach Rome, Julius conducts his charges at once from ship to army headquarters in the city, where he reports and perhaps awaits further orders. Meantime Paul runs across some Christians, who invite him to stay a week with them. Julius, feeling, no doubt, that the apostle has saved his company from death, consents

to risk an official reprimand for lax discipline and gives Paul permission to live apart from the rest.

When all arrangements are completed, Julius reorganizes his party. Rapidly they go from Puteoli to Capua. There they strike the Appian Way, which will bring them, after a little more than a hundred miles, to Rome. Proceeding for a while under vine-clad elms, they mount and cross at length the Massicus Range. The whole view of Vesuvius, now calm and vineyard-terraced, is shut off as they dip down, the mountain and all the coast about Puteoli. Spring advances visibly each day as early March moves forward. Willows on the Liris banks are turning green in this, the loveliest season of the year.

Now north and west they go through Minturnæ and Formiæ, whose long main street runs far above a blue gulf encircled by clusters of white villas. Already Julius and his company have begun to encounter signs of the annual post-winter exodus from Rome: a four-wheeled springless carriage jolting a Senator's family down to their country place near Formiæ; eight stout Cappadocian slaves trotting along with the palanquin of a spendthrift headed for virgin-hating Baiæ, the popular resort which lies across the bay just opposite Puteoli.

Up the slopes of the Cæcuban hills, from whose rocky vineyards flows the finest Roman wine, up and away from the ocean their road leads them between Anxur's houses and temples, set boldly on high limestone cliffs. Next they enter a plain, closed toward the interior by the blue sweep of the Volscian mountains and separated by a belt of woods from the sea.

The fourth day's march brought them probably to Terracina, about eighty miles out of Puteoli and fifty-three miles from Rome. In this place they would find excellent water, but very little else to make a night encampment pleasant. Terracina was the southern terminus of a twenty-mile canal which ran from Appius' Market across the Pomptine marshes. Here in a dull, malarial atmosphere sportive fleas played tag impartially under the garments of pagans and Christians alike. All through the night croaking frogs and buzzing mosquitoes drove every thought of sound rest away. If Julius and his prisoners could lie calmly

through these annoyances, a drunken canal-boat man was likely to render sleep impossible by howling a serenade to his absent sweetheart. One after another, saturated travelers would join in. The agony ended only when everyone was tired out, most of all the sober persons who had to listen to it, and the bargee collapsed behind his grazing mule. But this was a minor disturbance compared with the danger of thieves, who, in spite of the most efficient policing, still managed to hide away in the marshes and secret themselves in pine groves along the road from Puteoli to Rome.[15]

Appius' Market, the next stop, was crammed with sailors and surly inn-keepers. Here, however, so far as Paul was concerned, every discomfort of the long trip, every thought of approaching peril, completely disappeared. Word had gone in to Rome that Paul was on the way, and a delegation from the church there came out to meet him. Seeing them, he thanked God and took courage. If Julius and his company stopped the night in Appius' Market, they had need of good courage, for they found a wretched hotel, poor water, and worse food. Certainly it was no pleasure to have one's host, however obliging, set fire to his flimsy tavern as he bustled about, roasting skinny thrushes.[16] Most of the party would probably prefer to camp by the road outside and breakfast at dawn with some peasant, on herbs, bread, and wine.

Long before the first light appears, thin plumes of smoke have begun to waver up from the thatched roofs of huts along the Appian Way. Before such a cottage Julius and his prisoners halt. In the door a curly-pated, pendulous-breasted negress, broad of chest and broader of foot, lets out a tremendous yawn. She cuts it short as the soldiers appear and her master yells, "Scybale! Scybale!" One of the soldiers marches up and curtly demands food for the crowd. Scybale draws from under the tiles on the hearth a round, flat loaf of bread, marked into four segments. The peasant, all aflutter, unlocks his closet door, brings out more grain, and grinds it in a hand-mill. Then, with shouted directions for Scybale to make the bread and bake it, he rushes into his garden, from which he returns shortly, bearing an arm-

ful of garlic, parsley, coriander, and rue. This he crushes in a mortar with salt and cheese, pouring in oil and vinegar and cursing the garlic all the while as he wipes a hairy hand over his streaming eyes.[17]

After a hasty breakfast and payment of small coins or thanks, the company advance until they reach Three Taverns, where another group of Christians meet Paul. Rome is only a little more than twenty miles away now, and they all quicken their pace up the hills, past farms on which peasants are plowing with oxen hitched to a sharp-pointed stick. They overtake farmers on the way to market with sorrel and mallow and elecampane, with skirret and leaks and lettuce, with sharp-pointed radishes and heavy gourds. They leave behind Aricia, with its whining beggars, pass though Bovillæ, ten miles from Rome, and there enter a long, straight stretch of road, lined with the tombs of famous families. The Christians no doubt read with repugnance the funeral inscriptions by the way: "Bathing, wine, and love hurt our bodies, but they make life worth living." . . . "Once I was not. Then I came into being. Now I am not again, but I don't care."[18]

Just outside the city they come to the livery-stables. A press of bawling, belching, hustling muleteers solicit business here, for wheeled traffic of this kind is not allowed on the streets of Rome. The carts which Paul and the rest see lined up here will take passengers on business or pleasure trips to any point in the empire where good roads lead.

Perhaps, as the prisoners approach Rome, Nero himself comes out, off with a vast retinue for one of his periodic visits to Baiæ in search of fat Lucrine oysters and plump country virgins. If so, there is a wild scramble to salute his cupbearer, Pythagoras, kiss the hand of his barber, Thalamus, or even reach the imperial litter and win a box on the ears from the emperor himself. Lictors fight back the crowd as the Savior of All Creation goes by, lolling supinely arrogant, with his feet thrust carelessly into unlaced shoes and his throat protected as usual by a loose handkerchief. This is Nero after the five golden years of his reign, not quite so diverting as before, a little fatter, a little

more cruel—Nero the potential persecutor of Christians and burner of Rome.

They enter through the haunt of Jewish fortune-tellers and strumpets, dripping Capena Gate, under whose arch have passed victorious generals and now comes the slave of Christ. Turning right, just across from the Circus Maximus, they mount the Cælian Hill, where in the barracks of soldiers detailed to foreign duty Julius makes a report and turns over his prisoners to the commanding officer. Julius had all along been a friend to Paul. He gave one last proof of it by securing the apostle permission to live in rented quarters (possibly a suite in an apartment-building near the barracks). Here Paul could read or write or entertain visitors, free in everything except that night and day he had a soldier chained to his wrist.

Within three days after his arrival in Rome Paul had established, perhaps through Luke and Aristarchus, relations in the various synagogues with the leading men, whom he invited to his rooms for a conference. He was anxious to secure their good will in advance and if possible prevent them from coöperating with the Jews of Jerusalem when *these* came to indict him before Nero. At least it would do no harm to find out how matters stood and just how much they knew.

When the elders had convened, Paul explained that, although he had done nothing antagonistic to the People or ancestral Jewish customs, he had been sent down as a prisoner from Jerusalem and given over to the Romans. Upon examination the Romans wanted to release him, for they found he had committed no crime deserving death. Therefore Paul had appealed to Cæsar, in simple justice to himself as a Roman citizen, not because he had any complaint to make of his own nation. On the contrary, it was just because of his devotion to a typically Jewish belief, the hope for a Messiah, that he had got into trouble. "By reason of Israel's hope," he concluded with a dramatic gesture, "I am wearing *this chain*."

The Jews evidently knew more than they told at the time about Paul's convictions regarding the way in which Israel's hope for a Messiah had been fulfilled. They were courteous but

cautious. "We have received," they said, "no letters regarding you from Judæa, nor has any brother come to Rome with a bad report or said anything detrimental about you. We consider it only right to hear your sentiments from your own lips. But so far as this (Nazarene) sect is concerned, we know it is being found objectionable everywhere."

Accordingly, a day was set and a somewhat larger delegation visited the apostle. From morning until evening Paul set forth, in terms of the Law and the Prophets, the lineaments of the Messiah and tried to convince his audience that Christ fitted the picture perfectly. Some believed and some did not. They failed altogether to agree among themselves. Disgusted by their rabbinical bickerings and hair-splittings, Paul did a characteristically egotistic thing. For the moment he identified himself with Isaiah, instructed by God to rebuke the Jewish people, and quoted to his audience Jehovah's very words. The meaning Paul wished them to get was obvious: You are being deliberately stupid. Deliberately you are closing your minds, ears, and eyes to the truth. You do this because you are afraid that, if you should let yourselves understand what I am saying, I might convert and heal you.[19]

Still they seemed to miss the point. They stared at him dully. Paul was thoroughly exasperated. The Jews need not think they were the only ones to whom he could preach. They had been given first chance, as always, and as always most of them had refused it. He would go to the Gentiles now. He had been successful with them in the past; he could do so again. "I want you to know one thing," said he. "The salvation of God has been sent to the Gentiles. And *they* will listen to it." Thus addressing himself once more to the Gentiles, Paul remained for two whole years in his rented lodgings, preaching the kingdom of God and setting forth the facts about the Lord Jesus Christ. No one attempted to molest or hinder him.

Tradition identifies the site of the Church of Santa Maria in Via Lata in the Corso with the site of Paul's house. An iron chain is suspended from a marble pillar in a subterranean chamber

of this shrine, with the following inscription: BUT THE WORD OF GOD IS NOT BOUND. As to the real location of the tenement or private house where Paul stayed we have not the faintest trace. And Paul himself vanishes from the scene in Acts as suddenly as he entered it on the road to Damascus.[20]

CHAPTER XXXII

REMEMBER MY BONDS

HERE ENDS THE BOOK OF ACTS. AS LUKE LET DOWN THE CURTAIN upon Saul, thundering and cursing in Jerusalem before he went in mad haste up the road to Damascus, so now he rolls it up again upon the apostle, fiery as of old, facing prison and perhaps death for the religion he once hated, yet utterly tactless with the very persons who might have procured his release. Under such omens, and in custody of a Roman soldier, did Paul take up life in the capital of the empire, which he had longed to visit, no doubt, since the time when he played among the black ships of Tarsus.

Whether Luke's narrative ever went beyond this point one cannot say. Perhaps the last sheets of Acts were lost in the burning of Rome, four years later. Perhaps a complete copy rests in some Egyptian rubbish-heap, untouched as yet by the fingers of an archæologist. But in spite of the gap we can piece out the story of Paul's last years. We have, fortunately, six epistles which fit in nowhere except during a period which covers two imprisonments, with an interval of missionary work between. These are in order: Philippians, Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, I Timothy, Titus, and II Timothy. We have also the legends preserved in the apocryphal Acts of Paul and in the writings of the church fathers. But before bringing Paul's life to a close with these, it will be appropriate to take a closer view of the city of Rome, where for two years he worked and which thus far, in our haste to end the Book of Acts on the Cælian Hill, we have neglected.

The imperial capital, with which, through his many friends and his omnipresent guard, Paul would gradually become familiar, lay, as the world knows, on seven hills. If one places over a large map of Rome an outstretched hand, directing its base to

the southwest, the Aventine Hill will be found to lie under the wrist, the Capitoline and Palatine close together in the center of the palm, and, reading from north to south in a rough circle, one will discover the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, and Cælian hills under the four fingers.

Both of Rome's main streets run approximately through the center of the city. The Sacred Way winds up from the Capena Gate on the south, between the Palatine and Cælian, then right through the Forum to the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline, near the Record Office, where Paul's appeal is now on file. Out of the Forum toward the north extends the Flaminian Road, flanked by smart shops and faced on the west by the Campus Martius. Here in Rome's exercise-ground are located, as one goes from north to south, the Baths of Nero, the Pantheon, the Baths of Agrippa, the Theater of Pompey—the first and fourth on the west side, the second and third on the east side, of a long promenade lined with sycamores. Beyond the Campus Martius, forming a western boundary, runs the Tiber, which curves southeast like a snake in agony until it reaches a point directly under the Palatine. Here by a bridge one can cross to the western quarters, the Transtiberine regions where live the Jews whom Paul has recently interviewed. At this bridge the Tiber begins to curve southwest, under the Circus Maximus, the Aventine Hill, and last of all the granaries in which the grain which the *Castor and Pollux* brought has now perhaps been stored.

If the Flaminian and Sacred roads were the Fifth Avenue and the Broadway of Rome, the Subura was its Bowery. To reach this important alley one returns to the Forum, strikes across it, passes the Senate House on the left over against the Basilica Æmilia, goes through the Argiletum portico with its notices of new books affixed to pillars, and thrusts up to the slopes of the Viminal and Esquiline hills. Here between the two hills are low dives, inexpensive hotels, and cheap courtesans. Here are hawkers, dice sharpers, strollers with fighting-cocks, magicians, pawn brokers, gangsters, thieves, and runaway slaves like Onesimus whom Paul will later send back to a Christian master, Philemon.

High above, on either side, are the houses of Roman noblemen. Striking south across the Esquiline, one returns at length to the Cælian Hill, where, doubtless near the military prison, Paul had his hired lodgings.

Under Paul's windows life in Rome went on. He could look out at early morning and see a stream of clients going with portable stoves to receive their daily dole from some rich patron on the Esquiline. Over in the Forum crowds were gabbling and politicians haranguing them from the Rostra. Up on the Palatine were grinding slowly, in offices manned by hundreds of secretaries, the wheels of justice, which, after two years, would bring his own case to trial. During festival days noises drifted up from the Circus Maximus—the yells of partisans betting on Green, Red, Blue, White, as racing-cars went round the seven laps of the course; mobs shrieking while gladiators fought and died.

Apparently Paul's keeper belonged to the Prætorian Cohort. By whatever channel, Christianity soon spread among the imperial bodyguard, who barracked not far away beyond Viminal Hill.[1] Slaves from the emperor's household also came to hear Paul and were converted.[2] In the midst of all this success Paul's funds began to run short. The winter stay at Malta had no doubt almost exhausted whatever increment he received in advance there. The cash which he got as a going-away present was now getting low. He must have been appalled at the prospect of returning to prison. To save expense he had probably taken rooms in a tenement high up under the eaves with noisy doves. Such ramshackle wooden buildings were not over-clean or warm—a brazier afforded none too much heat on chilly spring days; besides, they often collapsed or caught fire.[3] But whatever the disadvantages of his present location, it was infinitely preferable to a cell. Paul did not greatly mind poverty or distress. He had long ago been initiated into the secret of self-sufficiency. He could be flush one moment and out of funds the next without much caring which it was.[4] He had endured plenty of suffering in his lifetime. But now he was older than before. Perhaps also he fell ill and needed money for medicine as well as for rent. In any case the thought of returning to a cold, damp prison, and most

of all to a place where he would have neither so much space nor so much freedom to preach and write, must have pained him deeply.

There was only one thing to do—send Luke and Aristarchus with an appeal to Philippi.[5] He could not, or at any rate he would not, call on the church at Rome for aid. They were not his own disciples and a kind of stubborn pride always prevented him from infringing on another man's property.[6] The converts which he had so far made were soldiers and slaves, not prosperous merchants like Lydia. While Paul was laboring night and day in Thessalonica, and again, when he ran short in Corinth, the church at Philippi had been the only one to supply his need. Once more they did not fail him. To Paul's great joy their representative, Epaphroditus, arrived in Rome with funds, perhaps at the beginning of summer.

Then suddenly Paul's joy became sorrow. Attempting to do the work of two men, taking the place for a season of Luke and Aristarchus, Epaphroditus worked feverishly through long days in the malarial summer climate of Rome. The result was that he fell sick and for a while lay on his couch like a dead man. Profoundly alarmed, Paul sent word to Philippi. But God took pity on them both; He did not impose grief upon grief by allowing Paul to lose so good a brother, fellow worker, and fellow soldier.

Under the hands of a skilled physician Epaphroditus is presently up and about. Slowly he is growing strong enough to feel homesick and grumble a little because his illness has been reported to the Philippians, who are still doubtless out of their heads with anxiety. Daily Paul is adding to the letter which Epaphroditus will carry to Philippi when he is well enough to travel.[7] Now we can imagine the convalescent walking cautiously abroad, perhaps some cool morning along the Sacred Way to the Forum, where he can read the daily news from tall white tablets and maybe even find a native Philippian in the motley crowd.

As Epaphroditus strolls along, he sees red-headed Gauls in long-sleeved jackets and comical trousers (which brought roars

from the Romans when Julius Cæsar first introduced these barbarians into the Senate). He rubs elbows with workingmen in short brown tunics and felt skull-caps; he treads on the toes of blond Germans in wolf-skins. At last he is lost in a press of nations. Hawk-eyed, white-robed Arabs in gay burnouses mingle here with negroes in gold-and-scarlet livery, with Jews in plain white tunics and cloaks, their heads swathed in turbans bound by yellow cords. Here, too, are invalids with mufflers and scarves about their necks, convalescent like Epaphroditus, weighed down by layers of tunics and socks.

A shrill-voiced auctioneer is selling out a bankrupt. Prætorian guards in gilded armor and scarlet kilts march by with an officer at their head whose helmet bears a nodding scarlet plume. The people uncover as a provincial governor, preceded by six lictors, rides along in his blue-tasseled litter. "Make way, make way for His Excellency!" The crowd about the auctioneer scatter to gape at authority. Deformed children, begging for the masters who send them out, blind old men led by dogs, dash up to the litter with surprising alacrity and whine: "Give, give, O Excellency!" They are half-trampled in the rush as a tonsured priest of Isis breaks through and demands contributions for his goddess. The lictors thrust them all sternly aside. The governor, who is reporting to the emperor this morning on the state of things in his province, is carried on up to the Palatine. In another part of the Forum barkers before gaudy booths are shouting the marvels of their exhibitions. "This way for the Asiatic giant! See the two-headed baby! Only merman in captivity!" . . .

Frequent, but carefully-regulated walks, rigid diet, and moderate bathing the ancient physician always recommended for convalescents. And we may be fairly certain that whoever was attending Epaphroditus would outline a similar course of treatment. Great buildings, like Gentile history, meant nothing whatever to Paul, but if a beloved disciple were concerned, then the world-famous baths not far from the Forum might have at least a chance of being impressed on the Christ-myopic consciousness of the apostle to the Gentiles.

Let us imagine, then, Epaphroditus, and perhaps a slave from

the imperial household, in the early afternoon, sauntering down the long avenue of sycamores toward the Baths of Agrippa. If they wait until the popular hour for bathing they will see those other three-o'-clockers, the half-ladies of Rome. These walk down the avenue under sunshades carried by slaves or are borne in highly ornate litters with costly curtains. Curly-headed fops attend them, dainty fellows outsmelling two funerals, amusing men-about-town who have the latest gossip or the newest tune of the Spanish and Alexandrian dancers at their glottis' tips. Superbly insolent, the strumpets lazily move their gilded fans of peacock feathers or play with palm-cooling balls of amber. Coy as young virgins, they part the curtains and raise their veils to display blond locks (from Germany), upon which they wear, though good taste cry aloud, tiaras of pearls in broad daylight. Hunting is good and the weapons are ready.[8] Epaphroditus and his companion realize that, as Paul has said, one must go out of the world entirely if one is to avoid such persons.[9] Yet all the same they probably avert their eyes after a time and spit on the ground.

Thanks to the generosity of Agrippa, Augustus' distinguished Commissioner of Public Works, there are 170 free baths in Rome. But the ordinary fee is within reach of the poorest, being about one fourth of a cent for men, twice as much for women, and nothing at all for children. According to contract the manager of the establishment into which Epaphroditus and his attendants are now turning has had everything in readiness since two o'clock: bottles of oil, stacks of heavy towels, rows of flesh-scrapers for the afternoon rush. At some places it was customary about this hour to send a crier through the streets, proclaiming that the baths were open.[10] In the basement, slaves have for many hours been stoking a huge furnace with charcoal and wood—a labor which, if we may trust legend, was once performed at Ephesus by St. John.[11] Three huge kettles containing hot, warm, and cold water are placed at proper distances from the fire. Out of these water is piped into the various rooms.

Epaphroditus and his friend leave their fees with the slave at the bath's main entrance, deposit their clothes in the waiting-

room on the right, and receive metal checks. Straight ahead of them is the wrestling- or exercise-ground, serving as the open court round which the whole bath is built. The splash of men swimming, the noise of athletes running, wrestling, punching the bag, hurling the discus, practicing gladiator's strokes with a wooden sword on a wooden dummy, mingle agreeably with the rattle of stone bowling-balls, the ranting of professors, and the bawling of poets reciting their works in the colonnade and lecture-halls ranged on the left side of the palæstra.

A hawker from a near-by tavern passes the two Christians and enters the wrestling-ground with sausages, toasted bread, honey, and eggs on a tray suspended from his neck. With one hand he holds his throat, Assyrian fashion, so as to give shrillness to his peculiar cry. A poor, a vile poet, unable to get a hearing in the adjacent lecture-hall, comes in to howl his poems at the swimmers in the open pool by the bowling-alley. He is splashed and stoned away as if he were a witch or a mad dog.[12] Toward the center of the palæstra three men in triangle formation are throwing a ball from hand to hand. Slaves stand by with fresh bagsful and supply the players. A eunuch counts the balls that are dropped.[13] In the seats around the court amateur critics of education wrangle with teachers of rhetoric. Flashes of talk are drifting out: "No doubt of it . . . college makes complete fools of our young men."[14] Sweating parasites praise the athletic form of a pot-bellied rich man in hopes of cadging a dinner—and impecunious professors are not above doing the same.

Epaphroditus, accompanied by his friend, goes quickly through the waiting-rooms on the right into an antechamber, heated from the furnace by air passages under the floor and in the walls. Out of this they wander after a time into the adjoining sweat-bath. Naked men lie here on marble benches in a tropic mist of steam (for this room is directly over the furnace with its kettle of boiling water). Light streams down from the blue dome, frescoed with leafy trees on which birds are settling, streams down and falls on rows of statues that line the yellow walls.

At one end of the room Epaphroditus and his friend go down by an easy slope into a tub, built up on two steps from the floor

of the room; they settle down with their backs against its inclined side. The breadth of this tub at the top is about six feet, its length equal to the width of the room. Set in its floor, a metal water-heater runs down into the hot-air chamber connecting with the furnace. Close to the top there is an overflow pipe, and in the bottom a vent which supplies water for cleaning the floor. At the opposite end of the room, shaped like a bay window, is a large metal font raised well above the floor for the use of those who like cold showers, as Epaphroditus in this stage of his convalescence probably does not.

Here the Christians meet those devotees who take seven or more baths a day, the parboiled subjects of Seneca's satire. Instead of contenting themselves with a scraping and massage after the cold bath, they must have one before the warm bath as well. These and other rich men are accompanied by slaves with towels, oil, and flesh-scrapers. Poor persons like Epaphroditus secure their supplies at the bath and are cared for by attendants if they do not have a friend along. Fresh from his hot plunge, thoroughly oiled and massaged, Epaphroditus covers himself with a soft woolen blanket and prepares to cool off before dressing. He and his friend have now a wide choice of amusement. They may enter the palæstra and, lying on benches, watch the athletes exercise while a flute-player, in the pay of some *nouveau riche*, whispers soft music. They may wander about the library and art-gallery which flank the bath. Some of the bathers, at any rate, are thus occupied. Others play at "Robbers," moving by throws of the dice fifteen white and fifteen black pieces, called Soldiers and Officers, over a board with twelve double lines. The Christians, no doubt, retire soberly to one of the dressing-rooms, and at sunset go straight home to the Cælian Hill. In strict law the baths must then be closed. But a venal manager can sometimes be persuaded to let out his establishment for all-night parties. Women, who most often bathe in the morning, strictly secluded from the men, are in great demand for these celebrations.[15]

Owing to proper rest and regimen, Epaphroditus is ready, perhaps some time in early winter, to deliver the letter of thanks and joy which Paul has been composing. This joy is not altogether

the singing of a small boy lost and trying to keep up his spirits in a great forest. Paul expresses here the same confidence in Christ which has during the past given him strength to speak all night and walk twenty miles the next day, which has enabled him to work at his loom in the morning, lecture from eleven to four through the fierce heat of an Ephesian day (patiently answering a hundred times the same question from a stupid disciple), interview converts again during the late afternoon and early evening, then complete his routine in the small hours of the night by stitching tents or praying for his churches everywhere. Here is the familiar alternation between dark moods, when ridicule heaped on his insignificant appearance and homely pulpit style makes him long for death or flare up in a lightning flash of self-pitying defense, and brighter moods when, intoxicated with grace, he feels that his living death has lost its sting and, full of the consciousness of ultimate victory, exclaims that nothing can separate him from the love of Christ.

To his friends at Philippi Paul is overflowing with love and gratitude. Whenever he prays, he thanks God that they have so constantly remembered him and taken such an active share in the Gospel from the first day down to this present hour (the church at Philippi has in fact neglected for several years to send a contribution, but Paul does not reproach them, except half-apologetically toward the close of the epistle). He is confident that God will strengthen them to go on with their good works until Christ comes, a courteous way of saying that the Philippians should never again become neglectful.

The memory of their kindness is always with him as he lies in prison, defending and justifying his doctrine not only by words, but by deeds. He wants them to know that soldiers throughout the Prætorian Cohort connect his imprisonment directly with his devotion to Christ. This fact has given various Christians in Rome greater confidence to preach the gospel. Some of them do so quite sincerely, others, as usual, because they envy Paul and in this instance want to irritate him while he is helpless. Still he rejoices that, however mixed or adulterated their

motives (a charge often brought against Paul which he now hurls at his enemies), men are preaching Christ.

The result of all this, he assures the Philippians, will certainly be his release. But whether he is released or not troubles him very little. Personally he has no fear, knowing that Christ will be magnified in his body whether he lives or dies. For him life is Christ and death is gain.[16] If he consulted his own feelings, he had rather die now and be with Christ. But he knows that there is work to do at Philippi and elsewhere. He must keep up his courage for their sake. Besides, the Philippians will be proud of him if he succeeds in getting out of prison and returns to them —a naïve, a rather touching bit of Pauline egotism.

In all his past work Paul has shown the drive, the alertness, the vivacity and single-hearted devotion, nay the inspired insanity, of a sanctified salesman. He could think of no other subject than Christ; herein, as his enemies said, he was a monomaniac. He quickly brought any conversation around to that subject and kept it there. Now, as he launches into a typical exhortation, full of stirring slogans, his first thought is of Christ. I implore you, be good citizens of Christ's empire. Lead a life that is worthy of Christ's gospel. Let me hear that, whether I am absent or present, you stand fast like good soldiers, play the game like good athletes, fight the good fight as I do, showing your loyalty not only by passive faith, but by active suffering on Christ's behalf.

Paul is painfully eager that this, which seems to have been his most satisfactory church, should live in harmony without grumbling and complaining. At least two Philippian Christians, perhaps inspired by Paul's enemies, had been quarreling.[17] Don't fear your enemies, he adjures them. Remain strong in the consciousness that you are on the right side and that *they* will be damned. If you receive any comfort from Christ, if his love and mine are any stimulus, if you have any share in the Spirit, any feelings of pity and tenderness, be humble, consider one another's interests, be filled with the same mind which was in Christ. For he, though divine by nature, emptied himself, not snatching, as he might have done, at equality with God, but consenting to

take upon himself the nature of a slave. Born in the likeness of man, appearing in human guise, he stooped so low and so humbly in his obedience that he died the death of a slave on the cross. For this reason God has exalted him and has given him a name and power superior to any other in heaven or in earth.

Recalling the incentive which they have in Christ's example, remembering that everyone must at last confess Christ's power, the Philippians should work out their own salvation in fear and trembling, as faithfully as if Paul were present to spur them on. Blameless and innocent among crooked, perverse sinners, let them shine out as bright stars in a black world. Let them hold bravely to the word of life, so that, as Paul says, "I may boast and be proud of you on the day when Christ comes." For himself, Paul is ready to pour out his very life's blood as a libation on the sacred sacrifice of faith which the Philippians are offering. He is *happy* to do this. He *rejoices* and congratulates them on their opportunity for suffering. They in turn must do the same (again and again Paul repeats words of joy throughout the epistle).

Epaphroditus, whose story has already been told, is coming to them shortly, and before long Timothy as well, Timothy the only man in Rome who cares unselfishly for Paul's interests, who has served like a veritable son in the Gospel. The Philippians should value men like Epaphroditus and Timothy, who are willing to wager their lives for Christ's sake. In them the Philippians should rejoice, as Paul himself does.

Then suddenly the old lion thinks of the Judaizing teachers and other enemies of the faith who sometimes make it impossible for the Philippians to rejoice. The same old Œdipus, he pours forth a stream of abuse: Look out for them, those pariah dogs, those workmen accursed—the "incision" party! He leaves off rejoicing to denounce as curs his enemies of the circumcision group who boast in the flesh. He declares that he himself is above that, but as in II Corinthians he manages to get in considerable boasting by the simple trick of *præteritio*—rehearsing what one professes to pass over.

He reviews again his lineage as a genuine Hebrew, Pharisee, and persecutor of the church. Then from boasting he passes to

humility. The gains which I made as a Jew and a Pharisee I count now as loss. I have given up all the honors which at that time I won. I count them now as dung, as refuse, if only I can win Christ and at death be found, not with righteousness of my own through acquittal of sins under the Law, but with the divine righteousness which depends on faith in Christ; if only by sharing his sufferings I can die as he died, and, dying, be transfigured in the power of the resurrection. This is the goal, which I have not yet reached, but toward which I strain like a runner, never looking back on my past life, always looking ahead to the end of the course where an umpire holds out the palm of victory in God's high cause. This is the goal for which you should strive, copying me as well as those who imitate me, all who are mature and fully initiated. Many of you have not reached this stage as yet. When you do you will share my views.

Here as elsewhere Paul is a bundle of polar contradictions, a soft-tongued ambassador of Christ one moment and the next a barking Cynic missionary. Now the mention of persons who imitate him reminds Paul of those who do not. He becomes at once sorrowfully indignant and bitterly abusive. "Such men, as I have often told you—and now with tears in my eyes, are enemies of the cross of Christ. They are headed for damnation. Their belly is their god and they glory in their shame, looking only at earthly things."

Like Plato's men who are ignorant of wisdom and virtue, they spend their time in perpetual banqueting and similar indulgences. They look always down at the earth and never at the true Above. Like cattle they are always "hanging their heads to the ground and poking them into their dining-tables, while they graze and get fat and propagate their kind; and, to satiate their greedy desire for these enjoyments, they kick and butt with hooves and horns of iron, till they kill one another under the influence of ravenous appetites; because they fill with things unreal the unreal and incontinent part of their nature"—words to which Paul would have heartily subscribed.[18]

But Christians, Paul continues, are a colony from heaven.[19] They wait for Christ, their founder, who will transform their

humble earthly bodies into likeness with his own glorious body when at the last he has subjected all things to himself. "Wherefore, my brethren, beloved and longed for, my joy and my crown, stand fast in the Lord, beloved." The sentence fairly caresses the page as Timothy takes down Paul's dictation.

Lastly the Philippians are to practice forbearance, reasonableness, moderation in all things (the Greek word defies translation). They are to rejoice in the Lord and confound their enemies, but they must temper their feelings of triumph and exultation. Thus, living harmoniously with the whole world, they will come into that peace which passes all understanding, the peace which guards Paul's mind and heart as a soldier does his body. Like Paul then they will, they *must* think on "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."[20] Here lies their virtue and their praise.

With sincere thanks for their contribution and a somewhat playful reference to it Paul prepares to close. His language takes the turn of a business letter. I am not, he says, after your money so much as the interest on the debt which will mount up to your everlasting credit on God's ledger. But now you have paid it. Received this day payment in full per Epaphroditus. And my God will amply repay *you* from His treasury of glory in Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CHRIST THE SUM OF THE UNIVERSE

AS THE TWO YEARS OF PAUL'S IMPRISONMENT WORE ON, HIS APPEAL to Cæsar seemed less and less likely to bring an immediate result. Perhaps the orthodox Jews of Rome, whom Paul had so deeply offended, interposed a series of technical delays until the witnesses from Jerusalem had time to arrive and arrange their case at leisure. Perhaps the witnesses had arrived long ago and had decided that the best policy for the time being was to let Paul lie in prison. At any event, it would have been hard enough for either the leading Jews or Paul himself to get a speedy hearing with Nero now, except through his mistress, Poppæa, who was already influential and next year, in 62 A.D. would, as his wife, enjoy still more power. Poppæa was greatly interested in Judaism and later assisted Josephus to free some of his countrymen who, having, like Paul, appealed to Cæsar, languished for a long period in prison.[1] Nero himself was far too absorbed in his artistic career to pay business much attention.

Paul reconciled himself, so far as a man of his coiled intensity could do, to a quiet life of inner activity. He spent his time in preaching, prayer, and meditation, maintaining also constant communication with the churches and conversing with his friends, of whom there were at least nine present before his release. Timothy, until sent to Philippi, was with him. Luke was there, and Aristarchus and Demas (later to desert). Jesus-Justus, a Jewish Christian probably of Rome, defied the circumcision party and became a real comfort to Paul. John-Mark, called a traitor in Pamphylia fourteen years before, had now been welcomed back into the Pauline fold. Onesimus, a runaway slave, belonging to the Christian Philemon of Colossæ, was a veritable "child begotten by Paul in prison."[2]

Finally there were Tychicus and Epaphras. These came with news from the churches at Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardes, Philadelphia, Magnesia, Tralles, Hierapolis, Laodiceia, and Colossæ. The twelve churches (including Miletus) which John was later to address in Revelation had probably been founded, if not personally by Paul, at least in consequence of his long ministry at Ephesus. The other cities are to us little more than names, but Laodiceia is still remembered for its Phrygian powder, an eye-remedy which seemed to have little effect on its lukewarm and purblind[3] Christians. Hierapolis is notable as the birthplace of the slave-philosopher Epictetus and as an ancient tourist resort was famous for its hot springs.

A double form of heresy was reported by Tychicus and Epaphras as spreading rapidly through this circle of churches north, south, and east of Ephesus. The two parties which were gaining adherents in this region may conveniently, though somewhat loosely, be designated as Libertines and Ascetics, the former made up, apparently, of pagan Gnostics who had been won over to Christianity, the latter largely of converted Jews, perhaps slightly tinged with Essenism.

Gnosticism had already appeared under one aspect at Corinth, and some of its doctrines have been previously discussed.[4] The main features of the sect may be here briefly reviewed. The Gnostics held that matter (flesh) is essentially evil and therefore not created directly by God. The world was brought into existence by mere world-making angels, the lowest order of intermediaries, or Æons, who ranged up to God in ranks of Holy Angels, Principalities, Powers, Thrones, and Lordships.[5] Remote in Paradise sat God, inaccessible, unknowable in a *pleroma* (fullness), an aura of blinding, dazzling light.[6] Christ was not the beloved Son of God, but simply one of the Æons. Jesus was Christ only from the date of his baptism in Jordan (when the dove descended as Christ) to the end of his triumph in Jerusalem. Jesus Christ did not suffer and die; the Christ remained separate and impassive, without suffering. This secret was known only to the *initiated*, those who had *gnosis*, a higher knowledge impossible for ordinary believers in Christ.[7]

Since matter was evil, one might follow two courses: mortify the flesh and practice complete asceticism or, regarding the flesh as indifferent and unessential to things of the spirit, give rein to the most abandoned licentiousness. Some of the Gnostics in Corinth were, as we have already seen, ascetic in tendency, but apparently most of them in the region of Paul's eastern churches took the other extreme.[8] The Essenes, like the Pythagoreans and Orphics, were markedly ascetic in their views. They refrained from sexual commerce and dressed in white as a symbol of purity. For the most part strict vegetarians, they rejected the Temple worship at Jerusalem, abhorring, as did the Pythagoreans, the sacrifice of animals to an invisible God. Moreover, they were after a fashion sun-worshipers and (like the Gnostics) had an elaborate angelology. Yet for all this they were strict sabbatarians, and according to their lights extremely orthodox followers of Moses. They bound themselves strictly to the observance of certain feasts and festivals. They were strong on ritual avoidance of certain foods, saying "Hands off this!" and "Hands off that!" with the severest dogmatism.[9]

Since Christ had by his death abolished all ritualism, since by his death and resurrection he had proved himself very Son of God with power, the Son in whom Godhead was resident bodily, the only true Mediator between God and men, Paul felt that the Gnostics by their angel-worship and licentiousness, as well as the Ascetic party by their stringent, semi-Mosaic ritualism, their fastings and self-imposed discipline, were trying to abrogate the freedom which Christians ought to enjoy in Christ and were indeed insulting Christ's supremacy. Therefore in *Ephesians* and *Colossians*, tractates written at about the same time for practically the same purpose, Paul summed up more fully than ever before his doctrine of Christ as the Head and Fullness of the Universe.

Monotheistic by training, Paul strives to identify Christ as one with God—a projection, so to speak, of Yahweh. There is in Paul no question of trinity between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The spirit is at all times merely the manifestation of God's will and is identical with the spirit of Christ.[10] The happy family sitting in three richly-carved chairs which appears in Sunday-school

mythology was no picture of Paul's. He had as a Jew to assert the uniqueness and omnipotence of Yahweh and at the same time identify Christ as a part of God, distinct from, without being lower than, the Almighty Father. A colossal task, in which Paul is not quite successful, for his Christ often elbows Yahweh far into the background, though Paul is always careful to say that Christ works by and through God.

The cosmic sweep of Paul's teaching is enormous. Christ is the first-born of all creation, the likeness of the unseen God. Through Christ all things in heaven and on earth were created, both seen and unseen—Thrones, Lordships, Principalities, Powers. Christ is prior to everything else and all things have their basis of existence in him. Before ever the world began God conceived the plan which has remained a secret for so many ages and is now revealed to Christians. As if it were not enough for Christ to create all things, and thus establish first of all his priority, God has now definitely proved Christ's superiority to the Law and to the planetary powers, the black forces of magic, astrology, and angelology. By God's will and through His power Christ on the cross wiped out the debits of sin which stood against us in the ledger of the Jewish Law. He gave us a new circumcision, not of the flesh, but of the spirit, one which we attain when we die with him in baptism and which makes the old circumcision unnecessary. On the cross Christ stripped the planetary powers of all their influence over us. In his death he descended to the lowest parts of the earth.[11] But God raised him in power; taking captive all angels and demons, Christ has ascended far above all the heavens. God has given him a name superior to every other, one that will always be spoken with reverence, and has put everything under his feet.

Now Christ fills the whole universe. In him resides the fullness *(pleroma)* of godhead bodily (a direct hit at the Gnostics). Even as he fills the universe, so also does Christ fill and give unity to the church, which is his body. In various epistles Paul gives Christ the same names which in the Old Testament are applied to Yahweh. Christ is Savior, Lord, even God Blessed Forever. In the New Israel, his body, Christ has taken over the functions

which in the Old Israel belonged to God. He is the lawgiver and the judge. To him we pray and make confession. From him come insight and spiritual illumination, the gift of tongues, miracles, and prophecy. Yet (so good a Jew is Paul) in the very end, after he has come again and once more asserted his power, Christ will deliver up the kingdom to God the Father.[12]

Inasmuch as Christians have died through Christ to the Law, they ought to let no one cross-question them on matters of food and drink or with regard to the observance of new moons and sabbaths. These things are the mere shadow of which Christ is the substance. Since through the all-pervading and victorious Christ they have died to the elemental spirits which Gentiles fear, since they are no longer aliens and foreigners, but children of God, a holy temple to Him, they must neither be led astray by the winds of man-made theosophy nor live in self-imposed asceticism, nor (most important of all) remain in their sins as Gentiles do.

This observation gives Paul the chance to close both epistles by condemning the same sins which he has elsewhere excoriated. Thus, while still the practical teacher and preacher, Paul has become in the brooding silence (or, as some would prefer to say, the stupor) of prison, more and more the dreaming mystic, pondering the inscrutable mystery of Christ.

Paul has appeared before in many guises, as a flaming revolutionary who struck fear into the hearts of butchers and image-makers and charlatan owners of divining-girls, as an opponent of all magic other than his own who brought about the burning of ten thousand dollars' worth of magical literature, as a commanding and sensational figure who managed almost always to get himself on the first page of the news (usually police-court news). We have seen him as a globe-trotting wonder-worker and medicine-man with a weather eye always open for susceptible faces in his audience. As a half-insane, yes-no-yes salesman and organizer we have seen him pull his puppets about and communicate to them his own fiery enthusiasm. As a keen lawyer who yet dislikes lawsuits, a competent weaver anxious not to disturb overmuch the *status quo*, we have heard him give wise advice and homely counsel for everyday affairs. But many times in the past, and notably now in Ephesians and Colossians, Paul is the rabbi

turned mystic, a preacher turned artist, a mystical lover, a searching Faust whose motto is: "I love, therefore I live."

This love and belief made Paul a prophet in his own conviction, a revealer of truth not to be disputed. This, says he, is revelation and nothing else. Damn the man who preaches a different gospel. Nay, it sometimes seems to make of Paul the Christ himself, dying for the churches. So through violent oscillations of consciousness between light and dark, through victory and defeat, through storm and peace, through abrupt invasions from the subliminal region of immemorial Jewish belief, through constancy and inconstancy, Paul made his way slowly to lucid self-knowledge and ecstasy in the intuition of the real, the universal, with Christ as his guide.

From being a man (the persecutor of the saints, the least of the apostles) he was destined to become God, for what else is the meaning of the final, God-like glory, conformity with the image of Christ to which Paul looks forward? True, he never saw his divine lover save in a vision on the dusty road to Damascus. He never beheld Christ's face save in the vision of the *parousia* (like Horace waiting for a deceitful lady), but he lived strong and confident in hope to the end. Paul knew the earthly life of Christ, the tale of his days by Galilee, his teaching and triumph and death on Golgotha. But he had by virtue of his pagan youth in Tarsus seen the plain, earthly story in a higher guise: he had seen in Christ (knowingly or not) the final realization of that savior-god of whom pagans had so long dreamed.

This for Paul was the true Jewish Messiah. Paul felt himself faithful to the best spirit of Judaism as well as to the precepts and ethical teachings of Christ as a Jew. But beyond that there was a mystic truth revealed to him in a lightning flash on the road to Damascus, a truth to which, on the sea and land, on sinking ships and in dungeons, he must be faithful. Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel. So, stricken with sacred speechlessness, groping for the stars and beating his rebellious body that loves the earth, Paul follows after the calm, poised teacher of Galilee: stumbling, rising, damning, blessing, attaining at last to the vision of Christ, the visible godhead, Christ in whom the whole universe is summed up.

CHAPTER XXXIV

NOT AS A SLAVE BUT AS A BROTHER

IN HIS LETTERS TO THE PHILIPPIANS AND TO THE CHURCHES OF ASIA, Paul, taking his imprisonment for the present as a means of imitating and glorifying Christ in the body, calls himself calmly the prisoner of the Lord.[1] But he has not for that reason given up hope. The churches are praying for him. The roads that run from the Golden Milestone carry instructions from Paul to converts throughout the empire whom he expects to visit when, as he tells the Philippians, "I shall come to you very shortly."[2] In particular he is desirous of visiting Philemon at Colossæ, one of the chief centers of libertine and ascetic heresy. The turn of events at Rome has in fact focused his mind with peculiar attention upon Philemon.

The last months of the year 61 A.D. are wearing away when a frightened slave is brought into Paul's presence, a slave who perhaps, rendered penniless by drinking-brawls with trulls and fellow runaways in a low tavern, has thrown himself for charity on the mercy of the Christians at Rome. Onesimus hardly knows what to expect. Some time ago he has run away with a sum of money from his Christian master, Philemon of Colossæ. Worthless Phrygian slave that he is (proverbially fit only for a lashing), he far prefers food and sermons with Christians like his former master to falling into the hands of a pagan slave-owner.

Onesimus knows only too well what his punishment will be if he is captured by a pagan: branding on the forehead with the letter F (fugitive) or the three letters FUR (thief), a cruel flogging with the leather knout, maliciously adorned with sharp metal lumps. He has seen other runaways, strung up by the arms to a beam, their feet weighted down so that not a struggle was possible, receive such a lashing that their bodies resembled a

beautifully-embroidered carpet. Perhaps in his presence other Phrygian fugitives have been led to the forge, cringing while a collar was riveted about their necks with this or a like inscription: "I have run away. Catch me. If you take me back to my master, you get a reward." All these—the brand, the knout, the metal collar, and perhaps even the quarries for life, Onesimus has feared in the cheap taverns which were a runaway's sole refuge.[3]

Onesimus was a slave. He too had stood on the stone block while prospective buyers examined the placard suspended from his neck which certified his age and race and guaranteed that he was free from epilepsy, tendencies to thieving or running away, and fits of suicidal melancholy. He had had his muscles felt and his jaws pried open for dental inspection. He had trotted round the ring to show his nimbleness. He had listened while his companions—Cappadocian, Bithynian, Carian, Lydian, Syrian, Jew, Greek, Egyptian—were sold under the hammer and shipped off to the market at Delos.

Being only an ordinary Phrygian slave, he was not worth more than twenty-five dollars in the market. He was no Greek hairdresser who could read aloud and would fetch the handsome price of a thousand dollars or more. He was no curly-headed cupbearer or Greek physician, who could hope to sell for a top price of twenty-eight thousands of dollars. He would never hear the auctioneer say of him:

"He's clear-skinned and perfect from head to foot, gentlemen. He's well bred and trained for good service. He has a smattering of Greek. Make you an excellent secretary. Sings just a bit, not professionally, you understand, just enough to make you happy over your wine. That's the plain, unvarnished truth, gentlemen. Not in a long time will you get such another bargain. And he's yours, yours for a mere three hundred and twenty dollars."[4]

Such is Onesimus as he stands before Paul. He is only so much meat on the hoof.[5] He has no rights before the law. He cannot contract legal marriage; he can only couple like a beast, at his master's orders, with another slave.[6] He cannot make a will disposing of the little earnings which he has hoarded up from his

pitiful tips or the profits of the business in which a kindly master has set him up. He may, it is true, gradually accumulate enough money to pay back the twenty-five dollars which he cost, but the little pile will be often diminished by presents which he has to buy for the birthdays and marriages of his master's family.

If Onesimus were handsome and compliant he could soon win an easy way to freedom. Many slaves of that unscrupulous type had worked up to positions of affluence in Rome. Coming to the city with chalked feet and bored ears, mingling with the vast slave population (which numbered nine hundred thousand in a free group of little more than twice that number), they had rapidly come to the front by flattery, prostitution of their bodies, and low business cunning.[7] They had won in short order the coveted tall red cap of the freedman. Now they had shops that brought in each of them its sixteen thousand a year. Hair dripping ointment, forehead plastered over with white patches to conceal the brands, they swaggered about in purple cloaks with the highest of Roman society.

But Onesimus, I take it, was an ordinary slave—the sort that got a bushel of grain monthly, a tunic once a year, a cloak and pair of wooden shoes once in two years, and was thankful. His diet of porridge and olives, salt fish and sour wine, in the house of Philemon at Colossæ had grown a little wearisome. He had stolen a trifling sum of money and fled. The dangers of his flight would have been fully apparent if he had stopped to reflect. No Roman, no orthodox Jew, would protect him if Philemon were minded to advertise a reward and set gangs of slave-buyers and spies with dogs on his trail. Nowhere in the Roman Empire was Onesimus safe from the net. He might be returned to his former master, or he might be sold again, if he could not establish his identity with the police.

And if he were sold again, he might meet with any sort of treatment. A kindly Stoic would regard him as a human being, dine and drink with him upon occasion, allow him really that free speech which in strict usage was denied slaves except during the Festival of the Cross-roads and the New Year holiday, the Saturnalia, when slaves wore masters' clothing and spoke their

minds unhindered. Your Stoic gentleman might care for Onesimus when he was sick, allow him to make his petty will, and mourn the loss, when he was dead, of a fellow sharer in nature's universal kingdom.[8]

A rich freedman like Trimalchio would blubber in his cups and sob out that a slave is a man who drinks mother-milk like all of us. He would bring Onesimus in with the cook to have a glass of wine at banquets, *if* Onesimus were popular and compliant.[9] But more likely your Trimalchio would try to disguise his own low origin by enforcing the strictest rules of Roman discipline. A sneeze, a cough, a sigh, a whisper breaking long minutes of silence at rigid attention before his litter, in his boudoir or dining-room, he would punish with the rod. Not with his own hands —the gods preserve us! Your lordly freedman would not even communicate with his slaves save by nods and gestures, or, when necessary, by writing.[10] The slightest offense—a broken cup, a missing towel, an unfortunate yank while doing milord's hair—might land any slave on the cross or send him into the fish-pond to fatten the lampreys.[11] And worst of all, if he were kept alive, the victim might be dispatched to the flour-mills or the work-gangs on a distant farm.

In the flour-mills Onesimus would grind grain night and day. Blackened with dust, clad only in rags, lashed by the overseer whenever he lagged, Onesimus would envy the wheezing, galled, and spavined horses who left the mill for the charnel pit.[12] On the farm he would work by day, dragging a log after his feet. At night he would be confined in filthy dungeons underground, worse than dog-kennels, fouled as they were with the litter and excrement of slaves in stocks.

Kind or cruel, the Roman master was taking no chances at the end of this year 61 A.D. This very year a slave of the Prefect of Rome had murdered his owner. The rest of the "family" (four hundred strong) shared the fate of the culprit, death with torture.[13] No one could tell when another slave, weary of living without rights, weary of having a lustful master leap upon him as if he were an animal (Horace confesses that he himself has done this), weary of giving testimony against his fellows in the courts

(and that only under torture to insure his telling the truth), would organize a formidable revolt.

Half-naked, stupefied with drink, penniless, Onesimus stands before Paul a common Phrygian slave. And to his everlasting surprise (for he has almost forgotten the kindness of Philemon) he not only gets food and clothing along with a sermon (he might have expected that), but is treated as a "dearly beloved brother." His relief is so great, his personal devotion to Paul so profound, that he becomes a Christian, nay, more, a veritable child in Christ, loyal, ready for service at any time, in prison or out of it. One can imagine indeed that Paul's teaching would make an instant impression on any slave. Onesimus would hear from Paul that Christians must be slaves of Christ, ready to die for him as well as live for him in imitation of his every act. In order thus to follow Christ, Christians must endure blows and curses and revilings without a word, faithful slaves of a God and Savior who was once a slave himself until by conquering death and sin he became God's freedman. They must flog, crucify, kill their own sinful impulses at Christ's command, as obedient and loyal slaves submit to punishment from earthly masters. Christians must carry out the drama of Christ's life by bearing about the very scars of his dying in their bodies. Thus would Paul talk to Onesimus in the slave language which from constant association with men of this class had become almost second nature with him.

But now Paul is in a dilemma. He has certain convictions about slavery and has openly expressed them in letters to Ephesus and Colossæ. Slaves, Paul has said, ought not to steal or prove in any way refractory. They must give full measure of obedience at all times, not alone when the master's eye is on them. They should serve in fear and trembling, mindful that Christ is Lord both of them and their lords. Since Christ will soon come, it is really not important that slaves try for freedom, though they ought to take the opportunity if legally it presents itself. Masters must rule their slaves, not with threats, but fairly and justly.[14]

Then, too, Philemon is not only one of Paul's Ephesian converts, but an intimate personal friend who perhaps will be of-

fended if the apostle yields to his personal longing and keeps Onesimus at Rome as a body servant. Therefore, in view of his written instructions on the subject of slavery and in view of his close relation with Philemon, Paul decides to send Onesimus back and composes the following letter to go with him:

Paul, a prisoner of Christ Jesus, and brother Timothy, to Philemon our beloved fellow laborer, and to our sister Apphia, and Archippus, our fellow soldier, and to the church at your house.[15] Grace to you all and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

I thank my God, always making mention of you in my prayers, when I hear of your love and faithful devotion toward the Lord Jesus and all the saints. I pray that they may actively share your loyalty and come to realize all the blessings we may attain in Christ. I am greatly rejoiced and encouraged because of your love, for the hearts[16] of the saints have been refreshed through you, my brother.

Therefore, while I feel quite at liberty in Christ to *order* you to do your duty, yet because of your love I rather *appeal* to you as Paul, an old man and now the prisoner of Christ Jesus. I appeal to you for my child, whom I have begotten in the bonds, Onesimus, who once was useless to you, but now is useful both to you and to me.[17] I am sending him back to you and do you receive him as my very heart and soul. I could have wished to keep him by my side, that he might serve me on your behalf in the bonds of the Gospel. But without your consent I did not desire to do anything, so that your good deed might not be by compulsion, but of your own free will.

Perhaps for this very reason he was separated from you for a season, that you might have him back for all eternity—no longer as a slave, but above the rank of a slave, a brother beloved most of all by me, and how much more by *you*, both in the flesh and in the Lord. Therefore, if you consider me as a partner,[18] receive him as you would me. If he has done you any wrong or owes you anything, charge it up to me. Here you have it in my own handwriting: I, Paul, will repay what he *owes*. Not to mention the fact that you *owe* me your very self. Yes, brother, let me have some *use* of you in the Lord.[19] Refresh my heart[20] in the Lord.

I am writing to you in the fullest confidence that you will comply with my request. I know you will do even more than I say. At the same time, get lodgings ready for me. For I hope that through your prayers I shall be given back to you once more.

Epaphras, my fellow prisoner in Christ Jesus, greets you, and Mark, Aristarchus, Demas, and Luke, my fellow laborers. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen.

Paul has been severely criticized for this, his only concrete answer to the problem of slavery—and quite without any sympathetic attempt to understand the motives which prompted it. Whether in laying down formal doctrine to the churches or in writing a simple, friendly letter to Philemon, Paul had definite reasons for his attitude toward an institution that has not even yet been completely abolished. He knew as well as any other man the danger of a slave revolt. He sensed the peril of a bolshevistic reaction against the outward organization of the Roman Empire, under whose shield he had all along preached the Gospel. Perhaps he foresaw the economic disaster which might follow a promiscuous liberation of slaves in a day when slaves did the work that now falls for the most part upon machines. He and other Christians were making the first practical effort to inaugurate a real democracy, in which men and women, slaves and free men, would enjoy equal privileges and equal responsibilities. He doubtless felt that, if Christian democracy were truly preserved in the churches, the question of slavery would settle itself. But he does not stop, or he does not feel it worth while, to set forth the basis of his belief. He is so smitten with the love of Christ and Christ's kingdom that he regards all secular arrangements as merely temporary, existing only till the time when Christ comes again.

So it was that Paul felt bound to send Onesimus back. This slave, "useful" from the first by the meaning of his name in Greek, and now useful in very deed, passes off the New Testament canvas, bearing the message to his master that an old friend will soon be released from prison.

CHAPTER XXXV

I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH

ABOUT THE MONTH OF MARCH, FOLLOWING TWO FULL YEARS IN prison, Paul was at length heard by Nero and evidently gained complete acquittal.[1] He sailed from Rome to Ephesus, and thence overland he went to Colossæ, according to his promise in the letter which Philemon had long since received. Timothy had been sent on from Rome at some previous period to take charge of things at Ephesus. This young man, perhaps at the time not much more than thirty years of age, was Paul's favorite for many reasons. In the first place, he was a thoroughgoing Jew, son of a pious grandmother, Lois, and a faithful mother, Eunice. From childhood he had known the sacred writings.[2] Furthermore, he was like a beloved son, a docile son who bowed to the apostle's fiery will instead of arguing, as Barnabas and Mark had been prone to do.

But the very acquiescence which endeared Timothy to the stubborn fighter of Tarsus proved a serious defect when he attempted to manage a large church. Being so strict a Jew, Timothy had a weakness for long, wordy battles about the exact meaning of the Law. He was imposed upon by "would-be rabbis." The ears of his congregation itched more and more after novelties, and if Timothy did not himself fall in line with every new heresy that marched by his door, at least he lacked the courage to halt his own company when they joined the red flag.[3]

The falsely-named Knowledge, the interminable Pleroma-First Man-Second Man genealogies of the Gnostic heresy, were spreading like gangrene in Ephesus, pasturing on the body of the church.[4]

There was no blinking the fact, much as Paul might have liked to do so, Timothy was cowardly, or, in more pleasant words,

over-modest. As for his personal conduct, though occasionally tempted, he was on the whole a thorough "water-drinker"—synonym in antiquity for all that is crabbed and disagreeable in asceticism.[5] He appears to have been somewhat in sympathy with the Gnostic and Essene extremists who forbade marriage and tabooed certain foods.[6]

Because of his youth and timidity Timothy was prone to be prejudiced and contradictory in his actions. Inexperience was clearly betrayed in his ordering of the church. He appointed elders who were little better than "bruisers" (or, as the Authorized Version has it, "strikers"), ruffians capable of stopping a church fight with their fists, but incapable of suppressing heresy by true and intelligent teaching. All too often Timothy's selections for the post of elder or deacon were hot-headed drunkards, greedy for money, given to thieving, gossips unable to manage their own households (the wives were often as bad as the husbands) let alone control the church. No judge of character, he listened to the most groundless charges against good men preferred by the tale-bearers and trouble-makers of his congregation. Further, Timothy seems to have bootlicked the rich and failed to rebuke the stingy and purse-proud. On the other side, he countenanced insubordination and petty thievery among slaves. Giddy young Jewish widows, who ought to have been looking around for second husbands, racketed him out of church funds to which they had no right whatever. Thoroughly spineless and well-meaning, with not an ounce of self-assertion, this white-headed boy of Paul's seems to have been, and he sent up a frantic cry for help to his spiritual father, Paul.[7]

The style of Paul's reply to Timothy is essentially the same as that of the earlier epistles.[8] Full of magnificent tangents and word-pivotings, it is a blend of parallelisms and contrasts, prose and poetry, a style showing the overemphasis of a dictator who feels for the right word—and then puts the whole series in. Paul is here, as always, the Lord of Language, a Cilician pirate who puts the Greek tongue on a Procrustean bed all of his own and disorganizes his syntax in breathless praise of Christ. Here, enfeebled very little by old age, is the same ability to cross-examine

like a lawyer and comfort like a prophet, the largo of solemn praise rolling up to Christ, the staccato of practical precepts, the same combination of despair and doxology, the same naked heart, taut nerves, explosive, abusive, sarcastic, defeated, victorious energy.

In this style Paul answers Timothy kindly with ordinary common sense and sharply with authority. Timothy must take heart and stay on at Ephesus. He must select church officials properly, keep sinners and gadding young widows in their places, and avoid all false doctrine. But with all his exercise of authority Timothy must not be over-ascetic in his abstinence from food or drink. He must take a little wine now and then for his stomach's sake and his frequent spells of illness.

According to the Book of Acts Paul appointed elders and deacons in each community. I Timothy and the other Pastorals, whether written by Paul or by a pupil, simply define the apostle's practice. And there was great need for such definition in the period following 62 A.D. Heresy and sedition were in the air. A generation had arisen that knew neither Paul nor the Gospel of Christ which he had first set forth thirty years before and which now, an old man, he was still preaching.

Tradition says that I Timothy was written from Laodicea. When the curtain next rises on Paul he is wintering at Nicopolis in northwestern Greece and has recently dispatched a letter to Titus.[9] How long he remained with Philemon at Colossæ or at Laodicea after sending advice to Timothy we do not know. During the four-year interval of silence which at this point blankets the details of Pauline biography he has perhaps visited Syrian Antioch, gone thence through Asia Minor to Greece, Cisalpine Gaul, and Spain, and come back by way of Crete, where Titus is working, to Nicopolis.

But however uncertain Paul's activities, his frame of mind is clear enough. The world seemed in his eyes to be going from bad to worse. Men were running after spirits of error, the veritable teachings of demons. Hypocritical liars, seared, cauterized in their own consciences by ignorance and perpetual aversion to the truth, commanded the ears of the public.[10] The tone of Paul's

letter to Titus is more cheerful than that of his message to Timothy. Yet even here, overmastering his strong hope that the great God and Savior, Jesus Christ, would soon appear, showing faintly beneath the strong exhortations to stamp out alien teachings and set matters in the Cretan churches aright, there creeps out Paul's fear that after he is dead not even stanch Titus can dam the flood of disbelief. He must see Titus in Nicopolis at once.

Had Paul been content to remain in the eastern Mediterranean and cope with heresy there, he might never have died a violent death. Upon his acquittal he had doubtless been banished from Rome, free to go anywhere so long as he did not venture again upon Italian soil. But during the past two years events had taken place which, while they made Rome doubly dangerous, seemed to call urgently for another trip west.

On the 19th of July, 64 A.D., the great fire broke out which in six days burned through ten out of the fourteen Augustan wards. No one could name with certainty the guilty person or persons, though some maintained it was Nero, who sat on a lofty tower all during the height of the blaze, playing his harp and singing from "The Destruction of Troy." Guilty or not, Nero supplied provisions at a very moderate rate to all the sufferers, whom he housed in temporary shacks and even in the imperial gardens.

The disaster was really in the interests of sanitation and beauty, for the filthy wooden tenements, an eyesore under four emperors, were thus destroyed. But Nero, or perhaps the citizens of Rome, indignant at their personal losses, accused the Christians of starting the fire. Adherents of this new and mischievous superstition were seized in large numbers and a general persecution followed. Some (perhaps among them many friends of Paul) were dressed in the skins of wild animals and torn to pieces by savage dogs. Others, smeared with pitch, were burned to illuminate Nero's gardens. The whole spectacle was revolting to intelligent Romans, not because the Christians deserved no punishment, but because they were being tortured to gratify the cruelty of one man.[11]

Accompanied only by a few bold spirits, and perhaps against the protests of his friends, Paul set out for Rome. Luke, Titus,

and Tychicus, just returned from a flying trip to Crete, were already in Nicopolis.[12] At Ephesus, on the road, they picked up Phygelus, Hermogenes, Erastus (who had been Paul's assistant during his long ministry in Ephesus), Crescens, and Trophimus. Dropping off Trophimus sick at Miletus, they pushed forward to Troas. Here Paul was entertained in the house of Carpus and, whether because of haste or the absent-mindedness of old age, left behind a worn poncho, a few manuscripts, and some parchment rolls of Old Testament Scripture. At Thessalonica they added fickle Demas to their company. Erastus, for some unknown reason, chose to stay in Corinth. If any of the company were superstitious, it must have seemed a bad omen, first Trophimus and then Erastus subtracted from Paul's scant bodyguard.

Late in the summer Paul arrives. Immediately the news is flashed to the orthodox synagogues of Rome. Now, think the Jews, is their chance to be even with Paul. Now is their chance to prove that they had nothing to do with the great fire. Alexander the coppersmith, like Nemesis in the person of a vagabond artisan, appears to renew the old charges that led to Paul's arrest in Jerusalem. Now it should be easy to prove that Paul is a traitor to the Roman government. Does he not boast that he follows the Nazarene? Were not the Nazarenes responsible for the conflagration?[13]

Nero, accompanied by the First Prætorian Prefect, Sofonius Tigellinus, is now traveling in Greece. The case, therefore, comes up before a subordinate, perhaps the freedman Helius or the Second Prætorian Prefect, Nymphidius Sabinus. Alexander states the charges. They are confirmed by the Jews of Rome. Not a single Roman Christian has the courage to defend Paul. Demas, smitten with the love of this present world, perhaps fearful of being known as a friend of Paul, has gone home to Thessalonica. Even Paul's faithful companions are not present. Crescens has been sent on a mission to the churches of Gaul, Tychicus to Ephesus, Titus to Dalmatia. Luke alone is with him and Luke's medicine is of no avail in a court.[14]

After the first hearing of his case (the *prima actio*), Paul was thrown into prison.[15] Only one Christian besides Luke, and he

from outside Rome, had the courage to visit the apostle there. Onesiphorus, old and true friend from Iconium, was not ashamed or afraid to be seen with a prisoner in chains. Through the winding streets of Rome he came, searching for Paul. At last he found him and refreshed his spirit and body again and again.[16]

Autumn slips by. Conscious that the end is near, cold and ill and almost deserted, Paul writes to Timothy a desperately anxious but courageous letter. The desire of his heart is to see Timothy again before he dies. At first he says that Timothy must stay in Ephesus, but then, as he writes slowly with cramped fingers, he can endure the suspense no longer.

> Luke . . . alone . . . is with me. . . . Take Mark and bring him . . . with you. . . . When you come, bring the cloak which I left in Troas at Carpus' house, and the books too, but especially the parchments. . . . Make haste and come before winter.
>
> For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day. . . .

The rest is silence, broken only by legend.[17]

EPILOGUE

I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE

IT IS IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER. A CHILL, DRENCHING RAIN FALLS steadily on the pavement of the Forum, so near and yet so unattainably far from the state prison where Paul is confined, waiting his second trial. *Why* does not Timothy come with the cloak? It is cold, cold. Too cold for manuscripts and parchments. Will God, will Nero be merciful? Ah, what matter! Better to be at home with Christ than in exile here.

Then one day the rumor flies around in prison that Nero has returned. He has arrived from Greece. The rumor goes below into the condemned hold, the Tullianum, among the prisoners waiting there in piles of bones that would bear white witness, if the darkness were not too black, how many have starved here before they could be executed. But hope is not extinct even in the Tullianum and still less in the prison above. Flushed with the success of his easy athletic victories, Nero will surely be lenient to a poor Jew, guilty of no treason against the government.

But *will* he? Too well he remembers his favorite concubine who (ill chance the day) met Paul before he was confined to prison, the stubborn concubine who embraced the Nazarene religion and refused from that day forth to share Nero's bed. Not all the crowns in Greece can console him for the loss of that delightful lady.

There comes finally a day toward the close of November when Paul is made ready for an audience with Nero. Freed of vermin and filth, he is ushered into the divine presence. So this, this is the savior of the world. Surrounded by German and Batavian guards, his Serene Highness lolls between boy and girl favorites, the inevitable handkerchief at his mouth. Old at thirty, he can

perhaps see in the dying, yet triumphant, body of the Jew before him his own fate.

Do Nero's misted blue eyes look forward to the day, not a year later, when, shivering and pale and clad only in a ragged cloak and tunic, he will take refuge in the villa of his freedman Phaon outside Rome? Does the little doll-image given him by a plebeian friend as protection against plots tell Nero that in a few months he will be lying cold and half-naked and hungry on an old pallet-cot? Does he know that he will die, whimpering. "What an artist perishes in me"? The timorous, sensual face, the spotted body, noisome now as a tomb, are ready for death, but the spirit of Nero is grotesquely unready, afraid.

But Nero is thinking now of his choice concubine who has never slept in his bed since that unhappy day when she met the bald, wiry apostle with the prying, pointed beard. He stirs restlessly as Alexander the coppersmith and others make their charges.

Sedition. Member of the cursed sect of the Nazarenes. Guilty of the fire and disaster in the sacred Center of the Earth, the City of Rome. Worthy of torture by the claws of wild beasts. Worthy of the pitch-smeared jacket and the torch. Worthy . . .

Nero yawns. What are these idle political quibbles, these futile religious arguments beside the warm white body of a woman? So this is the man, this ill-favored Jew devil, for whom she forsook Nero, lord of the universe. Again the emperor stirs. The German and Batavian guards, red-plumed, gilt-armored, shift uneasily. The emperor sits bolt upright. "Death by the sword."

Soldiers escort Paul from the palace of Nero through the Forum. This time Paul is not to know the comparative comfort of the upper prison. He must be confined in the dungeon, the Tullianum, awaiting execution ten days later. A small circle of light appears. The prisoners below blink stupidly, rats scamper away, as Paul is lowered on a rope into the mire. There is nothing now that Timothy can do, if indeed he has come in time, to comfort the apostle. There is small chance that the emperor will grant a pardon.

The tenth day arrives. No word from the emperor. Again the

rope is lowered. Reeking with vermin as of old, his garments in mere rags, his face cruelly bitten by rats, drawn with hunger, Paul is hoisted up to the clear air of the prison.

With a sympathetic centurion in charge the little cortège of disciples, hooting pagans, clanking soldiery, move down the Sacred Way, around the Palatine, the Aventine, and out by the Ostian Gate to the harbor road.

Past the pyramid tomb of Cestius on the right. A mile and a quarter down the Ostian Way, southwest of the city. The morning light, shining for a moment through the rain, touches the arms of the soldiers, gleams over marble palaces on the hills of Rome, rests on the face of Paul, now that of a man, now that of an angel.

Left, right, left, right—down the Ostian Way to the new Ardeatine Road. Along this for three-quarters of a mile. And then into a little lane which leads directly to a natural amphitheater, hill-girt, tree-clad.

Not unkindly the centurion asks, "Any last request?" Paul kneels and prays for the churches, for his friends, for Peter being crucified head downward this very day; he prays for his own soul, now soon to be at home with Christ.

He kneels. The light gleams one brief instant on the descending sword of the executioner. The head of Paul, persecutor and bully, Paul the least of the apostles, Paul the greatest of heretics and sinners and boldest of ministers, rolls on the ground. And where it touches the earth, three fountains, Healing Waters, spring up.

Not even death can separate Paul from the love of Christ and of the Christians. His body, lash-embroidered, stone-bruised with the stigmata of Christ, is thrown into a charnel-pit. But it is soon rescued by Lucina, a devout lady, who buries it in her own garden.

Now he rests in a subterranean chamber, if legend be true, in the Church of St. Paul Outside the Walls. Eighty pillars of granite, presents all of kings, deck the nave under which after a lapse of nearly nineteen hundred years he still patiently waits the coming of Christ.

He lies outside the walls of Rome and outside the true love of the church. Misunderstood in later ages as during his own life, respected but never truly loved, Paul has been the unwilling father of many a theological monstrosity, of blood-lustful persecutors who owed nothing to him but their blind courage and uninformed zeal for liberty, crusaders with drums and tramplings set against the foes of Christ (that is to say of men who differed from them in doctrine), fanatics consigning unelected infants to the blazing floors of hell.

Everything that Paul hoped for has apparently remained only a hope. Christ remains aloof, serene in the heavens. The Judgment Day has not yet come. The world still longs for bread and games and war more than spiritual salvation. Millions of pagans still remain unconverted. The church itself is split into hundreds of warring sects, grotesquely united only to suppress the human freedom for which Paul fought. The world wags on much as it has always done, giving and robbing, loving and fighting.

Thinking moderns have discarded the panoply of first-century magic and theology in which Paul clothed the human teacher of Galilee. Often, without trying to understand the language of the first century, Paul's natural medium of expression, they have denounced the Tarsian as a perverter of Christ. Yet still they dream that the world may be saved from ultimate destruction by an universal brotherhood, knowing not a barrier of race or sex or social condition, a dream which would have died in Judæa had not a Jew of Tarsus seen a vision on the road to Damascus.

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NOTES

CHAPTER I

[1]Jeremiah xx.15. [2]Leviticus ch. xii entire for the purification of the mother, and, for the command to circumcise, verse 3. During the first century A.D. circumcision was either performed by the father or delegated by him to another person, perhaps a surgeon corresponding to the modern *mohel*. Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews* xx.2.4, says that King Izates, upon deciding to be circumcised, sent for a physician. Not until the sixth century A.D. was the child taken to a synagogue for the ceremony. It should hardly be necessary to point out the ancient character or the wide diffusion among the Egyptians and others of this rite, which has been variously explained as a consecration of the organs of generation, as a hygienic measure, etc. In any case circumcision was not among the Jews a "sacrament." [3]Philippians iii.5. K. Kohler, article on Saul of Tarsus in the Jewish Encyclopaedia, maintains that tribal records were not kept during this period. [4]Acts xxiii.16-21. [5]Ezekiel xvi.4 Luke ii.7. [6]According to the *Eulogy on Peter and Paul*, Migne, *Patrologia Graeca*, vol. lix, p. 494, sometimes ascribed to John Chrysostom, Paul died at the age of about sixty-eight. According to Jerome, *Liber de Viris Illustribus*, v, Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, vol. xxiii, p. 617, Paul was executed in the fourteenth year of Nero's reign, that is to say, in 67 A.D. For the position of Tarsus as a free city see Pliny, *Natural History* v.92. [7]Acts xxii.3 Philippians iii.5. [8]Jerome, as cited above, under the name *Paul*. [9]Appian, *Civil Wars* v.7. Antony made Tarsus a free city, remitting all its taxes, and liberated Tarsians who had been sold into slavery. [10]Genesis xlix.27. [11]Judges xix-xx. [12]Judges xx.16. [13]Leviticus xii.6. [14]Philippians iii.2. [15]Galatians i.15. Compare Hannah's vow in I Samuel i.28. [16]Acts xxiv.26; II Corinthians xi.8. [17]Acts xviii.3. [18]I Thessalonians ii.9; Acts xx.34. [19]Ephesians vi.4. [20]It is a pity one has to use this convenient synonym for Gentile. The Tarsians would have been indignant had anyone called them "pagan." To them the word meant "a rustic," "a villager." [21]Acts xxii.3; Philippians iii.5. [22]Juvenal, iii.118. The name is perhaps of Semitic origin. [23]Strabo, xiv.5, 12. [24]Thus Strabo, xiv.5, 9. What he takes to be finger-snapping was merely a conventional pose in statues of the period. Sardanapalus is of course Ashur-bani-pal (668-624 B.C.). The black obelisk of Salmanassar III (859-828 B.C.) says that *this* king conquered Tarsus. Here we have the earliest mention of the city in recorded history. [25]Dio of Prusa (called Chrysostom), xxxiii.35 ff.; Photius' lexicon, s.v. *kallabides*; Athenæus, *Deipnosophistæ*, xiv.56, p. 646 F.; Petronius, *Satyricon*, 126; *Martial*, iii.63; *Carmen Priapeum*, 45; Æschines, *Against Timarchus*, 131; Aristophanes, *Thesmophoriazusæ*, 136-145, Clouds, 653; Diogenes Laertius, vi.34; Juvenal, x.53; Martial, ii.28 and 70; Persius, ii.33; Polemon in R. Foerster's Teubner edition of the *Scriptores Physiognomonici*, vol. i, p. 276, section 61. [26]Dio of

Prusa, xxxiii.48. [27]Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* i.7. [28]Cicero, *Letters to Atticus,* xvi.11.4 and 14.4. [29]Plutarch, *Moralia, Sayings of Augustus,* p. 207 C (Wyttenbach). [30]The anecdote is told quite briefly by Dion Cassius lvi.43 and embroidered (one would say out of Christian whole-cloth, if the author were not usually so scrupulous in copying his sources) by Zonaras, *Epitome,* x.38, vol. ii, pp. 455-456, in Dindorf's Teubner edition. [31]For the University at Tarsus, Athenodorus' career in politics, and his character generally see Strabo xiv.5.13 ff.; pseudo-Lucian, *Octogenarians.* 21; Dio of Prusa, xxxiii.47-48; Plutarch, *Life of Publicola,* 17; Ælian, *Medley of History,* xii.25; Zosimus, *History,* 1.6; Athenæus, *Deipnosophistæ,* xii.16, p. 519 B; Dion Cassius, lii.36. [32]For this saying and the teachings of Athenodorus consult Seneca, *On Tranquillity of Mind,* iii.1-8 and vii.2; *Moral Epistles,* x.5. [33]Dio of Prusa, xxxiv.16 ff. [34]This was the date on which Roman schools opened. The University of Tarsus may have followed a different calendar. [35]While there is plenty of general information available concerning curriculum content in the universities of the first century A.D., the facts we possess about hazing and so on come from authors of a much later date: Philostratus in the second century, Libanius, Eunapius, and others in the fourth. The sources are cited in detail by L. Grasberger, *Erziehung und Unterricht im klassischen Alterthum,* 3 vols., Würzburg, 1864-1881. See especially vol. 3, pp. 334-498. Consult also W. W. Capes *University Life in Ancient Athens,* London, 1877, and appropriate articles in the classical encyclopædias cited above. [36]Acts xvii.18. [37]Acts xvii.28; I Corinthians xv.33. [38]Jews, of course, frequently used Roman names similar to their Hebrew ones, for business reasons. The practice is familiar to everyone in modern times, when, for example, Weinstein becomes Winsten or even Windsor. [39]Romans i.27 A.V.; I Corinthians vi.9. Compare Dio of Prusa, xxxiii.39. [40]Strabo, xiv.5.12. [41]Philippians iii.13. [42]I Corinthians ix.26. [43]I Corinthians iii.10. [44]Romans i.29 (compare Sophocles, *Œdipus at Colonus, 1232),* Galatians v.20; Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* i.15, iv.8, v.26. [45]Dio of Prusa, xxxiv.22 ff. [46]Arrian, *Anabasis* ii. 4.7. [47]Plutarch, *Life of Antony,* 26. [48]During the later part of Paul's life. See Acts xxii.3. [49]Dio of Prusa, xxxiii.2, 17,29, and Strabo, xiv.5.12 at the end.

CHAPTER II

[1]Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews* xvii.2.4. [2]For the Jewish background see especially George Foot Moore, *Judaism in the First Centuries of the Christian Era,* 2 vols., Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1927; E. Schürer, *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi,* fourth edition, 3 vols., 1901-1909; R. H. Charles, *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament,* 2 vols., Oxford, 1913; and G. Kittel, *Rabbinica, Paulus im Talmud,* Leipzig, 1920.

The Palestinian Talmud has been translated into French by Moïse Schwab, 11 vols., 1871-1889; and the Babylonian, into German by Lazarus Goldschmidt, 8 vols., 1897-1922. A. Edersheim, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah,* 2 vols., first edition, London, 1883, must be used with great caution. In spite of his protests the author writes from an anti-judaistic standpoint. He cites

a vast deal of interesting material from the rabbinical commentators, but he often uses his sources very uncritically. The reaction in modern times against pietistic Christian works such as that of Edersheim has led scholars like R. T. Herford (*Pharisaism*, New York, 1912) and extremists writing in the Jewish Encyclopædia to give the Pharisees a complete suit of whitewash. The truth undoubtedly lies between these two extremes. There were unquestionably good Pharisees and there were also some who deserved everything Jesus of Nazareth said about them.

[3]For the Sadducees, Herodians, and Zealots see ch. v. [4]*Catalogue of Coins in the British Museum: Greek Coins of Lycaonia, Isauria, and Cilicia*, G. F. Hill, London, 1900, pp. 221, 227. [5]See the next chapter. [6]I Corinthians x.20, where Paul is warning his Gentile converts not to sacrifice to demons, as the unregenerate Israelites did (Deuteronomy xxxii.17). [7]A salaried officer who lived in the sacred building, took care of the house and grounds, sounded a trumpet thrice from the roof to announce the approach of Sabbath, handed the rolls of Scripture to a reader, and put them back in the ark during Sabbath worship, and sometimes served himself as reader of the Law and the prophets. In large towns a separate building was upon occasion set apart for a school conducted by a regularly qualified rabbi. For the details of Jewish education see G. F. Moore as cited above, vol. i, p. 308 ff., as well as appropriate articles in the Jewish Encyclopædia, Hastings' Bible Dictionary, and Hastings' Dictionary of Religion and Ethics. [8]I remember seeing a group of students squatted before a teacher in the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople receiving instruction after exactly this fashion. [9]Romans vii.9. [10]Romans vii.7. [11]I Corinthians ix.27. [12]Isaiah liii and Hosea vi.2 were not commonly taken as refering to *a* Messiah, but to Israel personified and Jehovah as Messiah. It is evident, however, that Paul and the Christians took them as predicting a Messiah to come. The paraphrases here and the translations throughout this chapter are from the A.V. [13]Exodus xvi.22. [14]The cylinders contained Deuteronomy iv.4-9 and xi.13-21, the phylacteries, Exodus xiii.1-10 and 11-16 with Deuteronomy vi.4-9 and xi.13-21. The *shema* comes from Deuteronomy vi.4-9. [15]Numbers xv.37-39 and Deuteronomy xxii.12. [16]Compare I Timothy ii.8. [17]Luke iv.17. [18]For Paul's personal appearance and the sources see pp. 191-192 and note 3, ch. xv. [19]Paul delivered the sermon in the synagogue when he visited Pisidian Antioch, as Jesus before him had read and taught in the synagogue of his native town. See Acts xiii.14-15 (compare xvii.1-2, 17, xviii.4, 19), Mark vi.2, and Luke iv.16. [20]For charity among the Jews see ch. vii. [21]Numbers vi.24-26. [22]For proselytes see ch. vii. [23]For Jewish magic see *Berakot* 6A and *Pesachim* 100-112 in the translation of the Babylonian Talmud by L. Goldschmidt cited above. [24]This was the average age for graduation. See a late appendix to the Pirkè Abot (a tractate of the Mishnah devoted mainly to sayings of the fathers of Judaism), v.21. [25]I have described a scene which any modern traveler can witness among the weavers of Tarsus. The East, as everyone knows, is conservative. The process was probably much the same in Paul's day. [26]Galatians vi.11. [27]See the appendix to Pirkè Abot v.21, as cited above. For an English translation of this work consult C. Taylor, *Sayings of the Jewish Fathers*, Cambridge, 1897.

CHAPTER III

[1]Suetonius, *Life of the Deified Augustus,* lxxi. [2]The Moretum attributed to Virgil; Juvenal, vi.599-600; Martial, vi.39. [3]*The Collection of Ancient Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum,* iv.1, number 894, G. Hirschfeld, Oxford, 1893; Horace, *Odes,* iii.5; Athenaeus, *Deipnosophistae,* vi.63, p. 253. [4]For the whole matter see A. Deissmann, *Light from the Ancient East,* English translation, London, 1927, p. 343 ff. Compare Romans i.16, I Corinthians xv.23, and Isaiah lxi.1-2. The Greek word for "good tidings" is "evangelion," commonly rendered *gospel.* Cf. W. Dittenberger, *Orientis Graeci Inscriptiones Selectae,* Leipzig, 1905, number 458.40. [5]Leyden Papyrus i.344. See A. H. Gardiner, "The admonitions of an Egyptian Sage," Leipzig, 1909. [6]Guilds appear in the sixth century B.C. They become quite numerous in the third century B.C. and following. See S. Dill, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius,* London, 1911, book ii, chapter iii. [7]Colossians iii.11. [8]Acts xvii.26 ff. [9]Romans ii.15, ix.1, xiii.5; II Corinthians ix.8; I Timothy vi.6. [10]Romans ch. i; II Corinthians x-xii.

CHAPTER IV

[1]I Corinthians x.20. [2]See Plutarch's essay *On Superstition, Moralia* p. 164 E. ff. (Wyttenbach). [3]Juvenal, vi.542 ff. [4]See Deissmann as cited above, p. 154 ff. [5]Matthew xxiii.15. [6]See the *Catalogue of Coins in the British Museum* as cited above, pp. 178-181, 183-184, 186, 190, 206, 213, 221, 224-225, and Plates. Compare Dio of Prusa, xxxiii.47. Whether the coins show a pyre has been a matter of some dispute. [7]Galatians iv.4. [8]Hosea ii; Isaiah lxii.4-5; Jeremiah iii.14; Ezekiel xvi. [9]Pseudo-Demosthenes, lix (Against Neæra).73 ff; Pollux, *Onomastikon,* viii.108; *Etymologicum Magnum,* 227.36. [10]Pausanias, ii.11.3; Firmicus Maternus, *De Errore Profanarum Religionum* xix and xxvi; Arnobius, *Adversus Nationes,* v.21. [11]F. Kenyon, *Greek Papyri in the British Museum,* cxii.1-2, vol. i, p. 116. [12]II Corinthians xi.2; Ephesians v.32. [13]Galatians iv.19. [14]Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* xviii.3, 4. [15]R. Hercher, *Epistolographi Græci,* Didot edition, Pseudo-Æschines X. [16]Officially Mithraism was suppressed in 377 A.D. But in spite of persecution from the Christians it actually endured much longer. Doubtless the Mithraic priests, when their backs were against the wall, fought Christianity by pointing out the ways in which seemingly it imitated Mithraism. I have indicated a few of these resemblances in the course of the following discussion. Those who wish to exclude even the possibility that Christianity copied anything from Mithraism throw out Plutarch's testimony bodily, or contend that this cult in the first century B.C. must have had a totally different form from that in the second, third, and fourth centuries A.D. [17]*Life of Pompey,* 24. [18]See a coin of the period of Gordian III in G. F. Hill as cited above. [19]See Heliodorus' novel, the *Æthiopica,* i.5. I use this evidence, though it is later than Paul's period, because Heliodorus gives us our only full description of the life of ancient robbers. [20]Plutarch, *On Isis and Osiris,* p.

369 E (Wyttenbach). Mithra is literally a mediator because his Sun is midway between earth and heaven, but the name also has a moral significance. [21]Compare I Corinthians x.4. [22]Compare Malachi iv.2 (where the prophet is speaking of Jehovah) with Luke i.78-79. Romans xiii.12, and Ephesians v.11-14. [23]Human victims were often pierced in the side with a spear, when offered as sacrifices to a god. See Strabo xi.4.7 and Eusebius, *Præparatio Evangelica,* iv.16, 2. Compare the treatment given Christ in John xix.34. [24]Compare the miracle of Moses in Exodus xvii. [25]Dionysus, Hercules, Adonis, and other pagan deities likewise made the upward ascent. For Adonis see Lucian, *On the Syrian Goddess,* 6. [26]Jerome informs us (*Letter to Paulinus,* lviii.3) that the cave exhibited to Christians as the birthplace of Christ at Bethlehem was actually a rock shrine of Tammuz (Greek Adonis). The Greek gods Hermes, Poseidon, Demeter, Apollo, Heracles, and Phrygian Cybele were worshiped in caves. [27]The literary sources and monuments relating to Mithraism are most fully discussed by Franz Cumont in his *Textes et monuments figurés relatifs aux mystères de Mithra,* 2 vols., Brussels, 1896-1899. See also the same author's *Les mystères de Mithra,* third edition, Brussels, 1913 (also in an English translation by T. J. McCormick, Chicago, 1910). The German translation of this edition by G. Gehrich was in 1923 revised by K. Latte. See also Cumont's *Les Religions Orientales dans le Paganisme Romain,* fourth edition, Paris, 1929 (English translation, Chicago, 1911). [28]None of the chief monuments or literary sources belongs to the first century A.D. The authors who give us our information on Mithraic doctrine (Tertullian, Justin Martyr, Jerome, Porphyry, Firmicus Maternus, Julian, Gregory of Nazianzen, and others) range in date from the second to the fourth century A.D. They give a very garbled picture, for, unfortunately, most of them are Christians and therefore hostile to Mithraism. It is difficult to say how much of our information may safely be applied to Paul's period. However, the main conception of Mithra as a suffering hero is pre-Christian; the type of the bull-slaying Mithra in art antedates Paul by two centuries; and fifty years after Paul's death we hear of religious histories dealing with "Mithra's mysteries" (Porphyry, *On Abstinence,* ii.56 and compare iv.16). The theology and ritual we know in the fourth century A.D. were probably well crystallized in the first century. [29]There is no evidence that candidates were brought into the chapel for instruction and then taken outside for the numerous ordeals. I have assumed this to be the case in order to present the initiation more conveniently. Existing specimens of the Mithraic chapel seem far too small for many of the ordeals described. Further, we know little about the meaning of the seven degrees, the ordeals which specifically attended each one, or the exact manner in which they were conferred. Children were sometimes admitted to the lower grades, though on what conditions we are not informed. Jerome (*Letter to Læta* cvii.2) lists the seven degrees thus: Raven, Occult, Soldier, Lion, Persian, Runner of the Sun, and Father. I have somewhat uncritically lumped all the ordeals and purifications together in connection with the degrees of Soldier and Lion because we know a little about the way in which these were administered. The ordeals which I have run together, as if they were given in a group, must have consumed, together with the degrees

which they preceded, a period of days if not of years. Nonnus Abbas (Migne, *Patrologia Græca* vol. 36, pp. 989 D and 1009 D-1012 A, commenting on Gregory of Nazianzen, oration I) mentions eighty graduated torments preliminary to full initiation. During the course of these the candidate had to swim for many days through quantities of water, throw himself into the fire, fast in solitude, and undergo long journeys. Elsewhere (Migne, vol. 36, p. 1072 A) he says the initiate had to submit to fifty days' fast, two days of being scraped (!), and twenty days' ordeal in the snow. One can probably place about as much reliance on these details as on the prattlings of ignoramuses who talk about the "secrets" of Masonry and Catholicism. [30]Pseudo-Augustine, *Quæstiones veteris et novi Testamenti,* cxiv.11, p. 308.20-24, in *Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum,* vol. 50. The same commentator tells us that some flapped their wings and imitated the voice of a crow, while others roared like lions. Compare Paul's advice not to be entangled with the yoke of sin, Galatians v.1. [31]Compare Paul's description of a soldier of Christ, Ephesians vi.11 ff. See also Tertullian, *De Corona* 5, *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum* 40, and *De Baptismo* 5. [32]According to Porphyry, *On the Cave of the Nymphs* 15-16, this was done in both the Lion and the Persian degrees. [33]For the image of the anchor compare Hebrews vi.19. [34]It is Porphyry (*On the Cave of the Nymphs* 15) who tells us that members could not share in full the sacraments of Mithra until they had reached the grade of Lion. Regarding the pageant to which I refer, we have no specific information. [35]The seven degrees correspond to the seven spheres. [36]For the trance see the so-called *Mithra Liturgy,* edited by A. Dieterich, Leipzig, 1910. It is not at all certain that this is part of authentic Mithraism. [37]Existing Mithraic chapels could not accommodate much more than one hundred worshipers.

INTERCHAPTER

[1]We do not know when Saul entered college at Jerusalem. I have assumed, without direct evidence, that he followed custom and took up his studies at the age of fifteen. [2]I have reconstructed this picture of the interview from Suetonius. See especially his *Life of the Deified Augustus,* xcviii ff., lxxix, lxxxiv; and his *Life of Tiberius,* v-xxxviii, lxviii. Tiberius was the son of T. Claudius Nero and of Livia. He was born Nov. 16th, 42 B.C. before Livia was married to Augustus. His brother, Drusus, with whom Livia was six months pregnant when she wedded Augustus, is not to be confused with the son of Tiberius and the son of Germanicus, who bore the same name. [3]*Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus,* passed in 18 B.C., largely at the instance of Livia and the Puritan party. This statute gave the father or husband of an erring woman the right to kill both parties to adultery if he caught them in the act. Julia and her daughter were banished in 2 B.C., Ovid in 8 A.D. My text seems to imply below that Julia II and Ovid booked staterooms on the same boat. [4]*Annals,* ii.85. [5]Compare Tacitus *Annals* vi.21; Suetonius, *Life of the Deified Augustus,* xciv, *Life of Tiberius,* xiv; Juvenal, x.94; Valerius Maximus, i.3, 3.

CHAPTER V

[1]For descriptions of Jerusalem in the first century and full bibliography on the subject consult the encyclopædias cited above. The picture of the Sanhedrin given in this chapter comes largely from the tractate of the same name. Many of the details perhaps apply rather to the Sanhedrin as school (after the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D.) than as court. [2]See Petronius, *Satyricon* 99. [3]Josephus, *Wars of the Jews* ii.12, 1. [4]See Acts v.37, where Gamaliel, Saul's teacher, alludes to the incident and compares the Christians to Zealots. See also Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews* xviii.1, 1. It should be noted that the school of Shammai sided with, while that of Hillel and Gamaliel frowned upon this quasi-Nazi sect. Saul too was destined later to take a compromise attitude somewhat favorable to the Romans. [5]Romans viii.19 ff. On Messianism generally see G. F. Moore, vol. ii, p. 323 ff. [6]Romans vii.4-25. [7]I Timothy iv.1 and II Timothy iii.1-5. [8]Hosea vi.2. The Christians of course applied this to Christ's resurrection. [9]Numbers xxiii.21, xxiv.17. [10]II Samuel vii.10 ff. [11]In Psalms and Prophets Messiah is not only Jehovah and Israel personified as Jehovah's missionary, but also, vaguely hinted at, a superhuman King of the House of David. Compare Psalms ii, xvi, lxxxviii (lxxxix), cx; Isaiah iv.2-6, ix.6-7, xi, xiii-xiv, xxiv-xxvii, xxxii.1, xli, xlii, xlv, xlix, l, lii, liii, lix, lx, lxi, lxv, lxvi; Jeremiah xxx-xxxi, l-li; Ezekiel *passim*; Zecharaiah ix-xiv; Haggai ii; Micah v.1-3; Malachi iii. [12]The author of this book is, of course, not the older Daniel, but a prophet living about the middle of the second century B.C. The three and one-half years of which he speaks in his tenth chapter was during Paul's time stretched, and is still being stretched, almost indefinitely by fantastic interpreters. Daniel (vii.13) hints vaguely at a superhuman Prince of the House of David, but also, like the author of the Servant Poem, enimages the ransomed and faithful remnant of Israel who will save the world by preaching true religion. The latent Jewish doctrine of a definite Messiah, an Anointed One accompanying Jehovah, first comes to the surface in Deutero-Isaiah xlv.1 ff. [13]The vast mass of apocalyptic literature, written from the time of Daniel in the second century B.C. up to, during, and after the lifetime of Paul, professes to set forth what Enoch, Noah, Moses, Baruch, Ezra, and other patriarchs saw on round-trip visits to heaven. See especially the Book of Enoch, xxix, xxxviii-xxxix, xlvi-liii, xciii-xciv, cv, etc., in R. Charles, *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha,* as cited above. Most of this work was probably composed about a hundred years before Paul's birth and shows an astonishingly close approach to his conception of a Messiah. [14]Compare Romans viii.22 for the birth pangs of creation, and for Paul's preëxistent Messiah and the Day of his Coming, Colossians i.15 ff., I Thessalonians iv.16, I Corinthians xv.51 ff. (where the picture is less Hebraic than in Thessalonians). [15]In Luke xxii.15-18 Jesus indicates that the Last Supper anticipates the Messianic feast. [16]I Corinthians xv.37. [17]II Corinthians v.1 rings delicate changes on this Messianic notion. [18]Compare I Corinthians xv.44. [19]Some scholars deny that Isaiah liii was ever interpreted by Paul or the Jews of the first century

as a reference to a suffering Messiah. This contradicts common sense and all the evidence. [20]Romans ix.5. Others apply this to Jehovah. But the rhythm of the Greek makes more probable a reference to Christ. [21]Philippians ii.5-11, Colossians i.12 ff. [22]Colossians i.15-17, ii.9; Philippians ii.6, iii.20; I Timothy ii.3-6; Titus i.3-4, ii.10-14, iii.4-7 (these last two epistles produced by a follower of Paul, if not by Paul himself). [23]For the various details of life on shipboard see Petronius, *Satyricon,* 99 ff.

CHAPTER VI

[1]Numbers xxviii.11-15. Compare Hosea ii.11; Isaiah i.13 ff.; Colossians ii.16. [2]If there was a synagogue within the Temple area (this is doubtful), it could also be used for teaching purposes. [3]Ephesians ii.14. [4]It is of course possible that Saul had previously visited Jerusalem with his parents. [5]For the morning sacrifice and benediction see Exodus xxix.38 ff.; Numbers xxviii.1 ff., and vi.24-26. Details of the service are given in the Mishnaic tractate *Tamid.* The translation here and throughout this chapter is from the A.V. [6]Psalm xxiv, used for the first day of the week. For the second the 48th Psalm, for the third the 82nd, for the fourth the 94th, for the fifth the 81st, for the sixth the 93rd, and for the seventh the 92nd were used. [7]For details of sacrificial law see the book of Leviticus with the rabbinical comments thereto, as well as appropriate articles on sacrifice in the Jewish Encyclopædia and Hastings' Bible Dictionary. [8]Oxyrhynchus Papyrus, 110. The original says "the nineth hour." One cannot fix this precisely; it was probably some time in the early afternoon. [9]Acts xxii.3. [10]An inference drawn by modern scholars from the veiled comments of late Talmudists who discuss Leviticus xvii.7 [11]For the ceremony of Atonement see Leviticus xvi with the rabbinical commentaries and relevant encyclopædia articles. [12]Genesis xxii, and compare Exodus xxxiv.20 with the Gospel according to John xi.50. [13]Hipponax fragment 37 and Archilochus fragment 113 in T. Bergk, *Poetæ Lyrici Græci,* fourth edition, with Demosthenes, xxi.10. [14]Strabo, xi.4, 7. [15]For the pagan belief that a sacrificial victim ought to yield willingly see Lucan, *Pharsalia,* i.611 and Macrobius, *Saturnalia,* iii.5. Compare Tertullian, *To Scapula,* 2. In John xix.33 the soldiers refrain from breaking Jesus' legs because they see that he is dead already. [16]Herod Agrippa was thus insulted when he passed through Alexandria. See note 17. Ctesias, ed. J. Gilmore, London, 1888, p. 163, cannot, as is sometimes done, be cited as a parallel to the crucifixion of Jesus. This author describes a rebel who was "impaled on three stakes," not crucified with companions on three crosses. [17]For the Babylonish custom see Dio of Prusa, iv.66-67. For *barabbas* consult *Philo the Jew, Against Flaccus* 6, where the word is given in its vulgar form, *karabbas,* and the Gospel accounts in Matthew xxvii.15-26, Luke xxiii.16-19, John xi.50. The whole subject is fully discussed by J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough,* vol. ix, p. 417 ff. [18]II Corinthians v.14 to the end, where Paul says that, although Christ did not know sin, God for our sake *made him to be sin.* The chief offense to Jewish orthodoxy comes in verse 19, where Paul declares that God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, not imputing men's transgressions to them (but of course to

Christ, who became a scapegoat for men). [19]I Corinthians xi.22. [20]Psalms cxviii.25. For the whole festival see Leviticus xxiii.9 ff. with rabbinical comments. Consult also Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* iii.10, 4 and xiii.3, 5, and G. F. Moore, vol. ii, p. 43 ff. [21]For the feast of Purim see Esther ix.17 ff. [22]The Hallel consisted of Psalms cxiii-cxviii. [23]I Corinthians v.7-8. [24]For the Passover see Exodus xii-xiii and the tractate *Pesachim.* [25]I Corinthians ix.13. [26]*Plutus,* 681. [27]See relevant articles on Temple taxes in Hastings and in the Jewish Encyclopædia.

CHAPTER VII

[1]Acts v.34 ff. [2]For Jewish education consult relevant encyclopædic articles and G. F. Moore, vol. i, pp. 308-322. The picture I have presented in the pages which follow must be in the main correct, since Judaism was extremely conservative. But we cannot speak with certainty about the exact ordering of the curriculum until after the fall of Jerusalem, when the oral precepts of the rabbis began to be committed to writing. [3]Philippians iii.6; Galatians i.14; Acts xxii.3 and xxvi.5. [4]For the ethical teachings of Judaism see G. F. Moore, vol. ii, p. 79 ff. [5]Compare Romans vii.23 and Galatians v.16 ff. [6]I Corinthians xv.22 ff.; Romans v.13 ff. and vi-viii. [7]Compare II Corinthians vii.10. [8]II Corinthians v.17; Galatians vi.15. [9]G. F. Moore, vol. ii, p. 215. [10]II Corinthians iv.7. [11]I Corinthians ix.16, A. V. slightly altered. [12]Compare I Corinthians ix.18. [13]Matthew v.27 ff.; Romans viii; Philippians iv.7. [14]Matthew xii.36; I Timothy v.13; Ephesians v.4. [15]Romans xiii.1-6. [16]I Corinthians vii.7 and ix.5. It has been argued that, if Paul was a member of the Sanhedrin, he must have been married, but that at the time when he wrote I Corinthians he was a widower. Now in Acts xxvi.10 Paul says that he voted against the Christians when they were put to death in Jerusalem, presumably by the Sanhedrin, which could with limitations inflict the death penalty for heresy. This verse seems to me rather a slim foundation on which to build such an argument. [17]Matthew xix.3 ff. [18]Ephesians v.22 ff.; I Corinthians vii *passim*; I Timothy iii.2, 12. [19]Galatians vi.10, A.V. adapted. [20]II Corinthians ix.7. [21]II Corinthians ix.10. [22]I Corinthians xvi.2. [23]Philemon; Ephesians vi.5-9; Titus ii.9-10; I Timothy vi.1-2. [24]For a full discussion of the proselytes see G. F. Moore, vol. i, p. 323 ff. [25]Matthew xxiii.15. [26]Acts x.2, xiii.43. [27]Section 68. [28]Many of these slanders are enumerated by Josephus, *Against Apion,* i.26 ff. See also Cicero, *Oration for Flaccus,* xxviii, and *On the Consular Provinces,* v; Horace, *Satires,* i.4.143, 5.100, 9.69 ff.; Petronius, poem 24; Tacitus, *Histories,* v.2-5, and *Annals,* xv.44; Martial, i.41, iv.4, vii.82, xi.94, and xii.57; Juvenal, iii.14, 296 (where a bully taunts a harmless citizen with being a proselyte), vi.156-160 and 542-547. [29]Romans ii.14-15. [30]Colossians iii.11, and compare Acts xvii.26-29. [31]Romans i.21 ff.; Galatians ii.15. [32]II Corinthians xi-xii; Colossians i.24 ff., and elsewhere. [33]Galatians i.8. [34]Romans viii-ix. [35]Romans x-xi. [36]Romans xi.19 ff. [37]For the commandment regarding love compare Leviticus xix.18 and Romans xiii.8-9. For the figure of light see I Thessalonians v.4-9 and Ephesians v.8. Lists of virtues and vices as well as general admonitions occur in: I Thessalonians iv, v; Galatians v; I Corin-

thians vi; II Corinthians vi; Romans i, xii, xiii; Ephesians v, vi; Colossians iii; I Timothy i, iii, vi; Titus i. Compare James iii.16-17 and II Peter i.5-18. Formalized lists and ethical classifications of this sort are, however, Stoic and Hellenizing rather than truly Jewish. See note 32, ch. xvi. [38]Romans x-xi; Galatians iii.24-25. [39]I Corinthians ix.20; Romans ix.22; Philippians iii.2. [40]Acts xxi.20 ff. [41]I Corinthians ix.20-22; II Corinthians *passim*. [42]I Corinthians ix.9; I Timothy v.18. [43]Galatians iii.16. Cf. the play on "blood" and "bloods" in *Sanhedrin* 37a. [44]I Corinthians x. [45]Galatians iv.21 ff. [46]Romans ii.17 ff. [47]Acts xxiii.3. The epithet gains point when one remembers that common walls were made of baked mud. [48]Romans vii. [49]I Corinthians ix.27. [50]See ch. ii. [51]Galatians iv.24, A.V. slightly altered. [52]See ch. ii. [53]On the authority of a late appendix to the Pirkè Abot, v.21. [54]A rabbinical commentator on Ecclesiastes vii.28 says that out of a thousand students who entered "grade school" only ten went on to study Talmud in the colleges, and out of this ten only one arrived at ordination. In using the expression "take a degree" I am not only making an ancient matter too modern, but also begging an important question. The conventional view is that the title Rabban was first used of Gamaliel the Elder as patriarch and president of the Sanhedrin, while the title Rabbi was not given those who were ordained, so to speak, "Doctors of Laws" by laying on of hands until after the destruction of Jerusalem. This view is usually stated on the authority of Sherira Gaon (in a letter to Jacob b. Nissim of Kairwan, contained in "Aruk" s.v. "Abaja"), who lived in the tenth century A.D.! But see Matthew xxiii.7-8. I am not convinced that the scheme of rabbinical education in Paul's period was so utterly unlike that which existed after 70 A.D. Doubtless the title "Rabbi" was used then as loosely as "Doctor" or "Professor" is among us. However, as I have said elsewhere, our sources for Jewish education do not belong to Paul's period and we cannot afford to dogmatize one way or the other. [55]Romans vii.24.

INTERCHAPTER

[1]For the career of Germanicus see Tacitus, *Annals*, i-ii, and Suetonius, *Life of Tiberius*. [2]Germanicus had, in all, six children: Nero, Drusus, Gaius (Caligula), Agrippina (who later married the *emperor* Nero), Drusilla, and Julia Livilla. [3]Suetonius, *Life of Tiberius*, xliii-xliv. [4]Luke xiii.1.

CHAPTER VIII

[1]I Corinthians ix.1. The statement in II Corinthians v.16 that he had once known Christ after the flesh probably means no more than that Paul had once conceived of Christ as a human teacher. See also I Corinthians xv.8. In any case Paul's whole claim to apostleship, about which he is so sensitive, rests on his assertion that he had *seen* Christ. [2]Acts v.36-37. [3]Acts ii.1 ff. [4]For the effects of new wine see Lucian, *Lover of Lies*, 39. [5]In Homer, *Iliad*, xxiii.185-191, Aphrodite and Apollo preserve the body

of Hector from corruption by anointing it with rose-sweet ambrosial oil and enveloping it with a cloud. [6]Acts ii.15-36, much condensed and a little paraphrased. In view of Joel ii.28 and Psalms xvi.8 ff., which supply the O.T. background for Peter's speech, considering other passages cited in note 11, ch. v, which suggest the whole Christian interpretation of the birth, life, death, resurrection, and second coming of Jesus, it may be said that Christianity as first known by Paul ought to be termed a wing of Judaism rather than a "heresy." The Jews of course had no "orthodox" doctrine about the Messiah. But the stricter rabbis either ignored or frowned on Apocalyptic literature. In any case they did not admit a preëxistent or superhuman Messiah. And Paul thus would, at least officially, regard the new development as "heresy." Also it is a fact that neither before nor since Christ has *one* Jewish savior been identified with the *whole* Messianic program. How the rabbis, who held as I have described, and the Zealots, who expected as Messiah a powerful earthly king rather than "a crucified peasant," regarded this shift from anticipation of a vague, coming Messiah to complete identification of Messiah's program with the doings of a contemporary, we can gather from Acts. Unless we consider this book the work of a late "exalter of Christianity," we must conclude that from the first the authorities of Jerusalem viewed the movement with jealousy and hatred, and did their utmost to stop it. Certainly Paul's mature theology, where Christ is both Creator and the Fulness of God, contains the heresy of "two authorities," since it sets up another power in addition to God. [7]For accounts of such revivals as widely separated as the fifth century before Christ and the second after see Euripides' *Bacchae* and Apuleius' *Metamorphoses*, viii.27-28. [8]Peter's sermon is extremely reminiscent of John the Baptist's preaching. But John summoned only the Jews to repentance and baptism. It is a little strange that Peter should here so freely extend an invitation to the Gentiles and later on hesitate to visit Cornelius. Certainly all except the narrow "Judaizing" sect of the early Church believed that to some extent the Gospel ought to go to the Gentiles. But then Peter was a man of shifting moods. And perhaps his conviction was not very strong. In any event it was Paul who made the mission to the Gentiles a life's work. [9]For the Sanhedrin see ch. v. Annas had in point of fact been deposed by Valerius Gratus, the Roman procurator of Judaea, a good many years before. His rule had lasted only from 7-14 A.D. He was succeeded by Ishmael ben Phabi, then by his son Eleazar, and next by his son-in-law, Joseph Caiaphas. But the Jews could still, if they liked, from the religious point of view, regard Annas as being high priest and president of the Sanhedrin. Accordingly, it may have been he who presided. At this time the office of high priest was and had been since Herod the Great a temporary political distinction rather than a permanent religious sinecure. [10]Psalms ii.1-2. [11]See ch. vii. [12]For events following Pentecost thus far described see Acts iii.-v.11 and vi.1-10.

CHAPTER IX

[1]This incident, Acts v.34-39, has often been pronounced spurious, but it is well enough in keeping with the temperament of Gamaliel. One may

doubt, though, whether the edifying sentiments regarding the *divine origin* of Christianity were ever uttered by Saul's teacher. And certainly there is one glaring anachronism: the death of Theudas did not take place until 44 or 45 A.D., yet Gamaliel is made to say that it occurred "before these days," and to place after it the revolt of Judas, which may be dated about 7 A.D. Another alternative is, of course, open. One may say that Judas and Theudas were common names and that Gamaliel is referring to *other* Zealots than those we know from Josephus' *Antiquities*. More probably the author of Acts v misunderstood or "misremembered" his source. [2]Isaiah lxvi.1 ff. A.V. [3]For descriptions of the Messiah as the Just or Righteous One, the Judge in Heaven, and so on, compare Acts vii.52 with Acts iii.14 and Enoch lxvi ff. See also ch. v. [4]For Stephen's trial and death see Acts vi.11-vii.

CHAPTER X

[1]See Acts viii.1-3, xxii.4 ff., xxvi.9 ff.; Philippians iii.5-6; I Corinthians xv.9; I Timothy i.13. I have padded this account with a few details from the known methods of ancient persecutors. [2]Acts xxvi.10. This passage is often taken to mean that Saul was a member of the Sanhedrin, and hence, presumably, married. See note 16, ch. vii. [3]II Corinthians vi.5 and xi.27. [4]Isaiah liv.7 ff.; Acts viii.32-33 AV. For the narrative thus far in this chapter see Acts viii.

CHAPTER XI

[1]Acts ix.1. [2]This inference as to Saul's state of health is, of course, not in Acts. [3]The Jews ordinarily used horses only in war, reserving camels or asses for long journeys in time of peace. Part of the way led through the desert near Damascus, and I have therefore assumed that camels were used as they are there to this day. The statement in Acts that Saul's companions led him by the hand into the city proves nothing one way or the other regarding this vexed point. Saul was probably thrown from his beast during the storm on the way and was led by the hand thereafter, while one of the guards took his camel, which in his temporary blindness he was unable either to sit or to guide. Baggage camels or asses bearing food, tents, whips, and other instruments of a religio-punitive expedition would doubtless accompany the caravan. [4]Acts xxii.6. [5]On account of the heat, Saul would obviously avoid the road which crossed the Jordan a short way north of Jerusalem and proceed through outlying desert provinces to Damascus. He would avoid also the road which led all the way up the furnace of the Jordan Valley. In ancient and in modern times the road which goes through Shechem and Nazareth has been the one most used. The main route from Damascus travels southwest and skirts the northwestern fringe of the Sea of Galilee. At Tiberias there is a fork which connects the Damascus route with Nazareth. In any case, the journey of more than one hundred and forty miles would require about a

week's time. [6]I Corinthians x.19 ff. [7]For the cults and their possible influence on Paul see chapters iv, v, xii, xiii, xx, xxii, and xxiii. On the Jewish weakness for pagan cults see chapter xvi. It must again be repeated that, although Paul would have shuddered at the notion of importing pagan conceptions into Judaism, his "God Blessed Forever-Slave-God Blessed Forever" sequence can simply not be paralleled outside of theosophy and the cults. His notion that Christians should vitally share in the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Christ as deity is likewise pagan. [8]Acts ix.1-8, xxii.5 ff., and xxvi.12 ff. [9]Acts ix.7. [10]Acts ix.15-16. This is of course a prophecy after the event. [11]According to Paul's own account in Galatians i.15-17. Acts, ix.19-20, states that he remained a few days with the disciples in Damascus and at once began to preach in the synagogues there. The author of Acts, writing in his usual telegraphic style, has evidently merged the two incidents, and, omitting mention of the Arabian wandering, begins with Paul's preaching on his return to Damascus. [12]Cicero frequently speaks of these *sicarii* in his speech *For Sextius Roscius Amerinus*, xiv.39 and xxxii.90, as well as in that *For Cluentius*, liii.147. Consult also Suetonius, *Life of Julius Cæsar*, xi. Josephus, *Antiquities*, xx.8, 5 ff., says the dagger-men did not spring up in Jerusalem until the period of Nero. This is a little hard to swallow. [13]For Paul's interview with Peter see Galatians i.18-19. [14]In spite of frequent assertions to the contrary, Paul was well acquainted with the life and teachings of Jesus. See Acts xx.35 (more blessed to give than to receive); I Corinthians vii.10 (the attitude of Jesus on divorce); I Corinthians ix.14 (preachers should make their living from the Gospel); I Corinthians xi.23 (the tradition concerning the Lord's Supper); Galatians iii.1 and I Corinthians xv.1-7 (the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ); Romans xii.14 and 19 (bless and curse not, turn the other cheek); I Corinthians vii.28, 33, 35 (the cares of marriage); I Corinthians xiii.2 (the faith that moves mountains); II Corinthians x.1 (the meekness and gentleness of Christ); I Thessalonians v.3-18 (the second coming of Christ, the Christian virtues). Compare John iii.3-8 with Romans vi.3-11 and viii.5-9, I Corinthians ii.14-16 and vi.17, Titus iii.5 (regeneration, flesh *versus* spirit). For the thought that the true children of Abraham are not slaves to sin compare John viii.33 ff. with Galatians iv.30 and Romans vi.16-20. [15]In Acts xxii.17 ff. this vision is said to have occurred just after Saul's conversion. Some scholars refer it, however, to the occasion of Paul's visit to Jerusalem just before his first missionary trip. [16]Galatians i.21. [17]I Thessalonians ii.15, and (most explicitly) II Corinthians xi.23 ff. [18]II Corinthians xii.4, written about 55 A.D. For Paul's visions see Acts ix.3, xvi.9, xviii.9, xxii.17, xxiii.11, and xxvii.23. Luke, perhaps partly for the edification of female readers, lays far more stress on voices, visions, and trances than does Paul, who maintains, except in II Corinthians xii.4, a strong reserve on such matters. For Paul as a mystic see ch. xxviii. [19]II Corinthians xii.7 and compare Galatians iv.13-15. Whatever its character, Paul's affliction seems to have been recurrent, excruciatingly painful, enervating, and humiliating. [20]Galatians ii.1. [21]xi.28. [22]*Antiquities*, xx.5.2. [23]For the continuous narrative thus far see Acts ix.1-31.

INTERCHAPTER

[1]For details regarding the death of Tiberius and the life of Caligula see Suetonius, *Tiberius,* lxxiii, and *Gaius Caligula passim*; Philo the Jew, *Embassy to Gaius and Against Flaccus*; Dion Cassius, lix.8 ff. For Herod Agrippa I see especially Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* books xviii-xix. [2]Suetonius, *Life of the Deified Claudius,* viii and xxxviii. [3]I have combined the account given in Acts xii with that of Josephus' *Antiquities,* xix.8-9.1. According to Acts xii.23, Herod, being smitten by the angel of the Lord because he did not give God the glory, died of worms.

CHAPTER XII

[1]Many scholars believe that Luke or his source places Peter's tour (Acts ix.31 ff.) too early. The church could hardly be said to be at peace during the three turbulent years which preceded Herod's taking off. In general "Luke" has less regard for exact chronology than for the artistic pattern which he is shaping. For instance, he tells of Saul's arrival at Antioch, which undoubtedly occurred after Herod's death, before ever he begins his account of that monarch's last days. [2]Acts xi.1-18. [3]See Galatians ii.11-14. [4]Acts xi.25-26. [5]For Paul's travels see, in addition to ancient sources specifically cited below, Hierocles' *Travelling Companion* (written in the sixth (?) century A.D. and describing the sixty-four provinces of the Byzantine Empire with their cities), Stephen of Byzantium's geographical dictionary (sixth (?) century), and by no means least Ptolemy's *Geography* (second century, edition and Latin translation by C. Müller and C. T. Fischer, Didot, Paris, 1883-1901). Consult also *Geographici Græci Minores,* ed. C. Müller, 2 vols., Paris, 1882, and *Geographici Latini,* ed. Riese, Frankfort, 1878. Reference should also be had to the various "Itineraries," notably the Peutinger Table (copied in the thirteenth century from a third-century A.D. original). See D'Urban, *Recueil des Itinéraires Anciens,* Paris, 1845. Among modern books consult W. Ramsay, *The Cities of St. Paul,* London, 1907; and *St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen,* London, 1896; D. Smith, *The Life and Letters of St. Paul,* London, 1919, and following. T. Lewin, *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul,* third edition, London, 1875, 2 vols.; W. J. Conybeare and J. S. Howson, *The Life, Times, and Travels of Paul,* New York, 1869, 2 vols. in one; and F. W. Farrar, *The Life and Work of St. Paul,* New York, 1902, 2 vols., are antiquated, but may be used for some allowance. For Antioch see Strabo, xvi.2, 4-7, and for Daphne, Sozomen, v.19. Full and curious information about this region is given by three native writers: Libanius (a pagan sophist of the fourth century), xi.94, lx ("The Lament") *passim,* and elsewhere in his works; John Chrysostom (a pupil of Libanius) in his seventh sermon to the people of Antioch (as elsewhere throughout his works, for which see Migne, *Patrologia Græca,* vols. 47-64); and finally, John Malalas in his oddly-assorted compendium of world-history (sixth century, text in Migne,

vol. 97). [6]*Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ,* Vulcatius Gallicanus, *Life of Avidius Cassius,* vi.1. [7]On the Jewish weakness for pagan cults see notes on ch. xvi below. [8]I have pieced together this account from Apuleius' *Metamorphoses,* viii.26-29, Catullus lxiii (Attis), and Lucian, *On the Syrian Goddess.* [9]Firmicus Maternus, *De Errore Profanarum Religionum,* xviii. The churlish Christians who give us our information about this cult leave us mostly in the dark about the significance of the initiation ceremony. Whether the drum contained the bread of Attis' body and the cymbal the wine of his blood we do not know. For a rather fantastic allegorizing of these primitive rites see the Emperor Julian's "Hymn to the Mother of the Gods," 165 ff. The sources are fully discussed by Hugo Hepding, *Attis seine Mythen und sein Kult,* Giessen, 1903, and G. Showerman, *The Great Mother of the Gods,* Madison, Wisconsin, 1901. [10]Prudentius, *On Martyrs' Crowns,* xiv.1011 ff. [11]See *Acta Joannis* (part II *Die Wanderungen des Johannes nach Leucius Charinus*), ed. Th. Zahn. Erlangen, 1880, pp. 127-128, for the episode and for the phrase p. 42, 11 and elsewhere. Pseudo-Prochorus flourished about the end of the fifth century A.D., and Leucius Charinus, to be cited in another connection, about the beginning of the second century. [12]Romans i.27. [13]Romans i.23-24. [14]Compare John's reproach to a young man who has castrated himself for a different reason in pseudo-Prochorus, p. 189, 20-31. [15]Julian himself alludes to these jests in his skit, "Beard-Hater," 338 ff. On Antiochene wit and insolence see also Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* iii.58, and Socrates, *Church History,* iii.17. [16]For Saul's preaching at Antioch and the naming of the Christians see Acts xi.26. [17]See Suetonius, *Life of Claudius,* xviii; Dion Cassius, lx.11; Tacitus, *Annals,* xii.43; and Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* xx.2, 5. [18]The advent of the prophets and the sending of the relief fund are described in Acts xi.27-30. [19]Galatians ii.1-10. [20]For the organization of the church at Antioch and events leading up to the first missionary tour see Acts xiii.1-4.

CHAPTER XIII

[1]Acts xiii.4. Both pagans and Christians were in the habit of escorting visitors a little way on their journey. For such occasions "going-away speeches" (of which models are given in ancient treatises on rhetoric) were appropriate. Compare Acts xx.38 and xxi.5. [2]Compare Acts xxi.2-3 and xxviii.11. [3]Acts xiii.5 and I Corinthians i.16-17, which would seem to imply that Paul ordinarily delegated baptisms to a helper. [4]Acts xiii.6. [5]The evidence is pretty thin. A "Sergius Paulus" (better texts read "Sergius Plautus") appears among Pliny's authorities for books ii and xviii of his *Natural History,* which contain discussions of Cyprus. See the indexes after the Latin preface to the first volume. [6]Bar-Jesus, or Elymas, as Luke also calls him, may have belonged to one of the schools of soothsayers mentioned by Pliny, work cited, xxx.2.6 [7]*Metamorphoses* ii.12-14. [8]Ephesians i.21 and Colossians i.16. Paul specifically condemns magical practices in Galatians v.20. For bibliography on magic and superstition in antiquity see note 35 ch. xxvi. [9]In Acts xiii.12 Luke does not say that Sergius

Paulus was baptized as a Christian. The translation used in the oracular passage above is from the A.V. [10]I Corinthians i.26. [11]II Peter iii.15-16, where Paul is paid the compliment of having his epistles called hard to understand. [12]I Corinthians xv.9. [13]Nowadays, for reasons of convenience or policy, Loewenthal often becomes Lee and given names like Isaac and Sarah become Irving and Shirley. Compare note 38, ch. i. [14]Homer, Odyssey, viii.363, and compare Virgil, *Æneid,* i.416-417. [15]For a description of Cyprus and the sanctuary with its image see Strabo, xiv.6, 1-6, and compare Servius on Virgil's *Æneid,* i.724, *Maximus of Tyre,* ii.8, and Athenæus, xv.18, p. 675. [16]I have here combined Herodotus, i.199, and the Epistle to Jeremy (written about 100 B.C.) in Baruch, vi.43, Apocrypha, American Revised Version, New York, 1901, p. 124. [17]Fragment 122, ed. Th. Bergk as cited above. For sacred prostitution see also Strabo, xi.14, 16, xii.3, 36, and xvi.1, 20. [18]Theocritus xv.84-86, tr. C. S. Calverley. [19]Theocritus xv.137 ff., tr. J. M. Edmonds in the Loeb Classical Library, pp. 193-195. [20]Compare Aristophanes, *Lysistrata,* 388-396, and Plutarch, *Nicias,* xiii. The kind of Phrygian music which accompanied this rite may fitly be compared to our own "low-down blues." [21]Bion's "Lament for Adonis," Idyll ii, Mrs. Browning's translation. This poem, while not a genuine cult hymn, probably transcribes with some exactness the dirges sung at Adonis festivals. [22]Cyprian peasants still refer to the Madonna upon occasion as *Aphroditissa,* another proof that in combating paganism the church often absorbed its most attractive features. In Protestant countries the mourning for Adonis and the sentimental attachment of women to religious heroes have their parallels. Just so did hysterical females crowd round the bier of Valentino, just so do inhibited ladies sing maudlin hymns, where Jesus walks with them in the garden and whispers secrets that none other shall ever know. [23]Lucian, *On the Syrian Goddess,* 6, apparently places the cutting of hair and the penalty after Adonis' resurrection. However, he says the worshipers shear themselves as do the votaries of Osiris in Egypt. Now it is known that the Egyptians shaved their heads *before,* not after, the mimic resurrection of Osiris. Moreover, the Phœnician rite celebrated at Byblus, which Lucian describes, seemingly took place in the spring. The resurrection was preceded by mourning, as the joy of Easter is preceded by the gloom of Good Friday. But the Athenian and Alexandrian celebrations appear to have taken place in summer and I have here blended elements from all three rituals: the marriage of Adonis and Aphrodite (Alexandria), mourning on the housetops (Athens), the carrying out of the god (Athens and Alexandria), resurrection and head-shaving (Byblus). We have no such specific information regarding the cult in Cyprus, but it is probable, in view of the strong Phœnician element in the population there, that Adonis observances followed the Syrian mode. On the whole matter see J. G. Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris* (London, 1922), vol. i, pp. 1-259. [24]Galatians iv.9. For the importance of women in the religions of the day see ch. xiv at the end. [25]*De Specialibus Legibus,* i.319, edition of Cohn and Wendland. [26]II Corinthians vii.10. [27]For the mature Pauline belief compare Philippians ii.6-11 and his teaching on the mystery of the resurrection in I Corinthians xv. It should, of course, be noted that Paul's "mystery" was not a secret in the sense that cult rites were.

Such religion was a stumbling-block to orthodox Jews and to rationalizing Greeks, who cared very little for orgiastic cults (I Corinthians i.23).

CHAPTER XIV

[1]I adopt this theory, so brilliantly championed by Sir William Ramsay, only tentatively. No explanation of the "thorn" passage completely satisfies me. [2]A somewhat similar hegira in a different part of the Near East was depicted in the motion picture, "Grass." Of course the migration of a semi-nomadic tribe in the spring for better pasture can be compared only in a general way with the piecemeal exodus of a settled people to escape the heat in summer. [3]II Corinthians xii.7. There, of course, Paul says the thorn was sent in order that he might not be unduly exalted by his visions and revelations. [4]Compare Acts xiii.13 with xv.37-38, Colossians iv.10, and II Timothy iv.11. [5]II Corinthians xi.26. [6]For robbers and pirates see Apuleius, *Metamorphoses,* iv and *passim*; Heliodorus' *Æthiopica*; and Achilles Tatius' *Cleitophon and Leucippe.* The details in this paragraph are taken mainly from Apuleius. Pirate yarns seem to have been just as eagerly gobbled up in antiquity as gangster stories are now. [7]Galatians iv.13-14. [8]Habakkuk i.5; Acts xiii.41, A.V. slightly altered. [9]As to early Christian use of Messianic passages in the O.T. see note 6, ch. viii; Peter's speeches in Acts ii.14 ff., iii.12 ff., iv.8 ff., v.29 ff.; the song of thanksgiving in iv.24 ff.; but especially Stephen's discourse in Acts vii, which is very similar to Paul's sermon here (Acts xiii). [10]It is impossible to say how accurate are these reports of the speeches of Peter, Stephen, and Paul. Even in Thucydides, that most austere of ancient historians, such discourses are pretty freely transcribed. Just how far Paul had gone on the way to his full conception of the Savior God, just how much he owed to Peter and Stephen and the early Christians generally, it is impossible to discover. [11]Isaiah xlix.6; Acts xiii.47, A.V. slightly altered. [12]For a detailed discussion of the doctrine of foreordination and predestination see Romans, ch. ix. [13]At the beginning of book vii. Compare Josephus, *Wars of the Jews,* ii.20.1 ff., and Juvenal, vi.543, for the part which women played in religion. [14]Compare the command of Christ in Matthew x.14. [15]Luke of course says nothing about the publicity in Acts xiii.50-51.

CHAPTER XV

[1]Compare Matthew x.10. A staff and wallet and cloak were standard equipment for missionaries of the day. [2]xii.6.1. [3]In this part of the narrative I have followed *The Acts of Paul and Thecla,* a mixture of romance and fact, of accuracy and inaccuracy, probably composed toward the end of the first century, but undoubtedly embodying a quite early tradition. For the Greek text see R. A. Lipsius and M. Bonnet, *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha,* i.235-272, Leipzig, 1891. For a translation see M. R. James, as cited in note 5, ch. xviii. Further details as to Paul's appearance are given by Malalas, Bonn Edition, vol. xv, p. 257, and Nicephorus,

Church History, ii.37. Paul had a white complexion, a mobile, friendly, slightly smiling face, a sprinkling of gray hair in his thick beard, and almost totally bald head, bright gray eyes under shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, a form somewhat stooped and bent. Essential details of the description in *Paul and Thecla* are confirmed by the Antioch Chalice. [4]For Paul's actual doctrine regarding virgins see I Corinthians vii.25 ff., especially verse 40. It would be quite easy for a stupid or malicious critic to misunderstand Paul's eulogy of the virgin state. According to II Timothy ii.17-18 it was Hymenæus and Philetus who taught that the resurrection had already come. Paul so constantly expected and said that *Christ* would come soon that this was a natural misconception. Compare II Thessalonians ii.2. Hermogenes is mentioned in II Timothy i.15 as a man of Asia Minor and a traitor to Paul. Demas in II Timothy iv.10 is said to have forsaken Paul because he loved this world too much. [5]Such manifestations are common in Homer. See, for example, the beginning of *Iliad* ii, where the baleful dream appears to Agamemnon as Nestor. [6]Another version of these Acts relates that Thecla lived long at Antioch, doing good deeds and working miracles. Certain rakish fellows, jealous of her miracles, fortified themselves with drink and went to her cave to ravish her, hoping that thus they could make her powerless. But the Lord swallowed her up in the rock. [7]I Corinthians ix.5. [8]II Timothy i.16-18. [9]Philippians iv.15-16; II Corinthians xi.9; Acts xvi.15; and compare I Thessalonians ii.9. [10]See Strabo, xii.6, 1, Stephen of Byzantium, as cited above. The town is mentioned also by Xenophon, *Anabasis,* i.2, 19; Cicero, *Letters to his Friends,* iii.5, 4 and 6, 6 and xv.3.1 and 4.2, *To Atticus* v.20.1 and 21.4; Pliny, *Natural History,* v.95; Ptolemy v.6.15 etc. See the sources as cited in note 5, ch. xii. [11]Acts xiv.1-7. [12]Pliny, *Natural History,* v.147; Ptolemy v.4, 9. [13]Compare Matthew ix.2, xv.30 etc. There is little doubt that Paul had sufficient force and magnetism to effect a temporary cure of this kind. [14]Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* viii.626 ff., locates the scene of this story on the borders of Phrygia and Lycaonia. The legend seems to be indigenous. The details are Ovid's; the conversation, of course, is mine. [15]Others take this to mean the gates of the city or the gates of the temple outside. The whole passage is more than a little obscure. [16]For ancient sacrifice see Homer *passim*; Aristophanes, *Acharnians,* 241 ff., *Peace,* 956 ff.; Virgil, *Georgics,* iii.486-493; Plutarch, *Æmilius Paulus,* xxxiii.1. [17]II Corinthians xi.25. [18]For the Lystra episode see Acts xiv.8-20. [19]Acts xvi.1. [20]Galatians vi.17. [21]Christian tradition has it that Luke was a physician from Antioch (Eusebius, *Church History,* iii.4.6). Now there were many Antiochs, but only two intimately connected with the early church: Syrian Antioch and Antioch toward Pisidia. If Luke came from the latter city, he might have accompanied Paul as far as Iconium and Lystra. That, however, is a mere guess. The "we narrative" in Acts does not begin until xvi.10, when Paul is in Troas. Professor C. C. Torrey (*Fact and Fancy in Theories concerning Acts,* "The American Journal of Theology," Vol. xxiii, Nos. 1 and 2, 1919) holds that Acts i.2-xv.35 was translated by Luke from an Aramaic original about 50 A.D., that Luke's gospel was translated (from Aramaic and Hebrew sources) about 60 A.D., and that II Acts (xv.36 to the end) was composed about 64 A.D. This view goes far toward explaining many of the supposed contradictions and inconsistencies in Acts. The opposing doctrine

is that the whole was probably committed to paper toward the end of Paul's life, or even at the beginning of the second century A.D. Whatever the cause, Luke seems not to have remained long with Paul on land. I have long felt that a man possessing Luke's sense of humor would inevitably get "fed up" with Paul. Professor Torrey (*Fact and Fancy,* pp. 78-79) amusingly and plausibly suggests that Luke probably became bored with Paul's preaching and controversial discussion. [22]Strabo, xii.6, 3 and compare xii.1, 4; Cicero, *Letters to his Friends,* xiii.73; Ptolemy v.6, 17; Stephen of Byzantium. [23]Acts xx.4. [24]For the whole narrative of the first tour see Acts xiii.4-xiv.

CHAPTER XVI

[1]Galatians ii.12. [2]ii.14-17. [3]Acts xiii.32 ff.; II Samuel vii.12-16; Psalms ii.7, xvi.10. [4]For the epithet "savior" as applied to pagan deities see Firmicus Maternus, *De Errore Profanarum Religionum,* xxii; *Bulletin de Correspondence Hellenique,* vol. xix, p. 400; Apuleius, *Metamorphoses,* xi.25; and for the tone of invocation, the so-called *Mithra Liturgy,* edited by A. Dieterich, p. 10. [6]See note 7, ch. xi. [6]I Corinthians xi.21. [7]Juvenal, iii.62-65, declares the Syrians have corrupted Rome. [8]I Corinthians viii; I John v.21; Revelation xxii.15. In taking stock of the Old Testament books progressively here as elsewhere I have left out of sight modern chronology, of which Paul knew nothing, but which sets the Pentateuch after the major prophets. [9]Ezekiel viii.14-16. For the rites of Tammuz-Adonis and Ishtar-Aphrodite see ch. xiii. This festival not only gave a name to one of the Jewish months (Tammuz), but furnished the background for a Jewish fast, celebrated on the seventeenth of Tammuz. Five misfortunes were commemorated in this fast, two of them having to do significantly enough with the accidental breaking of the Tables of the Law when Moses saw the golden calf, and with the setting up of an image in the Temple at Jerusalem. [10]Ezekiel xxiii. [11]Numbers xxv.1-5. [12]I Kings xviii. [13]II Kings xv.35, xvii.7-41, xviii.4, xxi.3, xxiii.4. [14]Galatians, ii.15. [15]Lactantius i.20 toward the end; Augustine, *City of God,* iv.11. Compare Arnobius, iv.7. [16]For Phales and Priapus see Aristophanes, *Acharnians,* 241-279; Catullus, xviii; Virgil, *Georgics,* iv.110; Horace, *Satires,* i.8; Petronius, *Satyricon,* 17, 21, 137, 139 (from which we gather that Priapus' mysteries were celebrated by women only, and that geese figured in them); and the *Corpus of Latin Inscriptions,* v.3634. [17]Aristophanes, *Lysistrata,* 389-396. [18]Euripides, *Ion,* 551-556. Only free-born Delphic girls could participate in these revels. [19]Livy, xxxix.8-19. [20]Philemon and Nicander of Colophon, as cited by Athenæus, *Deipnosophistæ (Sages at Dinner),* xiii.25, p. 569 D-E. The thirteenth book of Athenæus' compilation by the way, joined with Lucian's "Dialogues of the Courtesans," yields most of what we know concerning ancient prostitution. See also relevant articles in the classical dictionaries cited in the bibliography above. [21]Petronius, *Satyricon,* 75, 126. "I may be only a lady's maid," says a pert wench, "but I never sit further back than the fourteenth row in the theater" [among the aristocrats]. [22]*On Benefits,* i.10; *Moral Epistles,* xcvii.1. Seneca says men have always complained and will always complain that their generation is going to the dogs. [23]Plutarch, *Moralia,* p.

291 E-F (Wyttenbach). [24]For a picture of such life see Petronius, *Satyricon*, 26-78 ("Trimalchio's Banquet"). [25]I Corinthians i.26. [26]I Corinthians v.10-11, vi.9-11. The evidence for this statement comes partly from inscriptions and has been fully treated by Sir William Ramsay and others. [27]Consult the lists in Romans i.29-31; I Corinthians vi.9-10; Galatians v.19-21; Ephesians v.3-5. [28]See above, ch. i, p. 13. [29]Ephesians v.5; Colossians iii.5. In Ephesians iv.19 Paul links wantonness and uncleanness with *pleonexia* (desire for advantage of any kind). Modern novelists like Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser carry out the same motif when they write of "big business men" who have money and power enough to take what they want in the way of women. Writers long before Paul declare that money makes the man and lament the gold-loving temper of their age: Pindar, Isthmian Odes ii.11 (Alcæus fragment 49), and Theocritus xvi.15. [30]See ch. xiii and ch. xxvi. [31]Consult the *Bacchæ* of Euripides. Paul condemns drunkenness as a pagan vice in I Thessalonians v.7; Galatians v.21; Romans xiii.13; Ephesians v.18. [32]I Corinthians vi.15, 18; compare also vii.2. See further Romans i.29 (adopting the reading of Stephanus, 1550) and Galatians v.20. In I Corinthians v.1 and II Corinthians xii.21 the word connotes incest. *Porneia* is used as a synonym for idolatry in John viii.41; Revelation ii.21, xiv.8, xvii.2, 4, xviii.3, xix.2; and Philo, *On the Migration of Abraham* xii (the polytheist is the son of a whore who, because he is in doubt as to his one true Father, vaguely names many). For *porneia* as rising out of idolatry see also Wisdom of Solomon, xiv.12. To regard sin as springing from Gentile proneness to image-worship or to consider individual sins as resulting from the transgression of individual laws, rather than to classify virtues and vices, was the natural Jewish angle of attack. It has often been noted that such ethical lists as are found in O.T., N.T., and Jewish writing generally wear a Platonic or Stoic and Hellenizing color. See, for example, Wisdom of Solomon, xiii-xiv; Philo the Jew, I p. 214 ff., in the edition of Cohn and Wendland; H. Strack and P. Billerbeck, *Kommentar zum neuen Testament aus Talmud und Midrash*, 1922-, vol. iii, pp. 62-76. But one should also recall that gnomes and proverbs, the fondness for which may lead straight to this kind of parainetic listing, are much older than either Platonism or Stoicism. From tenth century Egypt we have "The Wisdom of Amenomope," adapted or translated in our sexpartite O.T. Proverbs. There are gnomic passages in Homer, in the eighth century didactic epic of Hesiod, and in fifth century Greek drama, especially that of Euripides. As early as the sixth century B.C. this tendency had become specialized in the gnomic elegies of Theognis. Parainetic discourses to men in public and private station, listing virtues to be followed and vices to be avoided, were written much in the style of Paul's letters to Timothy by the sophist Isocrates during the early fourth century B.C. Of these we possess the genuine *To Nicocles* and *Nicocles or Cyprians*, as well as the possibly spurious *Demonicus*. Isocratean and somewhat Pauline in tone is Onosander's *Taktika* ("On the Duties of a General"), composed about fifteen years before Paul's death. Consult particularly chapter i in the edition of H. Köchly, Leipzig, 1860. Paul often though not always Christianizes his lists by throwing them into an emotional context or by introducing among them the Christian conceptions of Love, Peace, Joy,

Faith, and Spirit. On the whole matter of Paul's moral teachings see M. S. Enslin, "The Ethics of Paul," New York, 1930.

CHAPTER XVII

[1]Luke xxii.54-62. [2]Galatians ii.14. [3]Acts xv.1-2 with Galatians ii.13. The situation reminds one of that described by Paul in I Corinthians i.11-12. [4]Galatians ii.2, 6. [5]Matthew v.17-18. [6]Mark ii.27-28; Luke vi.5 and xiii.15. [7]Amos ix.11-12. [8]See ch. xiii above. [9]For the preliminaries and the conference itself see Acts xv.

CHAPTER XVIII

[1]Following the text of Stephanus, 1550. [2]Acts xv.38. As often, the Greek has here buried Paul's original words in indirect discourse. [3]See the Acts of Barnabas in Lipsius-Bonnet as cited above, 23-24, vol. ii.2, p. 301. In a later version of the same story the body of Barnabas is found whole and the gospel placed on his breast. See R. A. Lipsius, *Die Apokryphen Apostelgeschichten und Apostellegenden,* ii.2, pp. 295 and 301, Braunschweig, 1884. [4]Galatians i.8. [5]Leucius Charinus, in Th. Zahn's *Acta Joannis* as cited above, pp. 225-226. See also M. R. James, *The Apocryphal New Testament,* Oxford, 1924, p. 242. [6]For this naïve personification of the "interior word" compare Acts xv.28, "The Holy Spirit and we decided." [7]Strabo, xiii.1, 26. [8]The "Beautiful Pine" measured about two hundred and twenty-five feet. See Strabo, xiii.1.44. [9]*Iliad* xiv.153-351. [10]Acts xvi.10, following the reading of *Codex Bezæ.* [11]This is by no means the only example of ghost-writing in antiquity. [12]The foregoing is a free paraphrase of the famous episode in Petronius, *Satyricon,* 94-99. Petronius' heroes are sailing from some Greek town near the bay of Naples to Crotona, not from Troas to Philippi, but the scene is unique in first-century literature and throws a good deal of light on the conditions under which Paul must have traveled. [13]The talk of merchants and sailors on board is for the most part a composite of details from Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius of Tyana.* See also Petronius, *Satyricon,* 88. [14]For the Cabeiri the article "Cabiri," F. Lenormant in *Daremberg-Saglio* as cited above; also the article "Dioscuri," M. Albert, in the same. Compare also for the purple band the scholiast on Apollonius of Rhodes, *Argonautica,* i.917. For the identification of the Cabeiri with Castor and Pollux see *Diodorus of Sicily,* iv.48, 6; *Orphic Hymns,* xxxviii (edition of E. Abel, Leipzig and Prague, 1885); *Palatine Anthology,* vi.164; and the scholiast on Aristophanes, *Peace,* 277. [15]According to the usual inference from Acts xvi.11. [16]Philippians ii.15.

CHAPTER XIX

[1]For the whole Thracian and Macedonian region from this point on in the narrative see Strabo, book vii *passim,* especially 32 ff. [2]For Brutus, Cas-

sius, and Philippi see Plutarch, *Life of Brutus,* xxxviii ff.; Appian, *Civil Wars,* iv.105-138. [8]Acts xvi.12. [4]Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* xiv.10, 23. Compare Philo the Jew, *Against Flaccus,* 41 ff. edition of Cohn and Wendland. [5]See Homer, *Iliad,* vi.266 ff., for the pagan attitude and for the Jewish, the so-called *Letter of Aristeas* (variously dated in the second century before or the first century after Christ and describing mainly the manner in which the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek). [6]Compare ch. xiv at the end. [7]Luke in Acts xvi.14 says merely that Lydia was a dyer of purple from Thyatira. That she was also wealthy is of course only an inference. [8]For the murex, or shell-fish from which purple was made, see Pliny, *Natural History,* ix.124-141. [9]Compare I Corinthians i.14-17, which would seem to indicate that Paul himself did very little baptizing. [10]Luke has a quiet sense of humor. See Acts xix.32-34, where he says that the crowd yelled for something like two hours and most of them hardly knew what the shouting was about. The theory, based on Acts xvi.15, that Paul married or wanted to marry Lydia, is of course a mere fiction. [11]Plutarch, *Moralia, On the Failure of Oracles,* p. 414 E (Wyttenbach). [12]Consult Pseudo-Prochorus, edition Th. Zahn as cited, p. 66, 11-18. [13]Cicero, *Against Verres,* v.62. [14]According to the *Codex Bezæ.* [15]In point of fact the last "we" passage occurs in Acts xvi.17. Luke picks up the personal narrative again in Acts xx.5.

CHAPTER XX

[1]I Thessalonians i.9. [2]Compare fragment 44 of Æschylus' lost play, *The Danaids,* in the Oxford text. [3]Euripides, *Bacchæ,* 651; Arnobius, *Adversus Gentes,* v.41; cf. Clement of Alexandria, *Exhortation to the Greeks,* ii, p. 22. [4]*Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique* for 1900, p. 317. [5]*Bacchæ,* 1017-1019. [6]Lactantius Placidus, scholia on Statius' *Thebais,* v.159, vol. iii, pp. 270-271 in the Teubner edition of R. Jahnke. [7]Ælian, *On the Nature of Animals,* xii.34. [8]*Bacchæ,* 736-747. Plutarch, *Life of Alexander,* ii, says Olympias, Philip of Macedon's wife, introduced tame snakes into the Bacchic orgies which nearly frightened the men out of their wits. [9]*Bacchæ,* 704-711. [10]*Bacchæ,* 298-301. To judge from I Corinthians xiv, Paul's disciples at their meetings in Corinth must have thought they were in a Bacchic assembly. [11]*Bacchæ,* 378-385. [12]Plato, *Laws* vi, p. 775 B. [13]Justin Martyr, the apologist for Christianity, in his *Dialogue with Trypho,* p. 295 A. For the story in the text see chiefly Clement of Alexandria, *Exhortation to the Greeks,* ii, p. 15; and compare E. Abel, *Orphica,* Leipzig, 1885, p. 230 ff. According to an inference from Nonnus, *Dionysiaca,* xxvii.204, 228, the Orphics at their banquets smeared themselves with white clay as the Titans did to escape detection when they had eaten Zagreus. For the Bacchic cult and related matters see L. R. Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States,* Oxford, 1909, vol. v, pp. 85-344; A. Loisy, *Les Mystères païens et le Mystère chrétien,* Paris, 1919, pp. 25-49. [14]Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of the Philosophers,* viii.33. The list is Pythagorean, but the two cults were in many respects almost identical. [15]Portrayed in the apse stucco of the underground basilica at the Porta Maggiore near Rome. This was apparently used as a meeting-place for an Orphico-Pythagorean sect during Paul's time. See the *Journal of Hellenic*

Studies, vol. xliv, p. 103 ff. For the whole matter of Orphism and Orphic reform consult, among other works: C. A. Lobeck, *Aglaophamus,* Regimonti, 1829, 2 vols., pp. 233-1104; E. W. Maas, *Orpheus,* Munich, 1895; L. R. Farnell, *Greek Hero Cults and Ideas of Immortality,* Oxford, 1921, pp. 373-402; F. Legge, *Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity,* Cambridge, 1915, vol. i, pp. 121-148; R. Eisler, *Orphisch-Dionysische Mysteriengedanken,* Leipzig, 1925; and, with extreme caution, Jane Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion,* third edition, Cambridge, 1922, pp. 454-673. For the sources see E. Abel, *Orphica,* Leipzig and Prague, 1885, and O. Kern, *Orphicorum Fragmenta,* Berlin, 1922. [15]G. Kaibel, *Inscriptions from Sicily and Italy,* 638 (vol. xiv of *Inscriptiones Græcæ*); *Epigrammata Græca ex lapidibus conlecta,* Berlin, 1878, nos. 658 and 719; Pindar, *Dirge,* frag. 130, in Th.Bergk as cited above. [17]*Ephemeris Archaiologiké* for the year 1911, p. 118, plate 5. [18]G. Kaibel, *Inscriptions etc.,* no. 641. [19]I Thessalonians ii.9. [20]I Corinthians i.26 and vi.9-11; Romans xvi.23 (where a Christian city-treasurer is mentioned); Martial, xii.32. [21]I Thessalonians iv.10-12 and II Thessalonians iii.6-12. [22]Traces of this characteristic bit of Jewish Messianism begin to appear as early as Daniel xi.36. The Man of Lawlessness is given his most popular name, Antichrist, in I John iv.3. [23]Compare Tacitus, *Histories,* v.5, and *Annals,* iii.38. Domitian in the second century, alarmed by the Messianic visions of the Jews, ordered the descendants of King David to be slain. He changed his mind when he found that the supposed pretenders to the throne were merely horny-handed peasants and discovered that the kingdom to which they looked forward was a spiritual one. See Hegesippus as quoted by Eusebius, *Church History,* iii.20. [24]II Thessalonians ii, where Paul sets forth his notions regarding the Man of Lawlessness. [25]II Timothy iv.13, a *pænula.* [26]Paul was perhaps carrying money. He had often received aid from the church at Philippi while he was in Thessalonica. See Philippians iv.16.

CHAPTER XXI

[1]Acts xvii.14-15; I Thessalonians iii.1-6. [2]Romans viii.37-ix.2. [3]II Corinthians i.8, ii.13, vii.5. [4]I Thessalonians iv-v; II Thessalonians ii-iii. [5]I Timothy iv.2. [6]I Thessalonians ii.15-16. [7]Acts xx.4. [8]Philippians iv.1. [9]Pausanias, ii.4 ff. [10]*Satyricon,* 17. [11]Acts xxviii.30. [12]II Timothy iv.13. [13]I have culled the details for this picture of tavern life from a wide range of authors: Propertius, Cartullus, Cicero, Horace, Pseudo-Virgil (*Copa*), Petronius, Seneca, Juvenal, Martial, Galen, Philostratus, and other sophistic letter-writers. For exact citations see relevant articles in the classical encyclopædias listed above. Consult L. Friedländer, *Sittengeschichte Roms,* ninth to eleventh German editions, 1921-1923, the seventh edition translated into English in four volumes by J. H. Freese, 1908-1913, London. [14]According to the *Codex Bezæ,* Acts xix.9, Paul taught at Ephesus from eleven to four. [15]The Greek verb, *paroxunein,* can sometimes be rendered: provoke, irritate, incite. But not here. The pertinent parallels are Hosea viii.5 and Zechariah x.3, where the same verb is used to indicate Yahweh's blazing anger against His idolatrous people. Compare also Euripides, *Alcestis,* 674, where the word certainly means "infuriate" and our English derivative "paroxysm." [16]Acts xvii.18.

[17]The Greek verb meaning "to heal" is *iasthai.* [18]Lucretius sets forth the Epicurean view in the third book of his poem "On the Nature of Things." [19]Compare II Peter iii.10-12. [20]Socrates and the Orphics, however, condemned suicide. See Plato, *Phædo,* p. 62 B. [21]Quoted by Seneca in his *Moral Epistles* cvii.11. [22]Cleanthes, "Hymn to Zeus," composed about 300 B.C. [23]The sermon on Mars' Hill is full of allusions to the Old Testament, which the philosophers must have found a bit strange. For Stoicism in general see H. von Arnim, *Stoicorum Veterum Fragmenta,* 4 vols., 1903-1924; E. V. Arnold, *Roman Stoicism,* 1911; R. D. Hicks, *Stoic and Epicurean,* 1910. [24]What Paul terms our "calling." Devotees of Isis received a literal "call," for which they were, so to speak, "ordained." See Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* xi.21 (*vocatus*) and 19 (*iamdudum destinatum*). [25]Perhaps. I Corinthians i.19 was written about four years later. Contempt for worldly wisdom was ingrained with Paul. [26]*True History,* ii.18. [27]II Corinthians i.17. [28]II Corinthians ix.8; Philippians iv.11-13; Romans ii.15. See also note 32, ch. xvi. [29]I have given throughout this section various renderings and paraphrases of "spermologos" to bring out its rich coloring. The word meant primarily a bird that snapped up seed in the fields; then a human "snapper-up," a thief or a rogue of any sort; finally it signified a dilettante, etc. For a full definition see Eustathius' commentary on Homer's *Odyssey,* v.490, p. 1547. The breed was a nuisance and once when some of them asked the comic poet Alexis what he'd like as a special delicacy, that epicure replied, "Some parched spermologoi" (Athenæus, viii.32, p. 344 C). [30]The latter word is used of the mumblings of an Egyptian witch in Heliodorus, *Æthiopica* vi.14.

CHAPTER XXII

[1]Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of the Philosophers,* i.110, and the Egyptian monk, Isidore of Pelusium, *Letters,* iv.69, Migne, *Patrologia Græca,* vol. 78, p. 1128. Epimenides got his reputation because, dispatched by his father to look for a sheep, he turned aside into a cave and slept for fifty-seven years. [2]"Zeus, if to the unknown that name of many names seem good" pray the chorus of elders in Æschylus, *Agamemnon,* 160-161. [3]There is no clear evidencc regarding the power of the Areopagus during the first century A.D. Seneca, *On Tranquillity of Mind,* v.1, does call it "religiosissimum judicium," but he is talking about the period of Socrates. For the two stones see Pausanias, i.28.5. [4]Probably the latter, line 5. This was a versification of a prose work by Eudoxus on celestial phenomena, composed by the Cilician poet Aratus in the third century B.C. [5]The translation "sneered" is woefully inadequate. [6]*Odes,* i.36.13. [7]Persius, i.133. [8]Isocrates, *Panegyricus,* 28. [9]Pseudo-Demosthenes, *Against Neæra,* 21-23; T. Kock, *Comicorum Atticorum Fragmenta,* vol. ii, p. 473, no. 1; Suetonius, *Life of the Deified Augustus,* 93. [10]Suetonius, *Life of Nero,* 34; Origen, *Against Celsus,* iii.59. [11]Tertullian, *On Baptism,* 5. Such pigs could be had for about seventy-five cents. See Aristophanes, *Peace,* 374; *Acharnians,* 764; *Frogs,* 377. [12]Aristophanes, *Frogs,* 324-459, where the herald's warning and the procession are described, with time out for topical jokes. [13]*Homeric Hymn to Demeter,* 399, says two-thirds; Ovid,

Fasti, iv.613 ff. and *Metamorphoses*, v.564, says half. [14]Apollodorus, as cited by the scholiast on Theocritus ii.35-36 (edition of C. Wendel, Teubner, 1914, p. 279), says that at Athens when Persephone is summoned, the hierophant clashes the gong. The inference in the text, localizing this at Eleusis, is not perfectly certain. See P. Foucart, *Les Mystères d' Eleusis*, Paris, 1914, for this and related matters concerning the pageant. [15]Clement of Alexandria, *Exhortation to the Greeks*, ii, p. 12; Apuleius, *Metamorphoses*, vi.2; Statius, *Silvæ*, iv.8, 51. [16]Clement, work cited, ii. p. 18; *Homeric Hymn to Demeter*, 206-211. [17]Plutarch, *On the Face in the Moon's Orb*, p. 943 B-E (Wyttenbach). [18]Hippolytus, *Philosophoumena*, or, better, *Refutation of all Heresies*, v.8.39 ff. [19]Hippolytus, work and passage as cited.

CHAPTER XXIII

[1]I Corinthians ii.3. Parts of both the first and second chapters, from i.17 onward, are interesting in this regard. [2]Apollodorus, Library of Mythology i.9.3. According to the scholiast on Homer's *Iliad* vi.153 (edition of W. Dindorf, vol. i, p. 233), Sisyphus, having betrayed to her father, Asopus, the whereabouts of his daughter Ægina, ravished by Zeus, was condemned to die. But he shut Death up in strong bonds and thus cheated fate for a time. When his cattle were stolen by the notorious thief, Autolycus, Sisyphus tracked them down by a brand on their hooves. [3]Corinth is fully described by Pausanias, book ii, and Strabo, viii.6, 20 ff. [4]Strabo, viii.6, 20. [5]Epistles i.17.36. [6]Anthenæus, xiii.54, p. 588 E. [7]Strabo, as cited. [8]*Medea*, 68. [9]Acts xviii.2; Suetonius, *Life of the Deified Claudius*, 25. [10]In the later phases of the cult Osiris was often largely supplanted by a newer deity, Serapis, but not, I believe, in the drama. For the whole cult in its Egyptian and Greek phases see: E.A.T.W. Budge, *The Book of the Dead*, London, 1909; and by the same author, *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection*, London, 1911; F. Cumont, *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*, as cited above, pp. 73-102; J. F. Toutain, *Les cultes paiens dans l'Empire romain*, Paris, 1907, part i, vol. ii, pp. 5-34; and notably J. G. Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, London, 1922, third edition, vol. ii, pp. 1-218. Consult also the works of S. Dill, F. Legge, and A. Loisy, cited above. [11]Propertius (ii.33.1-20) invokes a curse on Isis' dismal rites which keep him away from Cynthia. Compare Tibullus, i.3.23-26. [12]Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* xi.25, where the prayer is put into the mouth of Lucius. The picture of Isis-worship I have given is naturally a composite. It is uncertain, for instance, how much of the Egyptian story of Osiris' death was used in the passion drama. Osiris, like Adonis, was originally a god of vegetation. Thus his body which lodged on land at Byblus was brought to life as a green tree, from that time forth set up as a symbol of resurrection in an annual festival. He was also in the Egyptian Pyramid Texts identified with water and particularly with the water of the Nile. The Egyptian story adds that, waging battle with Set, Horus lost an eye in his father Osiris' behalf. This of course intensifies the *solar* character which the myth later took on. After Set's downfall Horus' eye was recovered and his socket healed by the spittle of the god Thoth. Cf. note 30, ch. xxvi. The chief ancient sources, Latin and Greek, are the eleventh book of

Apuleius' *Metamorphoses* and Plutarch's essay, *On Isis and Osiris.* [13]The translation in the text is an adaptation of that in the Loeb Library, Clement of Alexandria, *Exhortation to the Greeks,* xii, pp. 255-257. [14]Both Mary and Isis are called "star of the sea." Both are represented standing on the moon with infant in arm. [15]Apuleius, *Metamorphoses,* xi.4. [16]I Corinthians xv.35 ff., where cult terminology is obviously blended with Old Testament allusions. [17]Galatians v.20. [18]Theocritus i.90-91, for the crones who practised magic. These Ethiopian lads are frequently represented in ancient art at a variety of tasks. See Grace H. Beardsley, *The Negro in Greek and Roman Civilization,* The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1929, figs. 19, 20, and 23. [19]Horace, *Epode,* v. [20]Petronius, *Satyricon,* 63; Ovid, *Fasti,* vi.135-140; *Amores,* i.8.1-14: and the Latin grammarian Festus, s.v. *strigae,* p. 414 (W. M. Lindsay, Leipzig, Teubner, 1913). [21]Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* iv.25. [22]Dioscorides, *De Materia Medica,* in the edition of Kühn, *Medicorum Graecorum Opera,* vol. xxv, i.132; and Pliny, *Natural History,* xii.31, xxiv.125.

CHAPTER XXIV

[1]Acts xviii.5. [2]Thessalonians ii.3 ff. [3]I Thessalonians ii.18. [4]Interesting examples are now available to the general reader in *Select Papyri,* vol. i, translated by A. S. Hunt and C. C. Edgar, Loeb Classical Library, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1932. For papyrus and matters pertaining to the scribe's work see relevant articles in the classical encyclopædias cited above. [5]Romans xii.1. [6]*Poimandres* i.27 and I Thessalonians v.4-7 for the figure of the drunken sinner. The best edition of the Hermetic documents is that of W. Scott, Oxford, 1924-1926, which contains also a translation and commentary. See further H. Willoughy, *Pagan Regeneration,* University of Chicago Press, 1929, pp. 196-223; S. Angus, *The Mystery-Religions and Christianity,* New York, 1925, and following, pp. 98-100 (I cite the 1928 edition). [7]*Moral Epistles* cxxii.1-6. [8]Compare I Thessalonians v.8, Ephesians vi.13-17, and II Timothy ii.3. [9]See Apuleius, *Metamorphoses,* xi.15, and Livy, xxxix.15, 13. [10]The holy kiss the Christians imitated from Jewish custom, but the tripartite division, "spirit and soul and body" is Stoic.

CHAPTER XXV

[1]A variant reading of Acts xviii.7 indicates that Paul left Priscilla and Aquila to make his home with Titus Justus. But in Luke x.7 Jesus commands the seventy not to change dwellings. This verse has been invoked to prove that Paul did not live with Justus, but only preached in his house. [2]For the entire incident, Acts xviii.5-10. [3]II Corinthians xi.9. [4]Romans xvi.23. [5]I Corinthians vi.11. [6]I Corinthians vi.9-11 and i.26. [7]Monumental evidence (from inscriptions and an arch dedicated August 1, 52 A.D.) makes it fairly certain that Gallio's accession took place at the beginning of the proconsular year 52 A.D., about July 1st. The famine in Palestine, the expulsion of the Jews from Rome, the accession of Gallio, and the relations of

Paul with Festus and Felix—all mentioned in the Book of Acts—constitute about the only sure bases we have for Pauline chronology. [8]Seneca, *Quæstiones Naturales,* iv, preface 10-11. [9]xviii.11. [10]For the procession see Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* xi.7-17. [11]Seneca, *Moral Epistles* civ.1. [12]Romans xvi.2. [13]It is a mere triviality, but one ought perhaps to mention that Paul was not "egg-bald." [14]I paraphrase the King James version of Revelation xviii.12-13. Thyine wood is cedar. [15]II Thessalonians iii.2. [16]For the second trip entire see Acts xv.36-xviii.22.

CHAPTER XXVI

[1]Paul hints at these charges or states them openly in I and II Thessalonians, II Corinthians, and Galatians. [2]Galatians iii.23-24. The figure Paul uses is that of the slave (paidagogos) who led Gentile children to and from school. [3]Galatians iii.1. [4]Galatians iv.19-20. [5]That is, "May God damn his soul and body to eternal destruction." See Galatians i.8-9. [6]Ovid, *Heroides* vi.91, "Devovet absentes simulacraque fingit." [7]See *Defixionum Tabellae quotquot innotuerunt,* edition of A. Audollent, Paris, 1904, 41 A-B. In I Corinthians v.5 Paul uses language like that of the ancient curses when he delivers the flesh of a sinner over to Satan for destruction. In passages like Deuteronomy vii.26, Septuagint, *anathema* refers to heathen idols, accursed objects which Israelites were expected to hate and destroy. [8]Galatians v.12. Compare Philo the Jew, *De Specialibus Legibus* 41 in the edition of Cohn and Wendland. [9]Acts xviii.23. [10]Galatians ii.10 and Acts xi.29-30. [11]I Corinthians xvi.1-4 and II Corinthians viii-ix for the fund. Elders and deacons as well as ordinary Christians were not above thieving. See I Corinthians v.11, vi.10; Philemon verse 18; Titus i.8, ii.10; I Timothy iii.8. [12]Ephesus is described in some detail by Strabo xiv.1, 20-25. See also the bibliographical note on Paul's travels above, ch. xii, no. 5. [13]Pliny, *Natural History* v.120. [14]Acts xix.35. [15]For temple and statue see Strabo as cited, also Pliny, *Natural History* xvi.213 and xxxvi.95-97 with Vitruvius ii.9. [16]Eustathius, commentary on Homer's *Odyssey,* p. 1864; Athenæus, xii.70, p. 548 C; Plutarch, *Dinner Table Problems,* vii.5-4, p. 706 D-E (Wyttenbach); Clement of Alexandria, *Stromateis,* i.15.73 and v.8.45; Suidas, *s.v. Ephesia grammata.* [17]Plutarch, *Life of Alexander,* iii. [18]For Theologos as an epithet of John see the Corpus of Greek Inscriptions, 8694-5. [19]Acts xviii.24-28 for the preaching of Apollos. [20]There are many interesting parallels between Philo and Paul. Both refer to the body as the "temple of the soul" (Philo, *On the Artificer of the World,* 137). Both believe that salvation begins with denying the lusts of the body (Philo, *On the Migration of Abraham,* 9). Both describe the experience of a mystic trance in which the soul leaves the body (Philo, *On the Migration of Abraham,* 34 ff.). [21]Eusebius, *Church History* iv.26.13. [22]See Matthew iii.1 ff.; Mark i.1 ff.; Luke iii.1 ff.; Matthew xi.2-19; Luke vii.18-35; but especially John i.19-34. The precise meaning of the language in Acts xviii.25, to the effect that Apollos' teaching about Jesus was accurate, has been much disputed. [23]Acts xix.1. [24]"Tyrannus" exactly fits an ancient schoolmaster. The breed was more feared than loved.

Canings were taken as a matter of course. See Herodas, *Mime* ii. [25]The hours are stated in *Codex Bezæ*, Acts xix.9. [26]Acts xix.9-10. [27]Acts xix.11-12. [28]Matthew x.8. [29]Pliny, *Natural History passim*, e.g., xxv *init.* [30]See Pliny, *Natural History*, xxviii.35, 76; Persius, ii.33. In Mark vii.33 Jesus uses saliva to help cure a man with an impediment in his speech. [31]Theocritus, vi.39, xx.11; Tibullus, i.2.96. [32]Horace, *Satires*, i.8 with Heliodorus, *Æthiopica* vi.14. [33]Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* iv.45. [34]H. Diels, *Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, Berlin, 1912, vol. i, pp. 263-264. [35]Mark v.9; compare i.34. [36]See the works of Legge, Deissmann, and Preisendanz, as cited in note 42 below, for spells of this kind. [37]Philostratus, work cited, iii.38 and iv.20. [38]Mark xvi.17-18; Matthew x.8. [39]I Corinthians xiv.18; Romans xv.19; II Corinthians xii.12. [40]See the *Acts of Paul and Thecla* as given in narrative form above, ch. xv. Consult also the Arabic *Gospel of the Infancy of the Savior*, first translated by H. Sike, 1697. Compare also the *Life of the Deified Aurelian* by Flavius Vopiscus, iv, in *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*. [41]Acts xix.20, A.V. slightly altered. [42]For ancient superstition generally see L. Thorndike, *History of Magic and Experimental Science*, New York, 1923, vol. i *passim*. The ancient magical papyri have been edited and translated into German by K. Preisendanz, Leipzig, 1928. See also F. Legge, *Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity*, two volumes, Cambridge, 1915; A. Deissmann, *Light from the Ancient East* as cited above; and E. E. Burriss, *Taboo, Magic, Spirits*, New York, 1931.

CHAPTER XXVII

[1]I Corinthians v.9-11. [2]i.12. The precise beliefs of these factions are not made clear. [3]vi.1 and v.1. [4]I Corinthians xiv, xii.3, xi.5. [5]Livy xxxix.13, 11; Lucian, *Alexander or the False Prophet* 12; Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* xi.16. Modern instances of the "gift of tongues" are cited by Coleridge and others. The case I describe below is vouched for by witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. [6]I Corinthians xi.18-34, x.16-21. Compare James Gibbons Huneker's treatment of "The Sacred Yowlers" in his *Painted Veils*. [7]This is almost what Paul calls "doxa," the glory which comes to those who have sufficient love and faith, transfiguring the mortal flesh into something akin to spirit, and yielding the final exaltation in the next world. Compare Romans viii.21 and II Corinthians iv.16-17. [8]Fragments of the *lost* letter to Corinth are seen by some in I Corinthians vi.12-20 and II Corinthians vi.14-vii.1. [9]I Corinthians iv *passim*, especially 9-13. Paul considers himself, like Christ, as a veritable scapegoat, a *perikatharma* (see the scholiast on Aristophanes, *Plutus* 454). Compare also the general tone of chapter ix. [10]I Corinthians vii.22. The formula is almost exactly that by which a slave was released from his master. In the presence of the god at a temple the slave out of his hard-earned savings paid to his master his purchase price. Thenceforth, while the slave was in the service of the temple, he was said to have been "bought for freedom." [11]I Corinthians iv.3-4. [12]In a comedy of Menander (fourth century B.C.), "She who gets cropped," a lover cuts his sweetheart's hair off with a sword because he thinks her unfaithful. In I

Corinthians xv.33 ("Evil communications" etc.) Paul probably quotes from Menander's play about the famous courtesan, Thais. [13]So exactly Isocrates, *Nicocles or the Cyprians* 40. He calls marriage a partnership. [14]See I Timothy ii.9-15; Ephesians v.22-33; I Corinthians vii, xi; II Corinthians xi.3 for Paul's opinions on the whole subject. [15]I am not here attempting to deny that Paul's attitude toward celibacy had in it something of the pathological and was contrary to normal Jewish belief. See ch. vii. I am merely pointing out that Paul was not entirely an anomaly in the ancient world. [16]Not only in I Corinthians xiii which I quote below from the A.V., but also elsewhere, especially II Corinthians v.14 ff.

CHAPTER XXVIII

[1]I Corinthians xvi.8-22. [2]II Corinthians xii.20-xiii.2. [3]II Corinthians x. [4]ii.4 and vii.8-12. Some regard chapters x-xiii.10 as the gist of this letter. But the changes of mood which Paul exhibits in II Corinthians are characteristic. Besides, the tone of the first chapters is in part far from gentle. We need not, I think, assume that conflation has taken place. [5]I Corinthians x.19-20. [6]*Letters,* x.96.10. [7]For the guilds see ch. iii. [8]These details are from Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* iii.2. A similar riot in the theatre at Ephesus is described by Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* iv.10. [9]There is no direct evidence for identifying this Alexander with the coppersmith who did Paul so much harm. But what we know of the latter fits the former perfectly. See II Timothy iv.14. [10]For Paul's companions see Acts xx.4, II Corinthians i.1, and compare Colossians iv.10. The stay at Troas is described in II Corinthians ii.12-13 and Titus' mission is alluded to in II Corinthians vii.5-6. The letters to Timothy, written later, make *his* character sufficiently clear. [11]II Corinthians i.8-9. [12]II Corinthians x.4. [13]II Corinthians ii.14. [14]II Timothy iv.8. [15]Wealthy citizens of ancient Athens were forced to undertake various "liturgies" or "public duties," such as equipping war ships and supplying most of the money necessary to produce plays at the festivals of Dionysus. For Paul's use of *leitourgia* see II Corinthians ix.12. [16]We know from contemporary historical evidence that Macedonia was heavily taxed during this period. [17]II Corinthians ix.15, A.V. Paul discusses the relief-fund in chapters viii-ix. [18]II Corinthians iii-iv.7. [19]xi.20. [20]iv.8-9. [21]vi.8-10. [22]II Corinthians vi.11-13, vii.2-4. [23]This section, which, as I have said, some classify as an earlier letter, begins with x.1 and runs to xiii.10. [24]II Corinthians xi.32, "the ethnarch of King Aretas" etc. [25]See p. 150. [26]Paul prided himself on working always for his own living. Compare Acts xx.34; I Thessalonians ii.9; II Thessalonians iii.8. [27]I have tried in this paraphrase to convey some notion of the rich coloring which the adjective *dokimos* carries in Greek. One thinks of the scrutiny to which Greek magistrates were subject on the score of citizenship after entering office, of tests and inspections given to coins and soldiers. [28]See for only one example Galatians vi.14, where Paul declares that his only glory is the cross of Christ, through which the world has been crucified to him and he to the world. [29]II Corinthians xii.10. [30]II Corinthians v.1-8.

[31]II Corinthians v.5; Romans viii *passim*. [32]I Corinthians iv.13; compare Aristophanes, *Frogs* 733, *Knights* 1136, *Plutus* 454 (with the scholiast's notes). [33]II Corinthians v.14-17; Romans vi.2-11; Titus iii.5. Compare Matthew xix.28 and Lucian, *Encomium on the Fly*, 7. [34]II Corinthians v.17; I Corinthians vi.15; Romans viii.10; Galatians ii.20; Ephesians v.30-32. [35]I Corinthians xii-xiv. And for discussions of Paul's mysticism: A. Deissmann, *Paul: a Study in Social and Religious History*, English translation second edition by W. E. Wilson, New York, 1926, pp. 147-157; A. Schweitzer, *Die Mystik des Apostels Paulus*, Tübingen, 1930. [36]Acts xx.2, 4. [37]For Gaius see Romans xvi.23. [38]Origen, commenting on Romans in the third century A.D., knows nothing of a specific dedication to the church at Rome. The epistle as we now have it contains a three-fold doxology, and greetings to persons known to be in Asia Minor, as, for instance, Aquila and Priscilla. [39]See chapters ii, vii and xvii. [40]Romans ix.21-23. [41]Romans viii.28-30. But the sequel shows that Paul does not disbelieve in the doctrine of free will. [42]Romans xiii.1-4.

INTERCHAPTER

[1]The chief authorities for the reign of Nero are Suetonius' life of the emperor and Tacitus' Annals, books xiii-xvi. [2]Nero did not visit Greece until 66 A.D. I have allowed myself some slight liberties in presenting here Nero as the artist and have pieced together evidence from various parts of his reign.

CHAPTER XXIX

[1]Romans xvi.1-2. [2]Romans xiii.1-7. [3]Romans ix.5. See note 20, ch. V. [4]Herodotus i.24. [5]The "we narrative" begins again at Acts xx.5-6. [6]For the *insulae* see Juvenal iii.197-207 and 269. Augustus limited the height of these fire-traps to seventy feet in Rome. Compare Martial i.86 and vii.20. [7]Acts xx.22-24. [8]Acts xiv.22 and II Thessalonians i.5. [9]x.552-560. [10]Acts xx.8-9. In Pliny the Younger's day (see *Epistles* x.96) the Christians met before dawn to sing and pray, then in the evening they celebrated the eucharist. [11]Compare II Kings iv.34, where Elisha after praying lies on the body of the Shunammite's son, pressing mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, and hands to hands. Perhaps Paul means here: "Even as I speak his life-breath is returning". See I Kings xvii.21. [12]Acts xx.16. Luke says only that Paul wanted to waste no time in Asia. But the hostility of Jews and Gentiles there might cause a good deal of delay. This, however, is mere speculation. [13]This bronze image of the sun-god Apollo, the work of Lindus, a Rhodian, required twelve years for casting and measured about one hundred feet in height. It was shaken down by an earthquake about two hundred years before Paul's period and lay in ruins until 653 when Arabs sold the pieces for junk. [14]For the continuous narrative of the third tour, from Antioch to Jerusalem, see Acts xviii.23-xxi.16.

CHAPTER XXX

[1]See ch. viii. [2]Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* xx.8.6 and *Wars of the Jews,* ii.13.3. This activity on the part of extreme Zealots was a forerunner of the general revolt against Rome which ended in the sack of Jerusalem. [3a]There is nothing in Acts xxii.29-30 to obviate the possibility that Lysias determined his course of action the night before. In fact this assumption fits what we are told of his temperament. When I speak of unbinding, I refer to Paul's release from the straps which confined him to the whipping-post. Surely Lysias was as much afraid because he had thus treated a Roman citizen as because he had imprisoned him. But most translations, following too loyally the rapid narrative in Acts, leave Paul by implication bound to the whipping-post all night. Verse 30 undoubtedly refers to Paul's being freed from his chains in prison. For the Greek word *dedekos* in verse 29 compare *Iliad* xxi.30. [3]Exodus xxii.28. Acts xxiii.5, A.V. slightly altered. It is of course possible that Paul was really contrite. But I do not think so. Ananias had acted like anything but a high priest. [4]For Felix see Josephus, *Antiquities* xx.7 and *Wars* ii.12-13. Consult also Eusebius, *Church History* ii.20-22. [5]See Matthew xiv.3-5. [6]Suetonius, *Life of the Deified Claudius* xxviii. For a rather prejudiced portrait of Felix see Tacitus, *Annals* xii.54 and *Histories* v.9. Tacitus says he exercised the power of a king with the cruelty and lustfulness of a slave. [7]On the whole Festus gets off with a better character than Felix. Apparently he was neither so venial nor so cruel. See Josephus *Antiquities* xx.8.9-11 and *Wars* ii.14.1. [8]Compare Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews,* xix.9-xx.9, *Wars of the Jews,* ii.15.1, and Juvenal, vi.156-160. [9]Apparently proverbial. Compare Petronius, *Satyricon* 46: "Scimus te prae litteras fatuum esse." [10]Compare II Timothy iv.13. [11]For the episode in Jerusalem and the narrative to this point see Acts xxi.17 through xxvi. Readers who are familiar with the Greek text will notice that, while for the rest I have mainly throughout this work followed Westcott and Hort, in Acts xxiv.6-7 I have adopted tentatively the fuller version of Tertullus' speech. The added words seem to me to make the speech flow more freely. To tell your audience what they already know is quite in the best tradition of florid Greek oratory.

CHAPTER XXXI

[1]See Lucian, *The Ship* or *The Vows,* 5. [2]II Corinthians xi.25. [3]Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana,* iv.32. [4]About ten gallons of grain were distributed monthly to each of 200,000 Romans. [5]A brief description of life on an ancient vessel, with a shipwreck thrown in for good measure, will be found in Petronius, *Satyricon,* 99-115. Other details are scattered about in Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana.* See also relevant articles in the classical encyclopædias cited above and J. Smith, *Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul,* London, 1880, which contains a dissertation upon ancient ships and shipping. [6]For the islanders' curiosity compare Heliodorus,

Æthiopica v.18. [7]See ch. xxvi. [8]Heliodorus, *Æthiopica* v.18-22, which offers a good many interesting parallels to the narrative in Acts. [9]Pliny, *Natural History,* ii.71. Normally, as we have already seen, the sailing-season opened about March first. But all arbitrary statements and dates in cases of this kind are misleading. [10]Pliny, work cited, xxxvi.1. [11]Seneca, *Moral Epistles* lxxxvii.1. [12]Horace, *Odes* i.5. [13]Compare Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* vi.2. [14]For a full discussion of tourist curiosities, commerce, shipping, and general travel conditions during this period see L. Friedländer, as cited above, vol. i, pp. 268-394. [15]Juvenal iii.307. [16]This and most other details of the trip from Capua to Rome are taken from Horace, *Satires* i.5. Horace followed the Appian Way when he traveled to Brundisium. He particularly mentions the bad water which upset his stomach. It seems hardly necessary to add that for this, as for all other parts of the Pauline itineraries, the appropriate volumes of *Baedeker* and the *Guide Bleu* furnish a useful modern chaperonage. [17]This paragraph is an adaptation of the pseudo-Virgilian *Moretum.* [18]For inscriptions of this kind see 4806, 4807, 4809, 4810, 4811, 4813, 4816, in J. C. Orelli-Henzen, Zurich, 1828—. Burial or cremation was not ordinarily permitted within the walls of Rome except in the case of emperors and Vestal Virgins. [19]Isaiah vi.9-10. Paul quotes the Septuagint. In the Hebrew the notion is rather that Jehovah commands Isaiah to harden the hearts of the Jews for a space. [20]For the voyage, shipwreck, and trip to Rome see Acts xxvii-xxviii.

CHAPTER XXXII

[1]Philippians i.13. [2]Philippians iv.22. [3]To cope with these sudden blazes Augustus had appointed seven thousand men, acting as combination night watchmen and firemen in the fourteen wards of Rome. They were equipped with buckets, siphons, blankets, axes, and ladders. Their work was made all the harder because the streets were not illuminated at night save by special order of the emperor on the occasion of a great festival. The wooden "islands" were more or less completely wiped out during "Nero's fire." [4]Philippians iv.11-12. [5]Paul does not mention them in his closing salutation, Philippians iv.21-22. Timothy is the most reliable man he has with him in Rome: Philippians ii.19 ff. Luke and Aristarchus returned shortly after. See Colossians iv.10, 14; Philemon verse 24. [6]II Corinthians xi. [7]For Epaphroditus' whole history see Philippians ii.25 ff. [8]The foregoing descriptions of scenes in the Forum and Rome generally are taken from a variety of authors. Most of the material comes from Horace, Petronius, Juvenal, Martial, and the elegiac poets. Consult also the encyclopædias and the work of L. Friedländer referred to above. [9]I Corinthians v.9-10. [10]*History of Apollonius, King of Tyre,* xiii. [11]Pseudo-Prochorus, as cited frequently above, p. 17.6. [12]Petronius, *Satyricon* 90-91. [13]The same, 27. [14]The same, 1. [15]I have here described, not the Baths of Agrippa specifically, but Roman baths as a type. For conditions in the baths the evidence ranges wide among both pagan and Christian authors: Cicero, Seneca (esp. *Moral Epistles* li), Juvenal, Martial, Quintilian, *Scriptores Historiae Augustae,* Strabo, Plutarch, Dion Cassius; Clement of Alexandria, and Cyprian. There

are numerous epigrams on baths of varying interest in the *Palatine Anthology.* [16]Compare Euripides, *Phrixus,* fragment 833 (A. Nauck, *Tragicorum Graecorum Fragmenta,* 2nd edition, Leipzig, 1889): "Who knows if what we call death is really life and life itself is death." [17]Philippians iv.2. [18]Plato, *Republic* ix p. 586, translation adapted from J. L. Davies and D. J. Vaughan, New York, 1923, p. 326. [19]Here for the first time in Christian literature appears the "City of God," a conception of which Augustine, Paul's admirer, was to make so much. See Philippians iii.20. [20]Philippians iv.8, Authorized Version.

CHAPTER XXXIII

[1]These venerable Jews had got into trouble during the procuratorship of Felix. Josephus came to Rome in their behalf during the year 64 A.D. At Puteoli he fell in with Aliturius, an actor Jewish born but in great favor with the emperor. It was Aliturius who introduced Josephus to Poppaea. For the purpose of keeping Nero's matrimonial relations straight it may be as well to introduce here the names of his wives: Octavia (daughter of the emperor Claudius, married to Nero in 53, divorced because of alleged sterility); Poppaea Sabina (married to Nero in 62 after discarding two previous husbands and persuading Nero to divorce and kill Octavia); Statilia Messalina (married to Nero in 66 A.D.). [2]Colossians iv.7-14; Philemon 23-24. [3]Revelation iii.16-17. [4]See ch. xxvii. [5]Origen, *De Principiis,* i.5.3 and 6.2. [6]Compare I Timothy vi.15-16, which is in all conscience Gnostic enough. [7]Paul often plays on the esoteric significance of these terms: I Corinthians viii.1 and ii.6; compare Philippians iii.15. [8]See ch. xxvii. [9]Colossians ii.16-23. [10]The Spirit almost becomes a definite person in Romans viii.26. [11]This possibly refers to the fact that Christ descended into the darkness of the womb before he was born of woman; or more probably to the fact that he descended to Hell and preached to the captives there. Compare I Peter iii.19 and iv.6. [12]See I Corinthians xv.24-28. For Paul's Christ mysticism see Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians *passim.* Consult also Ephesians i-iv.10 and Colossians i-ii.

CHAPTER XXXIV

[1]Ephesians iii.1, iv.1; Colossians iv.18; compare Philippians i.7, 12-17, [2]Philippians ii.24. [3]Petronius, *Satyricon* 95-97. [4]Horace, *Epistles* ii.2.1-19. For the auctions compare Plautus, *Twin Bacchises* iv.7, 17, Propertius iv.5, 51 ff., and Cicero, *Against Piso* 15. [5]Seneca, *Moral Epistles* xlvii.5. [6]See *contubernium* in the Latin dictionaries. [7]Petronius, *Satyricon* 75. Juvenal and Martial often speak of the type with aversion. [8]Seneca, *Moral Epistles* xlvii, where there is much information about the treatment accorded Roman slaves. [9]Petronius, *Satyricon* 70-71. [10]Tacitus, *Annals* xiii.23, tells this story about Pallas, the brother of the Procurator Felix. [11]Seneca, *On Anger* iii.40. [12]Compare Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* ix.12-13. [13]Tacitus, *Annals* xiv.42-45. [14]Ephesians vi.5-9; Colossians iii.22-iv.1. [15]Apphia and Archippus were ap-

parently wife and son to Philemon. *Apha* is baby-talk for "brother" or "sister," just as "aphus" (dad-dad) is the nursery equivalent for father (Theocritus xv.13). Archippus was apparently an official in the church at Colossae (Colossians iv.17), perhaps a rather lenient one. In Laodiceia also the church met in a private house, that of Nympha. [16]Literally, bowels or vitals. [17]A pun on the literal meaning of Onesimus' name, "useful." [18]Paul and Philemon were not business partners, as some assume. Paul frequently terms his converts "partners" in the Kingdom of God. [19]The Greek verb is *onaimen*, another pun perhaps on the name Onesimus. [20]Compare Colossians iii.12, Philippians i.8, II Corinthians vi.12 for "the bowels of pity." Earlier writers use the term to express anger or anxiety, not pity.

CHAPTER XXXV

[1]Clement of Rome, *First Letter to the Corinthians* v, indicates that Paul was acquitted and preached in the West, perhaps Spain (compare Romans xv.24). Theodore, Bishop of Mopsuesta in Cilicia from 392-428, says specifically in his preface to Ephesians that after his first imprisonment Paul spent some time preaching, then was imprisoned a second time and executed under Nero. *The Muratorian Canon* (about 150 A.D.) takes Paul's release and trip to Spain as historical. See also Eusebius, *Church History* ii.22.2. The New Testament evidence for Paul's two imprisonments and missionary activity after his release lies in the "Pastorals" (the two Timothys and Titus), which, if not genuine, are at least Pauline notes, worked up by a follower. [2]I Timothy i.3; II Timothy i.5, iii.15. Cf. Acts xvi.1, xx.4; II Corinthians i.1; Philippians i.1; Colossians i.1. [3]I Timothy i.4, iv.1-7, vi.20. [4]Compare II Timothy ii.17. [5]I Timothy v.23. Compare Demosthenes, vi.30. This orator had a reputation among his enemies for being mean and crotchety because he was a water-drinker. [6]I Timothy iv.3. [7]I Timothy iii-vi.12. No widow under sixty is to be put on the church relief fund. Young (!) widows must marry again and bear children. There must have been a good many Sarahs in Ephesus. [8]The Pastorals show, however, an average of twenty-one verbal peculiarities (words not used elsewhere in Paul's writings) to the page, while the generally accepted letters maintain an average of only six to eleven. [9]Titus iii.12. For Paul's possible activities after his release see II Timothy iv.10-11 and Romans xv.24. [10]I Timothy iv.1-2; II Timothy iii.13. [11]Suetonius, *Life of Nero* xvi.2 and xxxviii; Tacitus, *Annals* xv.38-45; Dion Cassius, lxii.16-18. [12]Titus iii.12. [13]This is pure conjecture, but historically probable, considering what we know of Jewish methods used against Paul in the past. [14]II Timothy i.15; iv.10-12 and 14-16. [15]Compare iv.16. [16]i.16-18. [17]In the final quotation from II Timothy, which is partly my own rendering and partly from the A.V., I have done some violence to the textual order. Verses 11-21 in adaptation come before verses 6-8 in translation. For the traditions regarding Paul's death see the *Martyrdom of Saint Paul* (about 150 A.D.) and the *Acts of Peter and Paul* (of later date), both in *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha*, edited by R. A. Lipsius and M. Bonnet, vol. i, Leipzig, 1881. According to John Chrysostom, *Answer to Critics of Monastic Life* i.4, Migne, *Patrologia Graeca*, vol. 47, p. 323.

Paul had converted a concubine of Nero, who (probably after Nero's return from Greece), refusing to resume relations with the emperor, became the indirect cause of Paul's death. The place of Paul's execution is said to have been about two miles from Rome on the Ostia Road (*Acts of Peter and Paul*, section 37). The date of his death can be fixed with some probability as falling in the early winter of 67 A.D. According to Jerome (see note 6, ch. i) Paul was executed in the fourteenth year of Nero's reign, that is, between October 13th 67 A.D. and June 9th 68 A.D.

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